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SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.



"BUT WHAT IS THIS?"

### CHAPTER VI.

THE VAL TOURNANCHE — THE BREUILJOCH  
— ZERMATT — ASCENT OF THE GRAND  
TOURNALIN.

I **CROSSED** the Channel on the 29th of July, 1863, embarrassed by the possession of two ladders, each twelve feet long, which joined together like those used by firemen, and shut up like parallel rulers. My luggage was highly suggestive of housebreaking, for, besides these, there were several coils of rope and numerous tools of suspicious appearance; and it was reluctantly admitted into France, but it passed through the custom-house with less trouble than I anticipated, after a timely expenditure of a few francs.

I am not in love with the douane. It is the purgatory of travelers, where un-

congenial spirits mingle together for a time before they are separated into rich and poor. The douaniers look upon tourists as their natural enemies: see how eagerly they pounce upon the portmanteaus! One of them has discovered something. He has never seen its like before, and he holds it aloft in the face of its owner with inquisitorial insolence: "But *what is this?*" The explanation is but half satisfactory. "But *what is this?*" says he, laying hold of a little box. "Powder." "But that is forbidden to carry of powder on the railway." "Bah!" says another and older hand, "pass the effects of monsieur;" and our countryman — whose cheeks had begun to redden under the stares of his fellow-travelers — is allowed to depart with his half-worn

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tooth-brush, while the discomfited donianer gives a mighty shrug at the strange habits of those "whose insular position excludes them from the march of continental ideas."

My real troubles commenced at Susa. The officials there, more honest and more obtuse than the Frenchmen, declined at one and the same time to be bribed or to pass my baggage until a satisfactory account of it was rendered; and as they refused to believe the true explanation, I was puzzled what to say, but was presently relieved from the dilemma by one of the men, who was cleverer than his fellows, suggesting that I was going to Turin to exhibit in the streets—that I mounted the ladder and balanced myself on the end of it, then lighted my pipe and put the point of the bâton in its bowl, and caused the bâton to gyrate around my head. The rope was to keep back the spectators, and an Englishman in my company was the agent. "Monsieur is acrobat, then?" "Yes, certainly." "Pass the effects of monsieur the acrobat!"

These ladders were the source of endless trouble. Let us pass over the doubts of the guardians of the Hôtel d'Europe (Trombetta) whether a person in the possession of such questionable articles should be admitted to their very respectable house, and get to Chatillon, at the entrance of the Val Tournanche. A mule was chartered to carry them, and as they were too long to sling across its back, they were arranged lengthways, and one end projected over the animal's head, while the other extended beyond its tail. A mule when going up or down hill always moves with a jerky action, and in consequence of this the ladders hit my mule severe blows between its ears and its flanks. The beast, not knowing what strange creature it had on its back, naturally tossed its head and threw out its legs, and this, of course, only made the blows that it received more severe. At last it ran away, and would have perished by rolling down a precipice if the men had not caught hold of its tail. The end of the matter was, that a man had to follow

the mule, holding the end of the ladders, which obliged him to move his arms up and down incessantly, and to bow to the hind quarters of the animal in a way that afforded more amusement to his comrades than it did to him.

I was once more *en route* for the Matterhorn, for I had heard in the spring of 1863 the cause of the failure of Professor Tyndall, and learned that the case was not so hopeless as it appeared to be at one time. I found that he arrived as far only as the northern end of "the shoulder." Carrel and all the men who had been with me knew of the existence of the cleft at this point, and of the pinnacle which rose between it and the final peak, and we had frequently talked about the best manner of passing the place. On this we disagreed, but we were both of opinion that when we got to "the shoulder" it would be necessary to bear gradually to the right or to the left, to avoid coming to the top of the notch. But Tyndall's party, after arriving at "the shoulder," were led by his guides along the crest of the ridge, and consequently when they got to its northern end they came to the top of the notch, instead of the bottom—to the dismay of all but the Carrels. Dr. Tyndall's words are: "The ridge was here split by a deep cleft which separated it from the final precipice, and the case became more hopeless as we came more near." The professor adds: "The mountain is 14,800 feet high, and 14,600 feet had been accomplished." He greatly deceived himself: by the barometric measurements of Signor Giordano the notch is no less than 800 feet below the summit. The guide Walter (Dr. Tyndall says) said it was impossible to proceed, and the Carrels, appealed to for their opinion (this is their own account), gave as an answer, "We are porters—ask your guides." Bennen, thus left to himself, "was finally forced to accept defeat." Tyndall had nevertheless accomplished an advance of about four hundred feet over one of the most difficult parts of the mountain.

The Val Tournanche is one of the most charming valleys in the Italian

Alps: it is a paradise to an artist, and if the space at my command were greater, I would willingly linger over its groves of chestnuts, its bright trickling rills and its roaring torrents, its upland unsuspected valleys and its noble cliffs. The path rises steeply from Chatillon, but it is well shaded, and the heat of the summer sun is tempered by cool air and spray which comes off the ice-cold streams. One sees from the path, at several places on the right bank of the valley, groups of arches which have been built high up against the faces of the cliffs. Guide-books repeat—on whose authority I know not—that they are the remains of a Roman aqueduct. They have the Roman boldness of conception, but the work has not the usual Roman solidity. The arches have always seemed to me to be the remains of an *unfinished* work, and I learn from Jean-Antoine Carrel that there are other groups of arches, which are not seen from the path, all having the same appearance. It may be questioned whether those seen near the village of Antey are Roman. Some of them are semi-circular, whilst others are distinctly



pointed. Here is one of the latter, which might pass for fourteenth-century work or later—a two-centred arch, with mean voussours and the masonry in rough courses. These arches are well worth the attention of an archæologist, but some difficulty will be found in approaching them closely.

We sauntered up the valley, and got to Breuil when all were asleep. A halo round the moon promised watery weather, and we were not disappointed, for on the next day (August 1) rain fell

heavily, and when the clouds lifted for a time we saw that new snow lay thickly over everything higher than nine thousand feet. J.-A. Carrel was ready and waiting (as I had determined to give the bold cragsman another chance); and he did not need to say that the Matterhorn would be impracticable for several days after all this new snow, even if the weather were to arrange itself at once. Our first day together was accordingly spent upon a neighboring summit, the Cimes Blanches—a degraded mountain well known for its fine panoramic view. It was little that we saw, for in every direction except to the south writhing masses of heavy clouds obscured everything; and to the south our view was intercepted by a peak higher than the Cimes Blanches, named the Grand Tournalin. But we got some innocent pleasure out of watching the gambolings of a number of goats, who became fast friends after we had given them some salt—in fact, too fast, and caused us no little annoyance when we were descending. "Carrel," I said, as a number of stones whizzed by which they had dislodged, "this must be put a stop to." "Diable!" he grunted, "it is very well to talk, but how will you do it?" I said that I would try; and sitting down poured a little brandy into the hollow of my hand, and allured the nearest goat with deceitful gestures. It was one who had gobbled up the paper in which the salt had been carried—an animal of enterprising character—and it advanced fearlessly and licked up the brandy. I shall not easily forget its surprise. It stopped short and coughed, and looked at me as much as to say, "Oh, you cheat!" and spat and ran away, stopping now and then to cough and spit again. We were not troubled any more by those goats.

More snow fell during the night, and our attempt on the Matterhorn was postponed indefinitely. Carrel and I wandered out again in the afternoon, and went, first of all, to a favorite spot with tourists near the end of the Görner glacier (or, properly speaking, the Boden glacier), to a little verdant flat studded

with *Euphrasia officinalis*, the delight of swarms of bees, who gather there the honey which afterward appears at the *table d'hôte*.

On our right the glacier torrent thundered down the valley through a gorge with precipitous sides, not easily approached, for the turf at the top was slippery, and the rocks had everywhere been rounded by the glacier, which formerly extended far away. This gorge seems to have been made chiefly by the torrent, and to have been excavated

cavities similar to those to which reference has just been made. The torrent is seen hurrying forward. Not everywhere. In some places the water strikes projecting angles, and, thrown back by them, remains almost stationary, eddying round and round: in others, obstructions fling it up in fountains, which play perpetually on the *under* surfaces of overhanging masses; and sometimes do so in such a way that the water not only works upon the under surfaces, but round the corner; that is to say, upon the surfaces which are *not* opposed to the general direction of the current. In all cases *concavities* are being produced. Projecting angles are rounded, it is true, and are more or less convex, but they are overlooked on account of the prevalence of concave forms.

Cause and effect help each other here. The inequalities of the torrent bed and walls cause its eddyings, and the eddies fashion the concavities. The more profound the latter become, the more disturbance is caused in the water. The destruction of the rocks proceeds at an ever-increasing rate, for the larger the amount of surface that is exposed, the



WATER-WORN ROCKS IN THE GORGE BELOW THE GÖRNER GLACIER.

subsequently to the retreat of the glacier. It seems so, because not merely upon its walls are there the marks of running water, but even upon the rounded rocks at the top of its walls, at a height of seventy or eighty feet above the present level of the torrent, there are some of those queer concavities which rapid streams alone are known to produce on rocks.

A little bridge, apparently frail, spans the torrent just above the entrance to this gorge, and from it one perceives being fashioned in the rocks below con-

greater are the opportunities for the assaults of heat and cold.

When water is in the form of glacier it has not the power of making concavities such as these in rocks, and of working upon surfaces which are not opposed to the direction of the current. Its nature is changed: it operates in a different way, and it leaves marks which are readily distinguished from those produced by torrent action.

The prevailing forms which result from glacier action are more or less *convex*. Ultimately, all angles and



almost all curves are obliterated, and large areas of flat surfaces are produced. This perfection of abrasion is rarely found except in such localities as have sustained a grinding much more severe than that which has occurred in the Alps. Not merely can the operations of extinct glaciers be traced in detail by means of the bosses of rock popularly termed *roches moutonnées*, but their effects in the aggregate, on a range of mountains or an entire country, can be recognized sometimes at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, from the incessant repetition of these convex forms.

We finished up the 3d of August with a walk over the Findelen glacier, and returned to Zermatt at a later hour than we intended, both very sleepy. This is noteworthy only on account of that which followed. We had to cross the Col de Valpelline on the next day, and an early start was desirable. Monsieur Seiler, excellent man! knowing this, called us himself, and when he came to my door I answered, "All right, Seiler, I will get up," and immediately turned over to the other side, saying to myself, "First of all, ten minutes' more sleep." But Seiler waited and listened, and, suspecting the case, knocked again: "Herr Whymper, have you got a light?" Without thinking what the consequences might be, I answered, "No;" and then the worthy man actually forced the lock off his own door to give me one. By similar and equally friendly and disinterested acts Monsieur

Seiler has acquired his enviable reputation.

At four A. M. we left his Monte Rosa hotel, and were soon pushing our way through the thickets of gray alder that skirt the path up the exquisite little valley which leads to the Z'muttgletscher.

Nothing can seem or be more inaccessible than the Matterhorn upon this side, and even in cold blood one holds



STRIATIONS PRODUCED BY GLACIER ACTION (AT GRINDELWALD).

his breath when looking at its stupendous cliffs. There are but few equal to them in size in the Alps, and there are none which can more truly be termed *precipices*. Greatest of them all is the immense north cliff, that which bends over toward the Z'muttgletscher. Stones which drop from the top of that amazing wall fall for about fifteen hundred feet before they touch anything, and those which roll down from above and

bound over it fall to a much greater depth, and leap wellnigh one thousand feet beyond its base. This side of the mountain has always seemed sombre, sad, terrible: it is painfully suggestive of decay, ruin and death; and it is now, alas! more than terrible by its associations.

"There is no aspect of destruction about the Matterhorn cliffs," says Professor Ruskin. Granted—when they are seen from afar. But approach and sit down by the side of the Z'muttgletscher, and you will hear that their piecemeal destruction is proceeding ceaselessly, incessantly. You will *hear*, but probably you will not *see*; for even when the descending masses thunder as loudly as heavy guns, and the echoes roll back from the Ebihorn opposite, they will still be as pin-points against this grand old face, so vast is its scale.

If you would see the "aspects of destruction," you must come still closer and climb its cliffs and ridges, or mount to the plateau of the Matterhornletscher, which is cut up and ploughed up by these missiles, and strewn on the surface with their smaller fragments: the larger masses, falling with tremendous velocity, plunge into the snow and are lost to sight.

The Matterhornletscher, too, sends down *its* avalanches, as if in rivalry with the rocks behind. Round the whole of its northern side it does not terminate in the usual manner by gentle slopes, but comes to a sudden end at the top of the steep rocks which lie betwixt it and the Z'muttgletscher; and seldom does an hour pass without a huge slice breaking away and falling with dreadful uproar on to the slopes below, where it is re-compacted.

The desolate, outside pines of the Z'mutt forests, stripped of their bark and blanched by the weather, are a fit foreground to a scene that can hardly be surpassed in solemn grandeur. It is a subject worthy of the pencil of a great painter, and one which would tax the powers of the very greatest.

Higher up the glacier the mountain is less savage in appearance, but it is

not less impracticable; and three hours later, when we arrived at the island of rock called the Stockje (which marks the end of the Z'muttgletscher proper, and which separates its higher feeder, the Stockgletscher, from its lower but greater one, the Tiefenmatten), Carrel himself, one of the least demonstrative of men, could not refrain from expressing wonder at the steepness of its faces, and at the audacity that had prompted us to camp upon the south-west ridge, the profile of which is seen very well from the Stockje. Carrel then saw the north and north-west sides of the mountain for the first time, and was more firmly persuaded than ever that an ascent was possible *only* from the direction of Breuil.

Three years afterward, I was traversing the same spot with the guide Franz Biener, when all at once a puff of wind brought to us a very bad smell, and on looking about we discovered a dead chamois half-way up the southern cliffs of the Stockje. We clambered up, and found that it had been killed by a most uncommon and extraordinary accident. It had slipped on the upper rocks, had rolled over and over down a slope of débris without being able to regain its feet, had fallen over a little patch of rocks that projected through the débris, and had caught the points of both horns on a tiny ledge not an inch broad. It had just been able to touch the débris where it led away down from the rocks, and had pawed and scratched until it could no longer touch. It had evidently been starved to death, and we found the poor beast almost swinging in the air, with its head thrown back and tongue protruding, looking to the sky as if imploring help.

We had no such excitement as this in 1863, and crossed this easy pass to the chalets of Prerayen in a very leisurely fashion. From the summit to Prerayen let us descend in one step. The way has been described before, and those who wish for information about it should consult the description of Mr. Jacomb, the discoverer of the pass. Nor need we stop at Prerayen, except to remark

that the owner of the chalets (who is usually taken for a common herdsman) must not be judged by appearances. He is a man of substance, he has many flocks and herds; and although, when approached politely, he is courteous, he can (and probably will) act as the *master* of Prerayen if his position is *not* recognized, and with all the importance of a man who pays taxes to the extent of five hundred francs per annum to his government.

The hill-tops were clouded when we rose from our hay on the 5th of August. We decided not to continue the tour of our mountain immediately, and returned over our track of the preceding day to the highest chalet on the left bank of the valley, with the intention of attacking the Dent d'Erin on the next morning. We were interested in this summit, more on account of the excellent view which it commanded of the south-west ridge and the terminal peak of the Matterhorn than from any other reason.

The Dent d'Erin had not been ascended at this time, and we had diverged from our route on the 4th, and had scrambled some distance up the base of Mont Brulé, to see how far its south-western slopes were assailable. We were divided in opinion as to the best way of approaching the peak. Carrel, true to his habit of sticking to rocks in preference to ice, counseled ascending by the long buttress of the Tête de Bella Cia (which descends toward the west, and forms the southern boundary of the last glacier that falls into the Glacier de Zardesan), and thence traversing the heads of all the tributaries of the Zardesan to the western and rocky ridge of the Dent. I, on the other hand, proposed to follow the Glacier de Zardesan itself throughout its entire length, and from the plateau at its head (where my proposed route would cross Carrel's) to make directly toward the summit up the snow-covered glacier slope, instead of by the western ridge. The hunchback, who was accompanying us on these excursions, declared in favor of Carrel's route, and it was accordingly adopted.

The first part of the programme was successfully executed; and at half-past ten A. M. on the 6th of August we were sitting astride the western ridge, at a height of about twelve thousand five hundred feet, looking down upon the Tiefenmatten glacier. To all appearance, another hour would place us on the summit, but in another hour we found that we were not destined to succeed. The ridge (like all of the principal rocky ridges of the great peaks upon which I have stood) had been completely shattered by frost, and was nothing more than a heap of piled-up fragments. It was always narrow, and where it was narrowest it was also the most unstable and the most difficult. On neither side could we ascend it by keeping a little below its crest — on the side of the Tiefenmatten because it was too steep, and on both sides because the dislodgment of a single block would have disturbed the equilibrium of those which were above. Forced, therefore, to keep to the very crest of the ridge, and unable to deviate a single step either to the right or to the left, we were compelled to trust ourselves upon unsteady masses, which trembled under our tread, which sometimes settled down, grating in a hollow and ominous manner, and which seemed as if a very little shake would send the whole roaring down in one awful avalanche.

I followed my leader, who said not a word, and did not rebel until we came to a place where a block had to be surmounted which lay poised across the ridge. Carrel could not climb it without assistance, or advance beyond it until I joined him above; and as he stepped off my back on to it I felt it quiver and bear down upon me. I doubted the possibility of another man standing upon it without bringing it down. Then I rebelled. There was no honor to be gained by persevering, or dishonor in turning from a place which was dangerous on account of its excessive difficulty. So we returned to Prerayen, for there was too little time to allow us to reascend by the other route,

which was subsequently shown to be the right way up the mountain.

Four days afterward a party of Englishmen (including my friends W. E. Hall, Crauford Grove and Reginald Macdonald) arrived in the Valpelline, and (unaware of our attempt) on the 12th, under the skillful guidance of Melchior Anderegg, made the first ascent of the Dent d'Erin by the route which I had proposed. This is the only mountain which I have essayed to ascend that has not, sooner or later, fallen to me. Our failure was mortifying, but I am satisfied that we did wisely in returning, and that if we had persevered by Carrel's route another Alpine accident would have been recorded. I have not heard that another ascent has been made of the Dent d'Erin.

On the 7th of August we crossed the Va Cornère pass, and had a good look at the mountain named the Grand Tournalin as we descended the Val de Chignana. This mountain was seen from so many points, and was so much higher than any peak in its immediate neighborhood, that it was bound to give a very fine view; and (as the weather continued unfavorable for the Matterhorn) I arranged with Carrel to ascend it the next day, and despatched him direct to the village of Val Tournanche to make the necessary preparations, whilst I, with Meynet, made a short cut to Breuil, at the back of Mont Panquero, by a little pass locally known as the Col de Fenêtre. I rejoined Carrel the same evening at Val Tournanche, and we started from that place at a little before five A. M. on the 8th to attack the Tournalin.

Meynet was left behind for that day, and most unwillingly did the hunchback part from us, and begged hard to be allowed to come. "Pay me nothing, only let me go with you. I shall want but a little bread and cheese, and of that I won't eat much. I would much rather go with you than carry things down the valley." Such were his arguments, and I was really sorry that the rapidity of our movements obliged us to desert the good little man.

Carrel led over the meadows on the south and east of the bluff upon which the village of Val Tournanche is built, and then by a zigzag path through a long and steep forest, making many short cuts, which showed he had a thorough knowledge of the ground. After we came again into daylight our route took us up one of those little, concealed lateral valleys which are so numerous on the slopes bounding the Val Tournanche.

This valley, the Combe de Ceneil, has a general easterly trend, and contains but one small cluster of houses (Ceneil). The Tournalin is situated at the head of the combe, and nearly due east of the village of Val Tournanche, but from that place no part of the mountain is visible. After Ceneil is passed it comes into view, rising above a cirque of cliffs (streaked by several fine waterfalls), at the end of the combe. To avoid these cliffs the path bends somewhat to the south, keeping throughout to the left bank of the valley; and at about thirty-five hundred feet above Val Tournanche, and fifteen hundred feet above Ceneil, and a mile or so to its east, arrives at the base of some moraines, which are remarkably large, considering the dimensions of the glaciers which formed them. The ranges upon the western side of the Val Tournanche are seen to great advantage from this spot, but here the path ends and the way steepens.

When we arrived at these moraines we had a choice of two routes—one continuing to the east over the moraines themselves, the débris above them, and a large snow-bed still higher up, to a kind of *col* or depression to the south of the peak, from whence an easy ridge led toward the summit; the other, over a shrunken glacier on our north-east (now, perhaps, not in existence), which led to a well-marked *col* on the north of the peak, from whence a less easy ridge rose directly to the highest point. We followed the first named of these routes, and in a little more than half an hour stood upon the *col*, which commanded a most glorious view of the

southern side of Monte Rosa, and of the ranges to its east and to the east of the Val d'Ayas.

Whilst we were resting at this point a large party of vagrant chamois arrived on the summit of the mountain from the northern side, some of whom, by their statuesque position, seemed to appreciate the grand panorama by which they were surrounded, while others amused themselves, like two-legged tourists, in rolling stones over the cliffs. The clatter of these falling fragments made us look up. The chamois were so numerous that we could not count them, clustered around the summit, totally unaware of our presence; and they scattered in a panic, as if a shell had burst amongst them, when saluted by the cries of my excited comrade, plunging wildly down in several directions, with unfaltering and unerring bounds, with such speed and with such grace that we were filled with admiration and respect for their mountaineering abilities.

The ridge that led from the col toward the summit was singularly easy, although well broken up by frost, and Carrel thought that it would not be difficult to arrange a path for mules out of the shattered blocks; but when we arrived on the summit we found ourselves separated from the very highest point by a cleft which had been concealed up to that time: its southern side was nearly perpendicular, but it was only fourteen or fifteen feet deep. Carrel lowered me down, and afterward descended on to the head of my axe, and subsequently on to my shoulders, with a cleverness which was almost as far removed from my awkwardness as his own efforts were from those of the chamois. A few easy steps then placed us on the highest point. It had not been ascended before, and we commemorated the event by building a huge cairn, which was seen for many a mile, and would have lasted for many a year had it not been thrown down by the orders of Canon Carrel, on account of its interrupting the sweep of a camera which he took to the lower summit in 1868 in order to photograph the

panorama. According to that well-known mountaineer, the summit of the Grand Tournalin is 6100 feet above the village of Val Tournanche, and 11,155 feet above the sea. Its ascent (including halts) occupied us only four hours.

I recommend the ascent of the Tournalin to any person who has a day to spare in the Val Tournanche. It should be remembered, however (if its ascent is made for the sake of the view), that these southern Pennine Alps seldom remain unclouded after mid-day, and indeed frequently not later than ten or eleven A. M. Toward sunset the equilibrium of the atmosphere is restored, and the clouds very commonly disappear.

I advise the ascent of this mountain, not on account of its height or from its accessibility or inaccessibility, but simply for the wide and splendid view which may be seen from its summit. Its position is superb, and the list of the peaks which can be seen from it includes almost the whole of the principal mountains of the Cottian, Dauphiné, Graian, Pennine and Oberland groups. The view has, in the highest perfection, those elements of picturesqueness which are wanting in the purely panoramic views



CARREL LOWERED ME DOWN.



of higher summits. There are three principal sections, each with a central or dominating point, to which the eye is naturally drawn. All three alike are pictures in themselves, yet all are dissimilar. In the south, softened by the vapors of the Val d'Aoste, extends the long line of the Graians, with mountain after mountain twelve thousand five hundred feet and upward in height. It is not upon these, noble as some of them are, that the eye will rest, but upon the Viso, far off in the background. In the west and toward the north the range of Mont Blanc and some of the greatest of the Central Pennine Alps (including the Grand Combin and the Dent Blanche) form the background, but they are overpowered by the grandeur of the ridges which culminate in the Matterhorn. Nor in the east and north, where pleasant grassy slopes lead downward to the Val d'Ayas, nor upon the glaciers and snow-fields above them, nor upon the Oberland in the background, will the eye long linger, when immediately in front, several miles away, but seeming close at hand, thrown out by the pure azure sky, there are the glittering crests of Monte Rosa.

Those who would, but cannot, stand upon the highest Alps may console themselves with the knowledge that they do not usually yield the views that make the strongest and most permanent impressions. Marvelous some of the panoramas seen from the greatest peaks undoubtedly are, but they are necessarily without those isolated and central points which are so valuable pictorially. The eye roams over a multitude of objects (each perhaps grand individually), and, distracted by an embarrassment of riches, wanders from one to another, erasing by the contemplation of the next the effect that was produced by the last; and when those happy moments are over, which always fly with too great rapidity, the summit is left with an impression that is seldom durable because it is usually vague.

No views create such lasting impressions as those which are seen but for a moment when a veil of mist is rent in

twain and a single spire or dome is disclosed. The peaks which are seen at these moments are not perhaps the greatest or the noblest, but the recollection of them outlives the memory of any panoramic view, because the picture, photographed by the eye, has time to dry, instead of being blurred while yet wet by contact with other impressions. The reverse is the case with the bird's-eye panoramic views from the great peaks, which sometimes embrace a hundred miles in nearly every direction. The eye is confounded by the crowd of details, and unable to distinguish the relative importance of the objects which are seen. It is almost as difficult to form a just estimate (with the eye) of the respective heights of a number of peaks from a very high summit as it is from the bottom of a valley. I think that the grandest and most satisfactory stand-points for viewing mountain scenery are those which are sufficiently elevated to give a feeling of depth as well as of height—which are lofty enough to exhibit wide and varied views, but not so high as to sink everything to the level of the spectator. The view from the Grand Tournalin is a favorable example of this class of panoramic views.

We descended from the summit by the northern route, and found it tolerably stiff clambering as far as the col, but thence, down the glacier, the way was straightforward, and we joined the route taken on the ascent at the foot of the ridge leading toward the east. In the evening we returned to Breuil.

There is an abrupt rise in the valley about two miles to the north of the village of Val Tournanche, and just above this step the torrent has eaten its way into its bed and formed an extraordinary chasm, which has long been known by the name Gouffre des Busserailles. We lingered about this spot to listen to the thunder of the concealed water, and to watch its tumultuous boiling as it issued from the gloomy cleft, but our efforts to peer into the mysteries of the place were baffled. In November, 1865, the intrepid Carrel induced two trusty comrades—the Maquignazes of Val



Tournanche—to lower him by a rope into the chasm and over the cataract. The feat required iron nerves and muscles and sinews of no ordinary kind, and its performance alone stamps Carrel as a man of dauntless courage. One of the Maquignazes subsequently descended in the same way, and these two men were so astonished at what they saw that they forthwith set to work with hammer and chisel to make a way into this romantic gulf. In a few days they constructed a rough but convenient plank gallery into the centre of the *gouffre*, along its walls, and on payment of a toll of half a franc any one can now enter the Gouffre des Busseraillles.

I cannot, without a couple of sections and a plan, give an exact idea to the reader of this remarkable place. It corresponds in some of its features to the gorge figured upon page 532, but it exhibits in a much more notable manner the characteristic action and power of running water. The length of the chasm or *gouffre* is about three hundred and twenty feet, and from the top of its walls to the surface of the water is about one hundred and ten feet. At no part can the entire length or depth be seen at a glance, for, although the width at some places is fifteen feet or more, the view is limited by the sinuosities of the walls. These are everywhere polished to a smooth, vitreous-in-appearance surface. In some places the torrent has wormed into the rock, and has left natural bridges. The most extraordinary features of the Gouffre des Busseraillles, however, are the caverns (or *marmites*, as they are termed) which the water has hollowed out of the heart of the rock. Carrel's plank path leads into one of the greatest—a grotto that is about twenty-eight feet across at its largest diameter, and fifteen or sixteen feet high, roofed above by the living rock, and with the torrent roaring fifty feet or thereabouts below, at the bottom of a fissure. This cavern is lighted by candles, and talking in it can only be managed by signs.

I visited the interior of the *gouffre* in

1869, and my wonder at its caverns was increased by observing the hardness of the hornblende out of which they have been hollowed. Carrel chiseled off a large piece, which is now lying before me. It has a highly polished, glassy surface, and might be mistaken, for a moment, for ice-polished rock. But the water has found out the atoms which were least hard, and it is dotted all over with minute depressions, much as the face of one is who has suffered from smallpox. The edges of these little hollows are *rounded*, and all the surfaces of the depressions are polished nearly or quite as highly as the general surface of the fragment. The water has drilled more deeply into some veins of steatite than in other places, and the presence of the steatite may possibly have had something to do with the formation of the *gouffre*.

I arrived at Breuil again after an absence of six days, well satisfied with my tour of the Matterhorn, which had been rendered very pleasant by the willingness of my guides and by the kindness of the natives. But it must be admitted that the inhabitants of the Val Tournanche are behind the times. Their paths are as bad as, or worse than, they were in the time of De Saussure, and their inns are much inferior to those on the Swiss side. If it were otherwise there would be nothing to prevent the valley becoming one of the most popular and frequented of all the valleys in the Alps; but as it is, tourists who enter it seem to think only about how soon they can get out of it, and hence it is much less known than it deserves to be on account of its natural attractions.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### OUR SIXTH ATTEMPT TO ASCEND THE MATTERHORN.

CARREL had *carte blanche* in the matter of guides, and his choice fell upon his relative Cæsar, Luc Meynet and two others whose names I do not know. These men were now brought together, and our preparations were

completed, as the weather was clearing up.

We rested on Sunday, August 9, eagerly watching the lessening of the mists around the great peak, and started just before dawn upon the 10th, on a still and cloudless morning, which seemed to promise a happy termination to our enterprise.

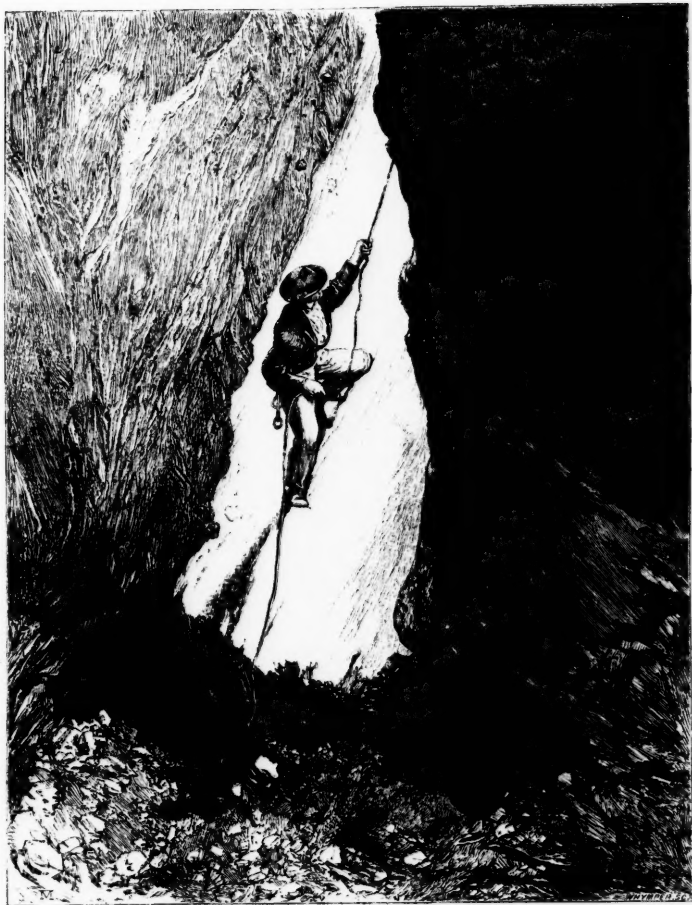
By going always, but gently, we arrived upon the Col du Lion before nine o'clock. Changes were apparent. Familiar ledges had vanished; the platform whereon my tent had stood looked very forlorn; its stones had been scattered by wind and frost, and had half disappeared; and the summit of the col itself, which in 1862 had always been respectably broad and covered by snow, was now sharper than the ridge of any church roof, and was hard ice. Already we had found that the bad weather of the past week had done its work. The rocks for several hundred feet below the col were varnished with ice. Loose, incoherent snow covered the older and harder beds below, and we nearly lost our leader through its treacherousness. He stepped on some snow which seemed firm, and raised his axe to deliver a swinging blow, but just as it was highest the crust of the slope upon which he stood broke away, and poured down in serpentine streams, leaving long bare strips, which glittered in the sun, for they were glassy ice. Carrel, with admirable readiness, flung himself back on to the rock off which he had stepped, and was at once secured. He simply remarked, "It is time we were tied up," and after we had been tied up he went to work again as if nothing had happened.

We had abundant illustrations during the next two hours of the value of a rope to climbers. We were tied up rather widely apart, and advanced generally in pairs. Carrel, who led, was followed closely by another man, who lent him a shoulder or placed an axe-head under his feet when there was need; and when this couple were well placed, the second pair advanced in similar fashion, the rope being drawn

in by those above and paid out gradually by those below. The leading men advanced, or the third pair, and so on. This manner of progression was slow but sure. One man only moved at a time, and if he slipped (and we frequently did slip), he could slide scarcely a foot without being checked by the others. The certainty and safety of the method gave confidence to the one who was moving, and not only nerved him to put out his powers to the utmost, but sustained nerve in really difficult situations. For these rocks (which, it has been already said, were easy enough under ordinary circumstances) were now difficult in a high degree. The snow-water, which had trickled down for many days past in little streams, had taken, naturally, the very route by which we wished to ascend; and, refrozen in the night, had glazed the slabs over which we had to pass—sometimes with a fine film of ice as thin as a sheet of paper, and sometimes so thickly that we could almost cut footprints in it. The weather was superb, the men made light of the toil, and shouted to rouse the echoes from the Dent d'Hérens.

We went on gayly, passed the second tent-platform, the Chimney and the other well-remembered points, and reckoned confidently on sleeping that night upon the top of "the shoulder;" but before we had well arrived at the foot of the Great Tower, a sudden rush of cold air warned us to look out.

It was difficult to say where this air came from: it did not blow as a wind, but descended rather as the water in a shower-bath. All was tranquil again: the atmosphere *showed* no signs of disturbance: there was a dead calm, and not a speck of cloud to be seen anywhere. But we did not remain very long in this state. The cold air came again, and this time it was difficult to say where it did not come from. We jammed down our hats as it beat against the ridge and screamed amongst the crags. Before we had got to the foot of the Tower mists had been formed above and below. They appeared at first in small, isolated patches (in sev-



"THE CHIMNEY."

(ON THE SOUTH-WEST RIDGE OF THE MATTERHORN.)



eral places at the same time), which danced and jerked and were torn into shreds by the wind, but grew larger under the process. They were united together and rent again, showing us the blue sky for a moment, and blotting it out the next, and augmented incessantly until the whole heavens were filled with whirling, boiling clouds. Before we could take off our packs and get under any kind of shelter a hurricane of snow burst upon us from the east. It fell so thickly that in a few minutes the ridge was covered by it. "What shall we do?" I shouted to Carrel. "Monsieur," said he, "the wind is bad, the weather has changed, we are heavily laden. Here is a fine *gîte*: let us stop. If we go on we shall be half frozen. That is *my* opinion." No one differed from him; so we fell to work to make a place for the tent, and in a couple of hours completed the platform which we had commenced in 1862. The clouds had blackened during that time, and we had hardly finished our task before a thunder-storm broke upon us with appalling fury. Forked lightning shot out at the turrets above and at the crags below. It was so close that we quailed at its darts. It seemed to scorch us: we were in the very focus of the storm. The thunder was simultaneous with the flashes, short and sharp, and more like the noise of a door violently slammed, multiplied a thousand-fold, than any noise to which I can compare it.

When I say that the thunder was *simultaneous* with the lightning, I speak as an inexact person. My meaning is, that the time which elapsed between seeing the flash and hearing the report was inappreciable to me. I wish to speak with all possible precision, and there are two points in regard to this storm upon which I can speak with some accuracy. The first is in regard to the distance of the lightning from our party. We *might* have been eleven hundred feet from it if a second of time had elapsed between seeing the flashes and hearing the reports; and a second of time is not appreciated by inexact persons. It was certain that we were

sometimes less than that distance from the lightning, because I saw it pass in front of well-known points on the ridge, both above and below us, which were less (sometimes considerably less) than a thousand feet distant.

Secondly, in regard to the difficulty of distinguishing sounds which are merely echoes from true thunder or the noise which occurs simultaneously with lightning. Arago entered into this subject at some length in his *Meteorological Essays*, and seemed to doubt if it would ever be possible to determine whether echoes are *always* the cause of the rolling sounds commonly called thunder. I shall not attempt to show whether the rolling sounds should ever or never be regarded as true thunder, but only that during this storm upon the Matterhorn it was possible to distinguish the sound of the thunder itself from the sounds (rolling and otherwise) which were merely the echoes of the first, original sound.

At the place where we were camped a remarkable echo could be heard (one so remarkable that if it could be heard in this country it would draw crowds for its own sake): I believe it came from the cliffs of the Dent d'Hérens. It was a favorite amusement with us to rouse this echo, which repeated any sharp cry in a very distinct manner several times, after the lapse of something like a dozen seconds. The thunderstorm lasted nearly two hours, and raged at times with great fury; and the prolonged rollings from the surrounding mountains after one flash had not usually ceased before another set of echoes took up the discourse, and maintained the reverberations without a break. Occasionally there was a pause, interrupted presently by a single clap, the accompaniment of a single discharge, and after such times I could recognize the echoes from the Dent d'Hérens by their peculiar repetitions, and by the length of time which had passed since the reports had occurred of which they were the echoes.

If I had been unaware of the existence of this echo, I should have supposed that the resounds were original reports of

explosions which had been unnoticed, since in intensity they were scarcely distinguishable from the true thunder, which during this storm seemed to me, upon every occasion, to consist of a single harsh, instantaneous sound.\*

Or if, instead of being placed at a distance of less than a thousand feet from the points of explosion (and consequently hearing the report almost in the same moment as we saw the flash, and the rollings after a considerable interval of time), we had been placed so that the original report had fallen on our ears nearly at the same moment as the echoes, we should probably have considered that the successive reports and rollings of the echoes were reports of successive explosions occurring nearly at the same moment, and that they were not echoes at all.

This is the only time (out of many storms witnessed in the Alps) I have obtained evidence that the rollings of thunder are actually echoes, and that they are not, necessarily, the reports of a number of discharges over a long line, occurring at varying distances from the spectator, and consequently unable to arrive at his ear at the same moment, although they follow each other so swiftly as to produce a sound more or less continuous.†

\*The same has seemed to me to be the case at all times when I have been close to the points of explosion. There has been always a distinct interval between the first explosion and the rolling sounds and secondary explosions which I have *believed* to be merely echoes; but it has never been possible (except in the above-mentioned case) to *identify* them as such.

Others have observed the same. "The geologist, Professor Theobald, of Chur, who was in the Solferino storm, between the Tschiertscher and Urden Alp, in the electric clouds, says that the peals were short, like cannon-shots, but of a clearer, more cracking tone, and that the rolling of the thunder was only heard farther on."—Berlepsch's *Alps*, English ed., p. 133.

†Mr. J. Glaisher has frequently pointed out that all sounds in balloons at some distance from the earth are notable for their brevity. "It is one sound only: *there is no reverberation, no reflection*; and this is characteristic of all sounds in the balloon—one clear sound, continuing during its own vibrations, then gone in a moment."—*Good Words*, 1863, p. 224.

I learn from Mr. Glaisher that the thunder-claps which have been heard by him during his "travels in the air" have been no exception to the general rule, and the absence of rolling has fortified his belief that the rolling sounds which accompany thunder are echoes, and echoes *only*.

The wind during all this time seemed to blow tolerably consistently from the east. It smote the tent so vehemently (notwithstanding it was partly protected by rocks) that we had grave fears our refuge might be blown away bodily, with ourselves inside; so, during some of the lulls, we issued out and built a wall to windward. At half-past three the wind changed to the north-west, and the clouds vanished. We immediately took the opportunity to send down one of the porters (under protection of some of the others a little beyond the Col du Lion), as the tent would accommodate only five persons. From this time to sunset the weather was variable. It was sometimes blowing and snowing hard, and sometimes a dead calm. The bad weather was evidently confined to the Mont Cervin, for when the clouds lifted we could see everything that could be seen from our gîte. Monte Viso, a hundred miles off, was clear, and the sun set gorgeously behind the range of Mont Blanc. We passed the night comfortably, even luxuriously, in our blanket-bags, but there was little chance of sleeping, between the noise of the wind, of the thunder and of the falling rocks. I forgave the thunder for the sake of the lightning. A more splendid spectacle than its illumination of the Matterhorn crags I do not expect to see.

We turned out at 3.30 A.M. on the 11th, and were dismayed to find that it still continued to snow. At 9 A.M. the snow ceased to fall, and the sun showed itself feebly, so we packed up our baggage and set out to try to get upon "the shoulder." We struggled upward until eleven o'clock, and then it commenced to snow again. We held a council: the opinions expressed at it were unanimous against advancing, and I decided to retreat; for we had risen less than three hundred feet in the past two hours, and had not even arrived at the rope which Tyndall's party left behind attached to the rocks, in 1862. At the same rate of progression it would have taken us from four to five hours to get upon "the shoulder." Not one of us cared to at-



tempt to do so under the existing circumstances; for, besides having to move our own weight, which was sufficiently troublesome at this part of the ridge, we had to transport much heavy baggage, tent, blankets, provisions, ladder and four hundred and fifty feet of rope, besides many other smaller matters. These, however, were not the most serious considerations. Supposing that we got upon "the shoulder," we might find ourselves detained there several days, unable either to go up or down.\* I could not risk any such detention, being under obligations to appear in London at the end of the week.

We got to Breuil in the course of the afternoon: it was quite fine there, and the tenants of the inn received our statements with evident skepticism. They



MONSIEUR FAVRE.

were astonished to learn that we had been exposed to a snow-storm of twenty-six hours' duration. "Why," said Favre, the innkeeper, "*we* have had no snow: it has been fine all the time you have been absent, and there has been only that small cloud upon the mountain." Ah! that small cloud! None except those who have had experience of it can tell what a formidable obstacle it is.

Why is it that the Matterhorn is subject to these abominable variations of weather? The ready answer is, "Oh, the mountain is so isolated, it attracts

the clouds." This is not a sufficient answer. Although the mountain *is* isolated, it is not so much more isolated than the neighboring peaks that it should gather clouds when none of the others do so. It will not at all account for the cloud to which I refer, which is not formed by an aggregation of smaller, stray clouds drawn together from a distance (as scum collects round a log in the water), but is created against the mountain itself, and springs into existence where no clouds were seen before. It is formed and hangs chiefly against the southern sides, and particularly against the south-eastern side. It frequently does not envelop the summit, and rarely extends down to the Glacier du Lion and to the Glacier du Mont Cervin below. It forms in the finest weather—on cloudless and windless days.

I conceive that we should look to differences of temperature rather than to the height or isolation of the mountain for an explanation. I am inclined to attribute the disturbances which occur in the atmosphere of the southern sides of the Matterhorn on fine days principally to the fact that the mountain is a *rock* mountain—that it receives a great amount of heat, and is not only warmer itself, but is surrounded by an atmosphere of a higher temperature, than such peaks as the Weisshorn and the Lyskamm, which are eminently *snow* mountains.

In certain states of the atmosphere its temperature may be tolerably uniform over wide areas and to great elevations. I have known the thermometer to show seventy degrees in the shade at the top of an Alpine peak more than thirteen thousand feet high, and but a very few degrees higher six or seven thousand feet lower. At other times there will be a difference of forty or fifty degrees (Fahrenheit) between two stations, the higher not more than six or seven thousand feet above the lower.

Provided that the temperature was uniform, or nearly so, on all sides of the Matterhorn, and to a considerable distance above its summit, no clouds would be likely to form upon it. But if

\* Since then (on at least one occasion) several persons have found themselves in this predicament for five or six consecutive days.

the atmosphere immediately surrounding it is warmer than the contiguous strata, a local "courant ascendant" must necessarily be generated; and portions of the cooler superincumbent (or circumjacent) air will naturally be attracted toward the mountain, where they will speedily condense the moisture of the warm air in contact with it. I cannot explain the down-rushes of cold air which occur on it when all the rest of the neighborhood appears to be tranquil, in any other way. The clouds are produced by the contact of two strata of air (of widely different temperatures) charged with invisible moisture, as surely as certain colorless fluids produce a white, turbid liquid when mixed together. The order has been, wind of a low temperature, mist, rain, snow or hail.

This opinion is borne out to some extent by the behavior of the neighboring mountains. The Dom (14,935 feet) and the Dent Blanche (14,318) have both of them large cliffs of bare rock upon their

southern sides, and against those cliffs clouds commonly form (during fine, still weather) at the same time as the cloud on the Matterhorn; whilst the Weisshorn (14,804) and the Lyskamm (14,889)—mountains of about the same altitude, and which are in corresponding situations to the former pair—usually remain perfectly clear.

I arrived at Chatillon at midnight on the 11th, defeated and disconsolate, but, like a gambler who loses each throw, only the more eager to have another try, to see if the luck would change; and returned to London ready to devise fresh combinations and to form new plans.



CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

## THE COLD HAND.

THERE is a rocky hill in what was till recently the town of Dorchester, looking out over Boston Bay. It takes its name from the stiff black savins with which it is covered, and which contrive to find nourishment and support in the rock to which they cling. Some of these trees show their great age by their gnarled and knotted trunks and boughs. Black and impassive they stand, alike in the brightest summer or the grayest winter, sighing restlessly in the breeze, but wailing piteously when the sea-winds sweep over the hill. Part-way up the little rocky eminence stands an old house, now fast falling to pieces. It is a low building, with a gambrel roof and a huge chimney. It has stood there many years, for it was built not long

after the Revolution, and it might have stood many years more had it not been suffered to go to decay with a carelessness which seemed to belie the general thrift of the town.

Wandering over the hill one bright winter day, with no companion but a large dog, I stopped to look in at the window of the old house. The glass was gone from the sash, and the sash itself was broken in many places; but the obscurity was so deep within that I obtained only a partial glimpse of an interior which to my fancy had a peculiarly deserted and eerie look. I felt a desire to explore the place, attracted rather than repelled by its forlorn look of falling age; for I came from a part of the country where the most ancient

relic dates back only forty years, and the aspect of everything old and quaint in the place had a charm for me which I suspect it offers to few of the natives.

The front door was locked, but I obtained an entrance without difficulty at the back, and made my way through a little shed, which was evidently of more modern construction than the main part of the building. I came first into the kitchen, where was a large fireplace blackened with the smoke of long-dead fires, and a narrow, high mantelpiece. A little cupboard was let into the side of the great chimney, which projected far across the floor. The room was long and narrow, running the whole length of the house, with a window at each end. The blackened plaster was dropping from the walls and ceiling, exposing in some places the heavy beams, and the floor was dark and discolored with age and dust, although quite firm to the tread. By a low door I passed into a small room lighted by two windows—one in front, the other at the end of the house, and presenting the same appearance of desolate decay. There were four doors in this room—the one through which I had just entered, another leading to the rooms above, a third, secured by a bolt, which I did not then open, and a fourth leading into a narrow passage, in which was the locked front door. I crossed this passage, and found myself in a room of the same size as the one I had just left. It was that into which I had attempted to look from the outside. Here I missed the dog, who had hitherto followed me, though with seeming reluctance, and no persuasion could induce him to cross the threshold. This room was in rather better repair than were the other two. There was the same high mantelpiece, rather less narrow, and the same little cupboard let into the massive chimney. The floor was less discolored, but there was a deep burnt spot on it near the fireplace, as if some one had dropped a shovelful of hot coals, or rather as if some corrosive fluid had been spilled. I remained here a few moments, idly wondering what might

have been the history of the former tenants, and what could have induced any one to build a house in a spot so bleak and exposed, where scarcely a pretence of soil offered itself for a garden. As I stood there, a singular impression came upon me that I was not alone. For a moment, and a moment only, I became conscious of another presence in the room. The impression passed as suddenly as it had come, but, transient as it was, it awoke me from my reverie. Smiling at myself for the fancy, I re-crossed the passage and ascended the steep, narrow winding stairs to the chambers above. There were four small rooms, opening one into the other, with a closet partitioned off in each, and so low that in the highest part a tall man could but just have stood upright. Here the ruin was farther advanced. The floor creaked under my foot, the plaster had nearly all fallen from the ceiling and was peeling from the walls, while deep stains on the remaining portion showed that the rain and thawing snow had made their way through the roof. The place had a lonesome, forlorn look, even more than usually belongs to a deserted house, though such might not have been its aspect to other than my unaccustomed Western eyes.

Turning, I made my way down the short staircase, and was about to leave the house when the third door, as yet unopened, caught my eye. I drew with some difficulty the rusted bolt, and found myself at the head of a steep flight of stairs, seemingly longer than that which I had just descended. It led to the cellar, and though the afternoon was getting on, I thought I would finish my exploration, and therefore went down, though repelled by the close and peculiarly damp air. The cellar was blasted and hewn in the solid rock to a depth which, considering the extreme hardness of the stone, seemed remarkable in a house so unpretending. A dim light made its way through a narrow window at each end and fell upon the stone floor. I walked forward, looking up at the windows, but I had not

taken ten steps before I recoiled with a start. At my feet lay a pit, seemingly of considerable depth, and filled with water to within four feet of the top. The cellar did not lie under the kitchen, but only under the two front rooms and the passage, and this pit occupied the whole length and fully half the breadth of the space of the rooms above, and, what was more peculiar, seemed to extend even farther forward than the house itself. Another step, and I should have fallen into it. Curious to try its depth, I picked up a little fragment of stone and dropped it in. As the stone touched the water, and the circles on the sullen surface began to widen, a current of air rushed down the stairs, and the door above shut violently. At that moment the impression which I had experienced in the room above came back upon me with tenfold distinctness, and was accompanied with a feeling of exceeding horror. It seemed as if there was closing around me some evil influence, from which I could only escape by instant flight. For one moment I resisted the unreasonable terror, and made an attempt to explain, or at least analyze, a sensation so unwonted: the next, the loathing dread grew too strong. I turned and hurried across the damp floor, up the narrow stairs, and, opening the door, made my way as quickly as possible into the outside air. The dog was waiting for me in the little shed, and seemed delighted at seeing me again. I closed the door, ashamed of my senseless fright, but nevertheless I was thankful that I had found no trouble in getting out. I am not quite prepared to say, however, that these sudden and apparently unreasonable starts are independent of external causes. The Vermont-bred horse will be thrown into an agony of fright when the closed cage of a lion passes by, though he has never learned by experience that lions will kill horses, and though the lion himself is unseen.

I walked briskly home. I had some distance to go, and had quite lost the impression of my ghostly terror when I reached the house where I was staying,

a modern shingle Gothic erection, which in vain endeavored to disguise its barny appearance with sundry wooden adornments modeled after crochet-work.

"Freda," said I to my friend after tea, when she and I were sitting comfortably by the fire in the library, "do you know anything about the old yellow-gray house up on the hill?"

"Why, what of it?"

"Nothing, only I went into it to-day. What is its history?"

"Nothing particular. It was built for a Doctor Haywood. Have you read Alp's last essay on the Semi-occasional?"

"Yes, and great stuff it is."

Freda looked inexpressibly shocked. I had better have condemned law and gospel together than made light of Alp; but she put up with it, probably considering it excusable as the utterance of a savage from the wilds of New York.

"Never mind him now. He shall proclaim his figs in the name of the Prophet for all time if you will tell me about the old house. I know it has a story."

She rose and took from the drawer an old manuscript volume, which she placed in my hands. It was a little note-book, in which the entries were made not from day to day, but at irregular intervals, in a singularly clear, precise hand:

"Nov. 3, 1784. This day my neighbor Ball's cow, getting out of the pasture and running on the highway, was put in the pound. Took her out, and cautioned my neighbor to have more care of the creature. *Mem.*: To bespeak a pair of shoes for her eldest girl.

"Jan. 1, 1785. This day the wind very high.

"Jan. 10. Neighbor Ball's cow, getting among my wife's rosebushes, did do some damage, whereat she was much vexed. Caught the said cow, and begged my neighbor to keep her at home, which she promised to do, but in an hour back again. However, she is a widow.

"Jan. 13. Doctor Haywood, newly come to this place from the old country, has taken lodging with Neighbor Ball. Said to be a learned man—has much

baggage, and they say some curious machines. Is curious about plants and the like. Neighbor Ball did hint to my wife that he knew about matters better let alone, whereat my wife did tell her that she wished he would give her a charm to keep her cow out of our yard.

"*Jan. 15.* Dr. Haywood has bought a lot on the hill, and is to build upon it. Has spoken to me about it. Have drawn the plan, and shall make the estimate.

"*Feb. 1.* Doctor Haywood hurries on the work—says he is in haste to get into his own house. Saw Indian Will to-day, quite drunk. With much trouble got him to our house, where my wife did let him lie in the kitchen all night. Had she not done so, the poor man might have frozen to death before morning, for it was a very cold night. Argued with him in the morning, whereat he promised amendment.

"*Feb. 10.* My daughter Faithful this day, with my consent, promised herself to John Clark, skipper of the Federalist schooner.

"*Feb. 18.* Blasting out the cellar for Haywood's house. He wants it more than common deep—says it makes the house warm.

"*Feb. 21.* Came this day upon a great hollow in the rock filled with water, which ran in as soon as pumped out. The doctor much displeased at first—talked of beginning over again, but finally contented himself.

"*June 3.* Doctor Haywood moved into his house this day. Has much curious stuff. The minister says he is a chemist.

"*June 8.* Went up to the doctor's house to settle with him. He came to the door and said he was too busy then, but would drop round soon. They say he lets no one inside the place since he moved. Has taken a pew in the meeting-house, and comes once of a Sabbath.

"*July 22.* Doctor Haywood and me did settle accounts. He beat everything down to the last penny—offered to pay part in attendance on my family if sick.

Did not care to settle that way, knowing his charges. Charged James Sumner five dollars for one visit to his child, which child, nevertheless, he did greatly help.

"*August 18.* News came this day that the Federalist went down in the gale of the tenth, off Marblehead, with all on board. A sore affliction to my daughter Faithful. The Lord's will be done!

"*August 26.* Neighbor Ball's eldest girl gets lower. Doctor Cray does no good. She would call in Doctor Haywood if she dared, but his charges are so high. James Sumner and me did consult together and agree to take the charges between us. I have heard say that he has helped several poor people free: did especially help Indian Will when he lay like to die of pleurisy at Neponset Village.

"*Sept. 1.* Neighbor Ball, going up the hill last night to call Doctor Haywood to her daughter Hepsey, did tell my wife that she had a look into the south room as he opened the door, and that there were queer things there, such as a brick furnace, all red with fire; and she did say, too, that she saw things like snakes, only thin like mist, twisting about in the air by the firelight, which I do hold to be her own invention or mere foolish notions.

"*Sept. 2.* Doctor Haywood has helped Hepsey Ball some considerable, though he says he cannot cure her, for she has consumption.

"*Sept. 16.* Doctor Haywood told James Sumner and me that he would ask nothing for attending Hepsey Ball, but would keep on to ease her what he could as long as she lived. He told my wife she might last a year.

"*Nov. 3.* Jonathan Phelps told me that Doctor Haywood had borrowed one hundred dollars of him, giving security on the house and lot.

"*Nov. 8.* James Sumner this day, his wife being dead a year, did ask my daughter Sophonisba to marry him, the which she did refuse, and snapped him off too short. Then he spoke to Faithful, and she burst out crying and ran up stairs, and could by no means be



got to listen. Recommended James to Hannah Gardner.

"Nov. 16. Doctor Haywood this day borrowed fifty dollars of me. If he had not been so considerate to Widow Ball should not have felt like letting it go.

"Dec. 16. Coming home from Boston last night, overtook Indian Will. He showed me a big iron tobacco-box nearly full of money—silver, with two gold-pieces, one a Spanish piece, the other an English half guinea. He got it for a lot of deer-skins in Boston. Begged him not to drink it all up, which he said he would not do, but would give it to his squaw. Did ask him to come home with me, which he refused, as he meant to go on to Neponset Village.

"Dec. 17. The wind blowing these two days to the land made it very high water, coming nearly up to Governor Stoughton's elm, and covering the road.

"Dec. 18. A great gale last night—much damage at sea, doubtless. The water very high.

"Dec. 19. Two men out in a boat found an old hat and blanket floating by the Point, said to belong to Indian Will: no one has seen him since the 16th. Likely he went to the tavern and got drunk, so missed his way and was drowned by the tide.

"Dec. 20. Last night Indian Will's body came ashore, much beaten by the rocks, but known to be his by those who knew him. The verdict was, 'Drowned by the tide.'

"Feb. 11, 1786. Doctor Haywood spent the evening at our house. He has been more social of late, going a good deal among people, especially poor people, to help them. Has never paid me the fifty dollars, but makes promises. I was led on to speak of Indian Will. The doctor said the night of the 16th he thought he heard some one cry out, but thought it some drunken person, and besides was busy with his studies, and so did not mind. My wife asked him what he studied. He said a good many different matters, but that he had given it all up now, and meant to practice. Shortly after jumped up and went away very sudden."

Here the journal came to an abrupt end. The rest of the book was filled with accounts relating to the business of a milliner and dressmaker. Slipped in between its leaves were two letters, written in a cramped, scratchy hand and rather irregular in spelling. They were directed to Sophonisba T—, Salem, Massachusetts, and seemed to be from a mother to her daughter:

"DORCHESTER, May 1, 1786.

"MY DEAR CHILD: I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all in good health, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing. James Sumner is married to Hannah Gardner. Most people think she will have her hands full with his children. Parson H— married them. She wore a blue silk at two dollars the yard. Hepsey Ball is dead. She departed this life on the 29th of April, at half-past eight in the evening, being quite resigned and in good hope of her election to grace. She had not much pain at the last. Doctor Haywood called to see her in the morning, and she being then, as we thought, asleep, did start up and cry out that there was a black shadow, not his own, always following after him, which made me think her light-headed; but her mother says the doctor turned as pale as a sheet, and made as if to go off again. Your sister Faithful is at Mr. Trueman's, helping to make up Lorenda's wedding-clothes. I would not have had her go, but she seemed willing to undertake it. Your loving mother,  
ANNA T—."

The second was also addressed to Sophonisba, who on the 3d of June was yet visiting friends in Salem. After a few details of domestic news, it went on:

"Doctor Haywood is missing: no one knows where he is gone. He has been looked for in Boston, but they have found no news of him; only that a little black boy says he saw a man like him go on board a ship bound for the East Indies. Now he is gone, they find he owes money to a great many besides your father. He owes to people in Bos-



ton for drugs and medicines—some, it is said, very costly, and sent for express to the old country. Mr. Sewell, the bookseller there, says he tried to dispose of his books to him; and when he did not buy them, thinks he sent them to the old country. He owes every one he could get to trust him. It is odd what he did with all the money. It is thought Jonathan Phelps will get the house. They went up to it and found the door unlocked. They found nothing in the house but the furniture, and that very common and cheap. There were none of all those things they said he had; only in the south room a lot of bottles and jars, and a brick place built up with a vent outside, which Parson H— says is a furnace such as folks use that study chemistry. There was a great heap of ashes in the fireplace, as if he had burned papers or books there, and a great burned spot on the floor right before it."

"Who was the writer of these?" I asked as I refolded the little old letter, "and what became of Doctor Haywood? Was nothing more heard?"

In answer to these questions my friend gave the following narration.

The writer of the journal was my great uncle, Silas T—. Sophonisba and Faithful were my mother's cousins. Both were much older than she, but I have often seen Faithful when I was a girl, and I had all the story there is from herself. The little house on the hill fell into the hands of the chief creditor, who took down the furnace in the south room and offered the place to rent, but no tenant ever remained there long, either because of the bleak situation or the want of a garden. There were rumors that the place was not quite canny. One woman, indeed, went so far as to declare that she had seen the doctor's figure, dim and unsubstantial, standing before the fireplace in the twilight, and that once, as she came up the cellar stairs, something followed her and laid a cold hand on her shoulder; but as she was a nervous, hysterical person, and moreover was known to be

somewhat given to exaggeration, no one paid much attention to her tale.

It was certain, however, that there was a great deal of sickness in the house. One family who rented the place lost three children by fever in one summer, and it was remarkable that all three seemed to fall under the same delusion, and insisted that something or some one, coming behind them, laid upon their shoulders a cold hand. One of them, toward the last, said that a shadow kept moving to and fro in the room, and kept the sunshine all away. The woman who had seen the vision of the old doctor became a widow the next month, and so much sickness and death took place in the house that at last no one would live there, and it was shut up by its owner.

In due course of time the father and mother of Sophonisba and Faithful were laid in Dorchester burial-ground. Mr. T— had never been a rich man by any means, and when he died there was little left for the two girls, even after the sale of the homestead. They did not, however, consider themselves poor, but with their fifteen hundred dollars in the bank and their trade of milliner and dressmaker thought themselves very well to do in the world. Sophonisba, the elder, was at that time a little under fifty—an energetic, hard-working woman, with a constitution of wrought iron and bend leather, and no more under the influence of what are called "nerves" than if they had been left out of her system entirely. If ever a woman was born into this world an old maid, it was Sophonisba T—. Her fine name was the only romantic thing about her. She had had more than one offer of marriage in her day, but she had no talent for matrimony, and had turned such a very cold shoulder on her admirers that the swains became dispirited, and betook themselves to the courtship of more impressible damsels. There was no hidden romance or tale of unreturned affection in Miss Sophonisba's experience. The simple fact was, she had never wished to be married. Miss Faithful was five

years her sister's junior. She had never found room in her heart for a second love since John Clark went down in the Federalist. She had been a young and pretty girl then, and now she was a thin, silent, rather nervous little body, depending entirely upon her sister with a helpless kind of affection that was returned on Miss Sophonisba's part by a devotion which might almost be called passionate.

"I tell you what it is, Faithful," said Miss Sophonisba one evening as they sat over their tea, "if they raise the rent on us here, I won't stay."

The sisters had lived in the house ever since the death of their mother, five years before. Their business had prospered, and they were conveniently situated, but, for all that, Miss Sophonisba had no mind to pay additional rent.

"No?" said Faithful, inquiringly.

"That I won't! We pay all it's worth now, and more too. It ain't the extra four shillings," said Miss Sophonisba, rubbing her spectacles in irritation, "but I do hate to be imposed upon."

"It will be some trouble to find a new place," suggested Miss Faithful meekly, "and we can afford it, I suppose."

"I don't care if we can afford it a dozen times over," said her sister, with increased decision. "I won't be imposed upon. If I've got either to drive or be driven, I'd rather drive."

"Of course," said Miss Faithful, who had never driven any living creature in the whole course of her life.

"I saw Peter Phelps to-day," said Miss Sophonisba, "and he says he'll let us have the old house up on the hill for anything we like to give."

Miss Faithful gave a little start: "Would you like to live there, Sophonisba?"

"Why, it's a good convenient situation, and plenty big enough for you and me and the cat."

"But you know," said Miss Faithful, timidly, "they have told such queer stories about it."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Miss

Sophonisba. "You don't believe them, I hope?"

"No," hesitated her sister, "but then one remembers them, you know. Widow Eldridge always said she saw old Doctor Haywood there."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Miss Sophonisba again. "You know perfectly well you couldn't trust a word she said about anything."

"Oh, Sophonisba, she's dead!" said Miss Faithful, shocked.

"I can't help that, child. It don't hinder her having told fibs all her lifetime."

"Her husband died the next month."

"Well, so he might anywhere. My wonder is he lived as long as he did, considering."

"And Mrs. Jones's three children died there."

"Well, and didn't Mrs. Gardner lose her two and that brother of hers? and I never heard their place was haunted; and didn't two die out of the Trueman house? and ever so many more all over town? It was a dreadful sickly summer."

"And Sarah Jane McClean was taken sick there with fever."

"Well, they had dirt enough to account for anything. Doctor Brown told me himself that they had a great heap of potatoes sprouted in the cellar, and there ain't anything so bad as that."

The last vestige of a ghost was demolished: Miss Faithful had nothing more to say.

"It's nigh twenty-five years since the old doctor went off," said Miss Sophonisba. "It ain't very probable he's alive now; and if he is, he won't be very apt to come back: and if he is dead, he certainly won't. If he did, I'd like to ask him why he never paid father that fifty dollars. I saw Peter Phelps to-day, and he says he'll fix the place all up for us if we'll have it, but of course I wouldn't say anything about it till I'd spoken to you."

"Just as you please, Sophonisba," said Miss Faithful.

"He says he'll give us a bit of ground down on the flat for a garden, and let

his man dig it up for us. I went up and looked at the house. It ain't so much out of repair as you'd think."

"Did you see the burnt spot on the floor?" asked Miss Faithful with some interest.

"Yes, I saw it—a great blackened place. Most likely he spilled some of his chemical stuff on it."

Miss Sophonisba was not, as she expressed herself, one to let the grass grow under her feet. She concluded the bargain for the house next day, and informed their landlord—who, by the by, was a son of their old neighbor, Widow Ball—of their intention to move. That gentleman was not at all pleased at the idea of losing his tenants. In vain he offered to recede from the obnoxious demand of four shillings more. Miss Sophonisba told him that she had made up her mind, and that *she* wasn't in the habit of going back from her bargains when she had given her word, whatever other people might be.

"Well, Miss T——," said Mr. Ball, "I hope you won't repent. They've said queer things about that house ever since the old doctor went off so mysterious. Some folks said he drowned himself in that place in the cellar."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Miss Sophonisba. "The old doctor never hurt any one when he was alive, except by borrowing money of them, and it ain't likely he'll want to do that now that he's dead; and if he did, I shouldn't let him have it."

"Well, my mother was in the house when Miss Eldridge came running up the stairs as pale as a sheet, and said he came behind her and caught hold of her shoulder."

"Joanna Eldridge was always a poor, miserable, shiftless, narvy thing," said Miss Sophonisba, "and half the time you couldn't believe a word she said."

"Well she was a connexion of our'n, Miss T——, and I always thought there was something in it. Narves won't account for everything."

"Well, I never trusted her a bit more for that," said Miss Sophonisba. "I know one time she told mother a long

story about how you sent in a bill for shoes to Widow Sumner that James had paid you before he died, and she said you'd have made her a deal of trouble if she hadn't ha' found the receipt. A good many folks talked about it, but I always said it was just one of Joanna's stories."

Mr. Ball was put down, and took his leave.

As soon as the necessary repairs were finished the sisters moved into the house, and during that summer found reason to congratulate themselves on their change of abode. The high, airy situation was very pleasant in warm weather, and the view over the waters of the bay across to Boston and far out to sea, with the coming and departing ships, afforded much pleasure and a subject of conversation to the sisters. Their little garden on the flat throve well, and was a source of never-ending interest. They had been troubled by no ghostly visitations. Miss Sophonisba had indeed once heard a mysterious noise in the cellar, but on going down stairs she found that the cat had jumped on the hanging shelf and was helping herself out of the milk-pan.

The sisters were sitting one day toward the end of November—I think it was the twenty-fifth—in the north room, which they had made their work-room. The south room, according to the custom of our ancestors, still religiously preserved among us, was shut up "for company." The kitchen served them also for dining-room, and the largest room up stairs was their bed-chamber. Miss Sophonisba was trimming a bonnet, a task for which she had an especial gift. Ladies came to her even from Boston, saying that her work had an air and style quite its own, while her charges were not nearly so high as those of the more fashionable milliners in the city. Faithful was altering a dress of her own. Both were much engaged with their work, and neither had spoken for some time. Suddenly, Faithful started slightly, and the needle dropped from her hand.

"What's the matter?" asked her sister.

"Nothing," said Faithful, rather confused.

"Yes, there is," said Miss Sophonisba. "People don't jump that way for nothing. What is it?"

"Oh, I don't know," hesitated Miss Faithful. "I guess I pricked my finger."

"Umph!" said Miss Sophonisba in a very incredulous way, but she pushed her inquiries no farther.

As soon as her sister was silent, Miss Faithful's conscience began to chide her for her little evasion. Twice she opened her mouth to speak, and as often checked herself, but the third time the words were uttered: "If I tell you, Sophonisba, you will laugh at me."

"Well, that wouldn't kill you, child."

"No; but—well—it was only that I thought all of a sudden some one was standing behind my chair."

"How could you think so when there was no one there?"

"I don't know, but it felt as if there was."

"Nonsense, Faithful! If you didn't see any one, how did you know there was any one? Have you got eyes in the back of your head?"

"I didn't see it—I sort of felt so."

"Sort of felt so!" said Miss Sophonisba, with good-natured contempt. "If I was you, I'd take some catnip tea when I went to bed: you're kind of nardy."

Miss Faithful assented, and went on quietly with her sewing, but she changed the seat which she had occupied, with her back to the cellar door, for one close to her sister.

No further disturbance occurred till the middle of December. It had been a very windy day. The bay was tossing in long gray-green lines of waves crested with flying foam. The black savins sighed and wailed as they bent to the cutting blast. The wind was east, and it took a good deal of fire to keep the old house warm, but wood was cheap in those days, and Miss Sophonisba, though prudent and economical, was not given to what New England expressively calls "skrimping." Miss Faithful, not feeling very well, had

gone up stairs to bed soon after tea. A windy day always made her uncomfortable, recalling, too vividly perhaps, the gale in which the Federalist had gone down. Miss Sophonisba, having some work on hand which she was anxious to finish, was sitting up rather beyond her usual hour. Pausing for a moment in her sewing, she heard some one walking about in the room above her to and fro, with a regular though light step, as of bare or thinly-shod feet, on the boards.

"Why, what can ail the child," she said to herself, "to be walking about barefoot this time of night? She'll get her death of cold;" and she put down her work and went up stairs, intending to administer a sisterly lecture. To her surprise, Faithful was fast asleep in bed, and no other living creature was in the room. It could not have been the cat this time, for Puss was comfortably purring before the fire down stairs. Miss Sophonisba stood by the bed for a moment, candle in hand, listening for a repetition of the sound.

Suddenly a wilder gust shook the house perceptibly. Miss Faithful started from her sleep with a cry of terror. "Oh, I have had such a dream!" said she, clinging to her sister.

"What was it?" said Miss Sophonisba, soothing and quieting her like a child.

"I thought I was lying in bed just as I was, when all of a sudden I knew that Something had come in, and was going up and down, up and down the room."

"What was it like?" asked her sister, rather impressed in spite of herself.

"I couldn't see: it was all shifty and mist-like—like the shadow of smoke on the ground—and I couldn't tell if it was like a human being or not; but it seemed to me as if I ought to know it and what it was, and as if it was trying to make me understand something, and couldn't, just as it is when the cat sits and looks at you. You know the creature wants something, if she could tell what it was."

"She wants something out of the cup-

board most generally," said Miss Sophonisba; "but go on."

"And finally," said Miss Faithful with a nervous shudder, "after it had gone back and forth two or three times—and I could hear it on the floor too, just like some one walking in their stocking-feet—it came close up to me and seemed to bend over me, or to be all around me in the air some way—I can't tell you how—and I was dreadfully scared, and woke up."

"It made a noise, did it?" said Miss Sophonisba.

"Yes; and somehow the noise made me feel as if I ought to know what it wanted and what it was."

"It was the wind," said Miss Sophonisba. "It got mixed up in your dreams, I expect. How it does blow!—fit to take the roof off. There! the cellar door has started open. That latch doesn't catch: I must go down and bolt it."

At that moment the cat rushed up the short staircase from the lower room, and springing on the bed, stood with bristling tail and glaring eyes, intently watching the door.

"Has she got a fit?" exclaimed Miss Sophonisba; and she put out her hand to push the cat off, but it turned to Miss Faithful, who was sitting up in bed, and crawling under the bed-clothes, lay there trembling and mewling in a very curious fashion.

"Some one has got in down stairs," said Miss Faithful, turning white. "Oh, Sophonisba, we shall all be murdered!"

"Nonsense!" said Miss Sophonisba, quite restored to herself at the thought of actual danger. She caught up a great pair of tongs and started down stairs, the candlestick in one hand, the tongs in the other. Miss Faithful, who dared not stay behind, threw a shawl over her night-dress and followed close at her sister's heels, while the cat crawled still farther under the clothes, and refused to answer to Miss Sophonisba's call. There was nothing unusual down stairs. The two outside doors were locked, the fire was burning brightly, and Miss Sophonisba's work lay on the table just as she had left it. The cellar

door indeed, which latched imperfectly, stood open.

"Some one has come in and locked the door after them, and gone down cellar," was Miss Faithful's whispered suggestion.

"How could they?" said Miss Sophonisba. "We didn't hear any one; and besides, they would have left their tracks on the floor this wet night; but I'll go down and look. You stay here by the fire."

But Miss Faithful preferred to follow her sister. They found nothing out of place in the cellar, into which, if you remember, there is no outside door. Every tub and barrel and milk-pan was in its place, and the surface of the pit of water, which served the family as a cistern, was undisturbed.

"It must have been the door flying open that scared the cat," said Miss Sophonisba. "Faithful, you're as white as a sheet. I shall just heat up some elderberry wine and make you drink it;" which she did then and there, and, no further disturbance taking place, the sisters went to bed. The cat, however, whose usual place was by the kitchen fire, would not go down stairs, and when at last turned out, she mewed so piteously and scratched so persistently at the bed-room door that Miss Sophonisba gave way to her and let her in to sleep all night at the foot of the bed.

No further annoyance took place, nor was Miss Faithful troubled with a repetition of her curious dream. The next week, however, as Miss Sophonisba was in the kitchen making preparations for tea, she was startled by a scream from her sister in the next room, succeeded by the sound of a heavy fall. She hurried into the work-room. Miss Faithful lay on the floor quite insensible. It was some time before her sister's anxious exertions were rewarded by signs of returning animation. When at last she opened her eyes, she burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing and crying.

"For gracious sake, sister!" said Miss Sophonisba, really alarmed, "what is the matter?"



"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed Miss Faithful. "It was John! I know it was John, and I could not speak to him!"

"What?" said Miss Sophonisba, alarmed for her sister's wits. "What was John?"

"It—that—the thing that came behind me: I know it was!"

"When?" asked her sister.

"As I was sitting there in my chair something came behind me and put a hand on my shoulder. It was John—I know it was. His hand was all cold and wet: he came out of the sea to call me."

"Now just look here, Faithful!" said Miss Sophonisba. "John was one of the most careful, considerate fellows I ever knew, and he was always particularly careful of you. Do you think it's likely he wouldn't have no more sense, now that he's a saint in heaven, than to come scaring you out of your wits in that way? Is it like him, now?"

"But oh, sister, if you had felt it as I did, clear into the bone!"

"Then it's over twenty-five years since the Federalist was lost. Do you suppose he's been going round the other world all this while without getting a chance to be dry? Did you see him?"

"No, but I felt it."

"Well, now if there'd been anything real there, anything material, you'd have seen it; and if it wasn't material, how could it be wet?"

Faithful was not prepared to answer, but it was evident that she had received a great shock. In vain did her sister argue, reason and coax. She could not explain, but that something had come behind her, and that this Something had touched her, she was convinced; and she added: "I do believe it was John I saw the other night. I thought then I was awake all the time, and now I know I was."

This last assertion quite upset Miss Sophonisba's patience. "If ever any one was asleep," she said, "you were when I came up stairs. I thought I heard you walking about with your bare feet, and I came up to see."

"Then you heard it too?" said Miss Faithful, eagerly.

It was an unlucky admission, but Miss Sophonisba would not allow that she had made it.

"I heard the wind make the boards creak, I suppose; and do you think John wouldn't have more sense than to be walking about our room at half-past ten at night? What nonsense!"

"You may call it nonsense as much as you like, Sophonisba," said Miss Faithful, beginning to cry afresh, "but I know what I know, and I can't help it."

"Well, well, dear, we won't think of it any more. You're nervous and worried, and you'd just best put on your wrapper and lie down and try to go to sleep."

"I don't like to stay alone just now," said Miss Faithful, timidly.

"I don't want you to: I'll bring my work up stairs and stay with you."

Miss Sophonisba helped her sister up stairs, and began to assist her to undress. As she took into her hand the cape of Miss Faithful's woollen dress she nearly uttered an exclamation of surprise, but checked herself in time. On the left shoulder was a wet spot, and the dress directly beneath was quite damp. Miss Sophonisba said nothing of this matter to her sister, but she made an excuse to leave the room for a moment, and going down stairs looked to see if any water had been spilled on the floor. There was none, and Miss Sophonisba was puzzled. She remembered that when her sister was startled before she had occupied the same seat, with her back to the cellar door. She noticed that the door was slightly ajar, and it occurred to her that the cold air blowing through the crack might account for her sister's feeling of sudden chill, if not for the dampness. She went down the cellar stairs, carrying with her a lighted candle. Bold as she was, a singular sensation came over her when she saw upon each stair a print, as if some one with wet feet had ascended or descended, and that very recently. The track was not such as



would be left by a person heavily shod : it was rather like that of one wearing a stocking or thin slipper.

"What under the sun—" was her perplexed exclamation as she went down, following the marks of the unknown feet until they were lost on the stone floor. It was certain that there was no one in the cellar, but as she went up again, and paused for a moment at the top of the staircase, she heard, or thought she heard, close to her ear, a long, weary sigh, as of one in pain, and a sudden breath of cold air swept past her down the stairs. She turned, and crossing the little passage went into the south room. The burned spot on the floor was covered by the neat rag carpet, but there were still some slight marks on the wall of the old doctor's brick furnace. Miss Sophonisba glanced round the room, but her eyes fell upon nothing but the familiar and well-preserved furniture; yet there came over her a strange sense that she was not alone. She saw nothing, but in spite of herself a feeling of a Presence not her own gathered about her. It was but for a moment, and then her habitual firmness and common sense reasserted themselves.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she said. "I am getting as bad as Faithful;" and leaving the room, she went back to her sister. Miss Faithful had sought comfort in her devotions, and was more composed than could have been expected. Neither felt inclined to comment on the recent disturbance. Miss Faithful's health seemed to have received no permanent harm from the sudden shock she had undergone, but she had a nervous dread of being alone, which was a source of some inconvenience to her sister.

The month of December passed, and the uncomfortable impression left by Faithful's attack was beginning to fade away from the minds of both, when it happened that the disturbance was renewed in a singular manner.

Miss Sophonisba was alone, her sister having gone to a household in the village to take the measure for some

mourning garments to be made up immediately. Miss Sophonisba was busy with a black bonnet intended for a member of the same family, and was thinking of nothing but the folds of the material directly under her fingers. Gradually there came over her a feeling that she was not alone. She struggled against it, and resolutely bent her mind on her work; but the impression grew upon her, and with it a sensation of horror such as she had never before experienced. The idea that something stood behind her became so strong that she raised her eyes from her work and looked around. Was there anything actually there, or was the shapeless darkness anything more than an accidental shadow? Another instant, and something touched her cheek—something like soft, cold, moist fingers. The touch, if such it was, was very gentle, such as a child might give to attract attention. Miss Sophonisba would not give way. She took up her work and went quietly on with it, though her fingers trembled. The same long sigh fell upon her ear, the same chill breath of air swept past her, and the Presence, if such it was, was gone, and with it the shadow.

"Well," said Miss Sophonisba to herself, "some things *are* kind of curious, after all!"

There had certainly been no living creature in the house but herself, for their cat had disappeared some days before, and the loss of their favorite had been a great vexation to both sisters. The shadow behind her chair, if indeed it had been anything but fancy, had been too indistinct to allow her to say that she had really seen it before it had vanished, but what had given her the touch, the recollection of which yet caused a shiver? She put up her hand to her cheek. The place was wet—an actual drop of water adhered to her finger.

"Dear me!" said she, "I wish I did know what to think."

To one of her temperament the uncertainty was very annoying. She could not bear to think that her experience

was not directly owing to natural—by which she meant, common—causes. "I am very glad Faithful was not here," she thought as she turned to her work again. She would not indulge herself by changing her seat, but kept her place with her back to the cellar door, though she could not help now and then casting a glance over her shoulder. Neither shadow nor substance, however, made itself manifest.

That same night Miss Sophonisba woke from her sleep with the feeling that some one had called her. She found herself mistaken, however, and lay quietly awake, thinking over the events of the afternoon. The more she thought the more puzzled, and even provoked, did she become. She was one of those people who cannot bear to feel themselves incapable of accounting for anything that is brought under their notice. A mystery, as such, is an exasperation to them, and they will sometimes adopt an explanation more perplexing than the phenomenon itself, rather than say, "I don't know." As she lay there thinking over the matter, and trying to make herself believe that the afternoon's experience was the effect of the wind or her own fancy, she was startled by a step on the floor of the lower room—the same light step. It crossed the floor, and she heard it on the stairs. Miss Sophonisba raised her head from her pillow and looked around. There could be no doubt that she was awake. She could see everything in the room: her sister slept quietly at her side, and the moonlight shone in brightly at the window. The slow step came up the stairs and in at the open door. She heard it on the boards: her eyes beheld the shadow of her sister's vision, so wavering and indistinct that she could not say with certainty that it wore the semblance of a human form. The blood at her heart seemed to stand still, but yet she neither screamed nor fainted, nor tried to wake her sister. She watched the Thing as it moved to and fro in the chamber. Suddenly it came toward her, and stood at the bedside, seeming indeed, as Faithful had said, to be "all

around her in the air," and weigh upon her with a sense of oppression almost unendurable as the shadowy Presence obscured the moonbeams. Miss Sophonisba bent all her will to the effort, and with an heroic exertion she put out her hand to try by the sense of touch if indeed she was in her waking senses. Her fingers were met by others, soft, cold and damp. For a second, which seemed an hour, they grasped her extended hand with a close, clinging touch that some way seemed half familiar. For one instant the shapeless gloom appeared to take definite form—a tall human figure, a man in poor and ragged clothes; for one instant a pair of wistful, eager eyes looked into her own; the next, the cock without crowed loud and shrill. Her hand was released, and with the same long, weary sigh the ghostly Presence passed away. Miss Sophonisba sank back on her pillow nearly insensible. She did not know how long she lay there, but when she at last gathered her senses she saw and felt, with an involuntary shudder, that her hand was wet and cold, and that across the floor, plain in the moonlight, leading to the half-open door, were the marks of wet feet. She did not waken her sister, who still slept quietly at her side, but it was with unspeakable relief that she saw the morning dawn at last.

In spite of herself, Miss Sophonisba was forced to the conclusion that, except on the supposition that some inhabitant of another world had been permitted to approach her, her experience was wholly inexplicable. "If it comes again," said she to herself, "I'll certainly speak to it. Goodness me!" she added, somewhat irritated in spite of her terror, "if it's got anything to say, why don't it speak and be done with it?"

She said nothing of the matter to her sister, and she so far controlled herself as to preserve her usual manner.

The sisters were busily engaged all day over the mourning dresses, when toward night Miss Faithful's thread gave out and her work came to a stand-still.

"How provoking!" said she. "Three yards more would finish, and now I

shall have to go down to the village and buy a whole skein, just for that."

"No," said Miss Sophonisba, who would not have acknowledged to herself her dread of being alone in the house, "I think there's some like that in the chimney cupboard in the south room: I'll get it."

She put down her work, and taking a candle went into the south room. Placing the light on a chair, she opened the cupboard door and began searching for the thread among a variety of miscellaneous matters. Some slight noise startled her. She turned, and saw standing before the fireplace an elderly gentleman, whose face was, as she thought, familiar, though she could not recall at the moment where she had seen it. It did not occur to her that her companion was not a living man, and she stood for a moment with a look of surprised inquiry, expecting him to speak. The eyes met hers in a fixed stare, like that of a corpse. She had not seen the figure move, yet the same instant it was at her side. It was too much, even for her. She turned and sprang through the open door into the passage, but not before it had flashed across her mind that the dead face bore a horrible resemblance to the old doctor. The Thing did not follow her, and she stood still in the passage, not daring to alarm her more timid sister, and yet dreading inexpressibly to re-enter the haunted room. Her terror was not merely the oppression, the natural fear of the unknown, the sense of a nature differing from her own, which she had experienced the past night: it was all this, together with a sense of an evil influence, a feeling of loathing and horror, that made her sick in soul and in body. However strong her resolution, Miss Sophonisba felt that she could never endure, much less question, this frightful Presence. The candle was yet burning on the chair where she had left it, and, summoning all her strength, with an inward prayer she recrossed the threshold. The light still burned brightly, the thread she had come to seek lay on the floor where she had dropped it, but the figure

was gone. She looked about the room: there was no trace of living presence save her own. She had even the courage to stoop down and examine the place on the carpet where the Shape had stood, and which covered the burned spot on the floor; but this time the mysterious footsteps had failed to leave their mark.

"Whatever shall I do?" said Miss Sophonisba to herself. "If Faithful was to see what I have, she'd nigh go crazy; and what excuse can we make for leaving the house?"

If no one but herself had been concerned, I think she would have stood a siege from the hosts of the unknown world rather than confess that she left the house because it was haunted. She caught herself up as the word was formed in her thoughts. "Haunted, indeed!" she said. "I'll think I'm losing my wits first. Stuff and nonsense!" But she paused, for through the middle of the room, close by her side, making an angry gesture as it passed, swept the same Shape, visible for one moment, vanishing the next. She went back into the other room, and giving her sister the thread, sat down so as to hide her face, busying herself with her work until she could in some measure regain her wonted steady composure.

Miss Faithful was much engaged with her sewing just at that moment, and her sister's unusual agitation escaped her notice. Presently she said, "Sophonisba, isn't there a bit of old black ribbon in that cupboard? I want something of the kind, just to put round inside the neck of the dress, and then it will be done."

"Yes—I don't know—I think not," said her sister, with a hesitation so unlike her usual promptness that Miss Faithful looked up surprised. "I mean, I think there is," said Miss Sophonisba. "If you'd like to look, I'll hold the candle for you."

"Oh, you needn't put down your work for that," said Miss Faithful, but Miss Sophonisba dropped the ribbon she was plaiting and followed her sister with the candle. She threw a half-frightened

glance around the room as she entered, but the Vision did not reappear. It was some time before the ribbon was found. It had been pushed into the farther corner of the lower shelf, which was a wide and very thick pine board, slipping easily on the cleats by which it was upheld. One end of the roll had caught behind this shelf, and Miss Faithful pulled the board a little forward. As she did so a little roll of paper fell into the bottom of the cupboard. Miss Sophonisba picked it up. It consisted of several stained and discolored sheets of paper, seemingly torn from an account-book or journal, and covered all over with very fine and closely-written though perfectly legible characters, in a very precise hand.

"What is that?" said Miss Faithful.

"It's nothing of ours, I'm pretty sure," said her sister, looking at it. "But come, if you've got what you want: let's go into the other room—it's cold here."

As they crossed the threshold, Miss Faithful started.

"What's the matter?" said her sister, though she well knew the reason. She too had heard the same long sigh and felt the same breath of chill air.

"Why, it seemed as if something breathed close to my ear," said Miss Faithful, turning white; "and what's more," she continued, as they crossed the passage and entered the work-room, "I believe you heard it too, and that you've seen things in this house you haven't told me of."

"Well, child," said Miss Sophonisba in a subdued tone, "there *are* some queer things in this world, that's a fact—queerer than ever I thought till lately."

Miss Faithful did not press for an explanation: she went quietly on with her dressmaking, and her sister, hurried though she was about her work, set herself to examine the papers.

I remember seeing the original manuscript when I was a little girl, but it was unfortunately destroyed by an accident. My father, however, had copied part of it, and this copy is yet in my possession. Miss Sophonisba could make very little of the record, which

related to scientific matters of which she was quite ignorant; and as the most important words were indicated by signs and figures, she was completely puzzled. The writer seemed to have been seeking in vain some particular result. She looked on through the dates of the year 1785, and saw here and there familiar names, and at last commenced reading at these words:

"June 3. This day took possession of my house. Busied in making arrangements. Shall build my own furnace. Am sure now that I am in the right way. Am determined no one shall come into the house."

Much followed which Miss Sophonisba could not understand, until, under the date of July 1, she found recorded:

"Being over at Neponset, looking for the plant witch-hazel, bethought myself to ask of the fellow they call Indian Will. Going to the little hovel he lives in, found him lying very ill with pleurisy. By the grace of God was able to help him. His wife told me where to find what I sought. To my surprise, discovered she knew much of its virtues. It may be these people have a knowledge of simples worth investigating."

"Sept. 3. No nearer my great end. My means fast growing less. Have borrowed from Jonathan Phelps, but the sum is but a drop for such a purpose. Most-like, some of these people, who complain of my price for the exercise of my skill, would give me three-fold did they know what I work for, if they might share in its result. Yet I know I am in the right way. Should I die before I come to its end—Is Death the gate of knowledge?"

"Oct. 7. I advance just so far and no farther. Why is it that I see my path so plain just to the one point, and there it stops? How small our understanding of the endless mysteries around us! yet should something differing from every day's experience befall us, how quickly we speak of the *supernatural*!"

"Oct. 29. No nearer, no nearer, and my money all but done. Took some of my books into Boston and offered them to sell. Refused, of course. How

should they know their value? Have sent them to London. It was hard, but patience! patience!"

"Oct. 30. This day Indian Will brought the plants I wanted. Have bade him never to tell any one that he comes here. He only has ever entered. So far as I know, he has obeyed. He thinks me like one of his own powahs.

"Dec. 15. At last! I have passed the crisis, and without accident. How simple it seems, now that I know! It was my last bit of the essential metal: like from like. Each element has its seed in itself. The poor people say I have been good to them. Should success be final, I can indeed help mankind.

"Dec. 16. Last night, lifting the crucible from the furnace, spilled the liquor on the floor. Had I one particle more of the essential element! All was utterly lost: no one will lend to me.

"Dec. 18. What have I done that I should feel guilt? What was worth the life of such a useless creature to the interests of mankind? Why did he not trust my word and give me what I needed when I asked him? If he had not waked from his half-drunken sleep when I made the attempt, I would have given him threefold. I gave him his life once: why will not that atone? No one will know ever. I will devote my life to relieve distress. What is such as his, weighed in the balance with my purpose? It is strange that since then I have forgot the very essential thing in the process. I cannot read my own cipher in which I wrote it down; but it will come, it will come.

"Dec. 19. Have been all day trying to read the cipher in vain. Have lost the key, have forgotten the chief link. Until I can recall it the metal is useless. What if it should never come to me? This night went down to the Point. Threw into the sea the evidences of what I have brought to pass. The tide will soon wash them away.

"Dec. 20. Surely it is not meant this thing should be known. To-day a body came on shore, bruised and shattered, but said to be identified by those who should have known best. Now, no one

will ever search this house. Twice to-day I have been to look at the place: nothing can be seen. Providence means I should live to finish my work—to complete that which I alone of mortal men have rightly understood. Why is it this link is broken off in my mind, and the cipher I myself wrote darker than before? Would the creature but have given it up quietly! It was in self-defence I struck at last. What was it to repent of? Some have held that such as he are not human—only animals a little more sagacious than the brutes about us.

"Dec. 22. Useless, useless! My memory fails me entirely. I have tried to go on in vain. What is this that is with me now these last two days?

"Dec. 25. Once I kept Christmas in another fashion than this. I had no guest but one I dare not name—

'Tumulum circumvolat umbra.'

"Dec. 27. To day it put out its hand: the soft wet fingers touched me. I will go out into the world, I will go out into the world. I will help those who are sick and in misery. Will it not be at peace then?"

Then the journal paused: there was no further entry till April 29, 1786:

"The girl, Hepsey Ball, died to-day. Her eyes were opened to see what I see all the hours in the day. I must go. I have not dared to leave, lest the awful Thing should be found in its hiding-place. They begin to press me for money. The house will go on the mortgage. Heard Phelps say if it was his he would drain the place in the cellar. To-day received fifty dollars from the sale of apparatus. Could not part with it before, thinking I should recover my lost knowledge, and should use it. Perhaps it will come back to me if I go away: it may be This will not follow me. I will drop the gold into the same place: if it is that it wants, it will rest. I cannot tell what I have done, my life is too precious. I only, of all men, have seen unveiled the mystery. I will leave This behind. When I am safe it may be found, and they will lay it to rest in the



earth, if that is what it seeks. Then it will cease to persecute me with its step close at my back, its loathsome clinging touch."

Miss Sophonisba (my friend went on) looked up from her reading with such a strange expression that her sister was startled. "Put on your bonnet, Faithful," said she: "I'm going down to see the minister."

"What do you mean?" said Miss Faithful: "it's nearly nine o'clock."

"I don't care if it's midnight. I'm going to show these to him, and tell him what's happened here, and he may make what he can of it."

"Then you have seen something?" said Miss Faithful, turning pale.

Miss Sophonisba made a sign of assent: "I'll tell you all about it when we get there, but do come along now. You're work's done, and I'll take the bonnet with me and finish it there."

They lived at some distance from the parsonage, and the roads were in even worse condition than they are now. It was a tiresome walk, and Miss Faithful, clinging to her sister's side, was almost inclined to wish they had braved the terrors at home rather than ventured out into the dark. The clergyman was a middle-aged bachelor, a grandson of the Parson H—— mentioned by Mrs. T——. He heard Miss Sophonisba's story in silence, but without any sign of dissent. Faithful, in spite of her terror, could not but feel a mild degree of triumph in her sister's evident conviction that what she had seen was, to say the least, unaccountable.

Mr. H—— looked over the papers which had been found in the cupboard, and which Miss Sophonisba had brought with her. "This is undoubtedly Doctor Haywood's writing," he said at last. "I have a book purchased of him by my grandfather, and which has marginal notes in the same hand."

"What shall we do, sir?" asked Miss Sophonisba.

"If I were you I should leave the house as soon as possible. If there is anything in the air which induces such—" Mr. H—— hesitated for a word—"sensa-

tions as these, it would be better to go."

"Sensations!" said Miss Sophonisba, almost indignant. "I tell you I saw it myself; and what made the wet spot on Faithful's cape, and the rest?"

"I can't undertake to say, Miss T——; but if you like I will just come up to-morrow, and we will look into the matter a little. My cousin, Lieutenant V——, is here from his ship, and he will assist me. And meantime you had best stay here to-night: my sister will be very glad to see you."

Miss H—— was a particular friend of the sisters, but she could not but feel a little curious to know the object of their visit. Miss Sophonisba would have kept the matter to herself, but Miss Faithful, in her excitement, could not but tell the story of their experiences. Miss H——, however, was a discreet woman, and kept the tale to herself.

The next evening the clergyman, his cousin the lieutenant and Miss Sophonisba went quietly about dusk to the old house. They went down into the cellar, and the drag which the sailor had constructed brought up some bleached bones, and at the second cast a skeleton hand and a skull. As the latter was disengaged from the drag something fell glittering from it upon the cellar floor: two coins rolled to different corners. Mr. H——, picked them up. One was a Spanish piece, the other an English half guinea.

"Miss T——," said the clergyman in a low tone, "I will see that these poor relics are laid in the burial-ground; and then—really I think you had better leave the house."

Miss Sophonisba made no opposition.

The three ascended the cellar stairs, but as they entered the room they paused terror-stricken, for across the floor, making, as it passed, a wild gesture of despair, swept the Shape, living yet dead.

"What was that?" said the clergyman, who was the first to recover himself.

"It," said Miss Sophonisba in a whisper.

"I have seen that face before," said



the sailor. "Once on a stormy passage round the Cape we came upon a deserted wreck rolling helplessly upon the waves. I, then a young midshipman, went in the boat which was sent to board her. No living creature was there, but in the cabin we found a corpse, that of an old, old man. The look of the Thing was so awful that I could not bear it and hid my face. One of the sailors, however, took from the dead hand a

paper covered with characters in cipher, which no one could read. This paper afterward fell into my possession, and I submitted it in vain to several experts, all of whom failed to read it. By an accident it was destroyed, and the secret, whatever it was, is hidden for ever; but the face of that corpse was the face I have just seen in this room."

CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

#### MONTE TESTACCIO.\*

THIS is the hill of vases, urns and jars  
 The shattered relics of a far-off time—  
 It may be those which held beneath the stars  
 The wine of the immortals, when the clime  
 Was golden with the glory of the morn,  
 When the full grapes, half molten in the glow,  
 From globes of lucent amber, or those born  
 Unto the royal purple, gave their flow  
 Of embryo eloquence and mellow verse.  
 Here dusky grottoes pierce the deep hill's side,  
 Each welling with earth's sweetest boon and curse,  
 Where mild-eyed Bacchus and his beasts abide—  
 Where his light beaker, never emptied quite,  
 Shows down its side the golden word "Content;"  
 And though he sings or laughs his joy outright,  
 Beneath that line the wine is never sent.  
 The dregs he throws among his snarling pards,  
 Which rave and roar and wallow at the feet  
 Of old Silenus, who no drop discards,  
 But drains his two-hand flagon at a heat.

\* *Monte Testaccio*, or "hill of broken crockery," rising as it does to the height of one hundred and sixty-five feet, out of what was formerly a swamp, is one of the enigmas of Rome which have baffled the antiquary. Its height commands a fine view of the city and surrounding country. It is about forty-five hundred feet in circumference at the base. That it is composed of one mass of broken earthenware is well attested by the wine-vaults which perforate it on all sides, some to a great depth. It is supposed by some antiquaries—and I think with great reason—to have been built of the refuse of the ancient potteries established in this vicinity by Tarquinius Priscus. Others pronounce it to be the debris collected from the streets of Rome in later centuries. That this curious mountain has not been added to or changed, and that it has been used as a wine-magazine for hundreds of years, is proved by the most ancient charts and maps of Rome. It is near the gate leading to St. Paul's Church and to Ostia. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius and the Protestant Cemetery lie between. In this latter are the tombs of Shelley and Keats. Monte Testaccio and its vicinity are especially gay with music, dancing and merry-making generally during the vintage season. The costumes of the peasants, the brilliant trappings of the wine-carts and horses, make the scene attractive, not only to the artist, but to all lovers of the picturesque.

These murky cells are choked with earthy musk,  
 As they had reached and tapped the antique store  
 Spilt by their shattered vases. The chill dusk  
 Exhales the odor at the reeking door.  
 From jutting fragments, broken lips of beasts,  
 The potter's fancy, mocking webs of mould  
 Pour down this columbarium of dead feasts,  
 And fan the air unutterably old.

What revelers o'er these flagons sung and laughed?  
 Where were the vineyards that bestowed the wine?  
 It may be from this jar Æneas quaffed,  
 And poured his first libation on the shrine  
 Reared at his landing. It may be— But hold!  
 Th' astonished fancy, starting at the thought,  
 Shrinks back from her own conjuring, where the bold  
 Oblivious riddle stares and answers naught.  
 Pelasgic, or Etruscan, Roman—all  
 These forms may mingle here; but they refuse,  
 More sternly than the mountains, to recall  
 Their age, their makers, and, it may be, use.

Enough! A flood of delicate purple haze  
 Pours through the trees: the very landscape reels  
 With the pure wine of sunset: the soft blaze  
 Heightens the loveliness it half conceals.  
 Spite of the Cross that sanctifies the mound,  
 These must be satyrs 'mong the carts and casks—  
 Gay peasants, decked in goatskins, lounging round,  
 Glowing with health and brown with vintage tasks.

Here, one by one, the little cars come in,  
 Bearing the new-pressed tribute to the hill  
 Crowned with their tents, and jocund with the din  
 Of thick-strung bells, where countless tassels fill  
 The air with brightness, gayly ringing round  
 A melody of colors deftly met.  
 From the near lawn there comes the sudden sound  
 Of hands that improvise the castanet  
 With snapping fingers, while the tambourine  
 Rattles and throbs, and rude Campagna feet  
 Chase the tarantula about the green,  
 Where smiles and flashing eyes together meet.

Why surely this is Arcady? Not so.  
 Or Andalusian dance-enamored home?  
 Not so. Or festival beneath the glow  
 Of old Vesuvius? Pilgrim, this is Rome!  
 But surely these are Bacchus' antique vaults,  
 His chariot caverns and his leopard stalls,  
 About whose doors his thirsty retinue halts?  
 Stand by! The rout begins! his clarion calls!

Out of the gates a-drip, as it had dashed  
 Through sudden showers of old Falernian juice,  
 Rings the red car; the mellow air is flashed  
 With music; song and merriment let loose  
 Their fluttering reins, and follow round the hill  
 With flying hair like ancient charioteers  
 When Nero led the circuit! Hark! be still!  
 Just at the turn where Caius Cestius rears  
 His marble peak, they halt their furious race,  
 And pass demurely, voiceless, with bent heads.  
 Sighing, they pass with melancholy pace  
 Where Keats and Shelley lie in flowery beds.  
 The lowest deity of classic Greece  
 Here, like the highest, bows the willing knee:  
 The last of her anointed bards were these,  
 Though born in exile, where the northern sea  
 Climbs the white cliffs, and, blind with his own locks,  
 Chants to the land Homeric tales of war;  
 Or, like pale Sappho, on the summer rocks  
 Breathes of Ionian isles that woo from far.

Under cathedral branches, tall and dark,  
 O'er flowery choirs and ivy-clad retreats,  
 Here swells the requiem of Shelley's lark,  
 Here, nun-like, chants the nightingale of Keats.  
 Though far from England's shrine, they sleep apart,  
 Their "Minster Abbey" is the world's great dome—  
 Their "Poets' Corner" is its mighty heart,  
 While tear-fed blossoms write their epitaphs in Rome!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

#### PHANTOM LIMBS.

TOWARD the end of the great rebellion there existed in South street, Philadelphia, a hospital of several hundred beds, which was devoted altogether to the lodging and care of men in need of artificial limbs. It was known as the "Stump Hospital," and was certainly full of the strangest interest for even the least thoughtful observer. In almost every other hospital a large share of the damage done by bullet or bayonet was hidden by dress or bandage; but in this every man's loss was visible, and the hundreds of men, less by a leg or an arm, who filled its courts and lounged in the neighbor-

hood, presented sights at once pitiable and singular.

Only a few of the poor fellows thus mutilated reached this house of repair, nor is it easy at present to learn what number of our wounded survived amputations, since the documentary evidence is either incomplete or inaccessible. "Executive Document 108, H. R., 1st session 39th Congress," furnishes a list of 6075 men to whom artificial limbs had been supplied; but the return of those furnished under the act of 1870 is not as yet made up. The medical history of the war, when published, will probably afford a comparatively com-

plete estimate, including a statement of the limbs given to Confederate soldiers by the Southern Aid Society. It is unlikely, however, that we shall ever possess a full record of these mutilations, because there are numerous persons of the rank of officers and others whose means keep them out of the pension tables, which must, of course, be our best sources of information. Moreover, for obvious reasons, the Southern lists cannot be even approximately full. In all probability, however, there are in this country at least fifteen thousand men who lost an arm or a leg in the war. How many have endured the removal of more than one limb we do not know; but instances of recovery from double or treble amputations must, of course, be rare, nor is there any record of these losses, which, for many reasons, are interesting alike to the surgeon and to the physiologist. There survive, however, a considerable number of men who have lost both arms and one leg; one, at least, who lost both legs and an arm, and several who have parted with the two upper extremities or the two lower. One instance is known—and perhaps there are others—of the loss of all four limbs: that is to say, of both feet and both hands; but, so far as we are aware, no one survived the removal of all four limbs above the elbows and knees, although such a case is said to have occurred in the Napoleonic wars—that of a soldier who was long a pensioner at the *Hôtel des Invalides*.

Until very lately no careful scientific study has been made of the physiological conditions which arise in persons who have been so unhappy as to lose limbs, and perhaps therefore a clear and brief statement of these peculiarities may not be wanting in interest. The opportunity for such study is now to be sought in civil life and in the existing asylums for soldiers; and since the phenomena observed are often strange and even startling, it is necessary to choose the cases for observation with great care, because the natural tendency of many witnesses, especially

among the uneducated, is to color too strongly their answers in regard to points which excite wonder or sympathy. Unhappily, the ample chances for study which the Stump Hospital offered were never made use of, and, let us hope, may not offer again in our time.

The feelings and delusions entertained by men who have lost members have often been the subjects of casual notice in surgical treatises, from Ambroise Paré's time to our own, but even in the best books there is as yet no clear and detailed statement as to this subject, which for interest alike popular and scientific is hardly to be surpassed, even in this time of scientific sensationalism.

Some years ago an article was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* which purported to be the autobiography of an officer who had survived the loss of all of his limbs. This sketch gave an account of the sensations of men who have lost a limb or limbs, but the author, taking advantage of the freedom accorded to a writer of fiction, described as belonging to this class of sufferers certain psychological states so astounding in their character that he certainly could never have conceived it possible that his humorous sketch, with its absurd conclusion, would for a moment mislead any one. Many persons, however, accepted it as true. Inquiries were made as to the whereabouts of the sufferer, and in an interior county of New York a subscription was actually started for the unhappy victim. The present description of what the amputated really feel and suffer may possibly serve to correct such erroneous beliefs as were caused by this *jeu d'esprit*.

For the physician the chief interest of the matter arises out of the fact that the "stump," as we call it—for, curiously enough, we have in medical language no Latin synonym for this term—is liable to the most horrible neuralgias, and to certain curious spasmodic maladies. In fact, a stump is rarely a perfectly comfortable portion of the body, and for years is apt to be tender,

easily hurt, and liable at any time to pain. The form of neuralgic torture to which stumps are liable arises from inflamed or hardened conditions of the divided nerves, and very often obliges the sufferer to submit to a second amputation. In one instance, six amputations were done on one leg without relief.

The spasms of stumps are very interesting, and too often incurable, but they involve no pain, and only such annoyance as may come from the part threshing about in a wild and meaningless fashion, so as to excite for its owner attention wherever he goes. We are at liberty to mention a few cases as proving that mental emotion may for a time put a stop to these odd movements. A well-known Pennsylvania officer lost his hand in the war, and by too early exposure brought about an unending and wonderful motion of the remainder of the limb, which from that time has never ceased to fly up and down and in and out. Only once, when his regiment was in sad peril of capture, the colonel's arm hung for a few hours motionless. In another sufferer these automatic gymnastics ceased during the panic of a railway collision; while in a third case, of much slighter but quite constant spasm of an arm-stump, it politely showed an interest in its owner by ceasing to quiver for the whole day on which he had made an offer of marriage. The sufferer in one of these cases by no means regards his malady as an unmitigated calamity, because, having engaged in politics, he has only to uncover his jerky arm in order, as he says, to make the greatest kind of a stump speech, and to carry with him the sympathies of the audience.

The tendency of stumps which are ordinarily healthy to respond by pain or spasmodic movements to causes which do not disturb normal parts, is sometimes very curiously exhibited. In certain persons any strong emotion will give pain in the stump, or the act of yawning will make it twitch. In a larger number, as happens in other cases of disease, the coming changes

in the weather are announced by pain and twitching in the stump; but in most cases on the Atlantic coast these troubles only come when the wind is from the east, and do not occur when the rainy south winds blow, or as precursors of thunder-storms. This curious subject has been studied with care by certain intelligent men of science who have lost limbs, and they are satisfied of the correctness of the facts as here stated. It would be well to learn what rule prevails west of the Alleghanies and where the east wind has lost its Atlantic sharpness and moisture. It certainly seems probable that in our own latitudes, at least, the east wind possesses some qualities which make it altogether peculiar in its power over diseased or wounded parts of the human frame.

It has long been known to surgeons that when a limb has been cut off the sufferer does not lose the consciousness of its existence. This has been found to be true in nearly every such case. Only about five per cent. of the men who have suffered amputation never have any feeling of the part as being still present. Of the rest, there are a few who in time come to forget the missing member, while the remainder seem to retain a sense of its existence so vivid as to be more definite and intrusive than is that of its truly living fellow-member.

A person in this condition is haunted, as it were, by a constant or inconstant fractional phantom of so much of himself as has been lopped away—an unseen ghost of the lost part, and sometimes a presence made sorely inconvenient by the fact that while but faintly felt at times, it is at others acutely called to his attention by the pains or irritations which it appears to suffer from a blow on the stump or a change in the weather.

There is something almost tragical, something ghastly, in the notion of these thousands of spirit limbs haunting as many good soldiers, and every now and then tormenting them with the disappointments which arise when, the

memory being off guard for a moment, the keen sense of the limb's presence betrays the man into some effort, the failure of which of a sudden reminds him of his loss.

Many persons feel the lost limb as existing the moment they awaken from the merciful stupor of the ether given to destroy the torments of the knife; others come slowly to this consciousness in days or weeks, and when the wound has healed; but, as a rule, the more sound and serviceable the stump, especially if an artificial limb be worn, the more likely is the man to feel faintly the presence of his shorn member. Sometimes a blow on the stump will reawaken such consciousness, or, as happened in one case, a reamputation higher up the limb will summon it anew into seeming existence.

In many, the limb may be recalled to the man by irritating the nerves in its stump. Every doctor knows that when any part of a nerve is excited by a pinch, a tap or by electricity—which is an altogether harmless means—the pain, if it be a nerve of feeling, is felt as if it were really caused in the part to which the nerve finally passes. A familiar illustration is met with when we hurt the "crazy-bone" behind the elbow. This crazy-bone is merely the ulnar nerve, which gives sensation to the third and fourth fingers, and in which latter parts we feel the numbing pain of a blow on the main nerve. If we were to divide this nerve below the elbow, the pain would still seem to be in the fingers, nor would it alter the case were the arm cut off. When, therefore, the current of a battery is turned upon the nerves of an arm-stump the irritation caused in the divided nerves is carried to the brain, and there referred at once to all the regions of the lost limb from which, when entire, these nerves brought those impressions of touch or pain which the brain converts into sensations. As the electric current disturbs the nerves, the limb is sometimes called back to sensory being with startling reality.

On one occasion the shoulder was

thus electrized three inches above the point where the arm had been cut off. For two years the man had ceased to be conscious of the limb. As the current passed, although ignorant of its possible effects, he started up, crying aloud, "Oh, the hand, the hand!" and tried to seize it with the living grasp of the sound fingers. No resurrection of the dead, no answer of a summoned spirit, could have been more startling. As the current was broken the lost part faded again, only to be recalled by the same means. This man had ceased to feel his limb. With others it is a presence never absent save in sleep. "If," says one man, "I should say, I am more sure of the leg which ain't than of the one that are, I guess I should be about correct."

Absurd mishaps sometimes remind men of the unreliability of these ghostly members, which seem to them so distinctly material. In one case, a man believed for a moment that he had struck another with the absent hand. A very gallant fellow, who had lost an arm at Shiloh, was always acutely conscious of the limb as still present. On one occasion, when riding, he used the lost hand to grasp the reins, while with the other he struck his horse. He paid for his blunder with a fall. Sensitive people are curiously moved by the mental shock which comes from such failures of purpose. In one case, the poor fellow, at every meal for many months, would try to pick up his fork, and failing would be suddenly seized with nausea; so that at last his wife habitually warned him.

How remarkable must be the sense of the existence of the part lost is to be gathered from the fact that even after twenty or thirty years men are sometimes deceived by this sensation into acts which are founded on a moment of deception as to the real presence of the limb. Naturally enough, this is apt to be the case when first rallying the senses on awaking from sleep. "Indeed," says one sufferer, writing of this point, "every morning I have to learn anew that my leg is enriching a Virginia



wheat crop or ornamenting some horrible museum."

But while most men are thus conscious of a lost limb as still in place, the spirit member is never complete. The foot or hand are most distinctly felt, and then the ankle or wrist. The parts between these and the knee or elbow, as the case may be, are seemingly indistinct or absent, and any missing parts yet higher up are totally unfelt. In some cases half a hand is gone, and only a phantom finger or two remain somewhere in air, with an utter abolition of every other portion of the arm. Probably some of these curious facts depend upon certain of the nerve-ends in the stump being kept irritated, while others are perfectly sound and undisturbed. In accordance with these facts, the pains referred to lost parts are usually felt in the hand or foot, and very rarely elsewhere.

Perhaps the oddest of all the phenomena which may follow amputation is the gradual shortening which the patient imagines to be undergone by the phantom limb. In a certain proportion of instances of removal of a member above the knee or elbow, the lost arm or leg begins to lose length very early, and by a gradual process the hand at length seems to be set at the elbow or the foot at the knee. All sense of the intervening parts is lost, and in rare cases the hand appears to be actually imbedded in the stump. A patient describing this condition insisted that the stump felt far less distinctly present than the hand, which, for him, appeared to lie in the stump, save that the finger-ends projected beyond it. At this point the hand remained, and has moved no farther.

The explanation of these very singular symptoms is by no means easy. It seems probable that our knowledge of the whereabouts of an extremity, and of what it is doing, depends upon a host of sensory impressions, some of them visual, some derived from the muscles or joints, and some from the surfaces of the skin. Suppose that a limb be lost, and that in the stump are at work

certain morbid irritations which affect the divided nerve-ends. Two results will follow: first, we cease to have consciousness of the hand or foot as set at any fixed distance from the body; second, the impressions arising from the cut nerve-ends in the stump are constantly referred, as I explained above, to the lost limb; and because the largest distribution of nerves of feeling is to the hand and foot, in these chiefly seem to lie all such subjective sensations, few or none being felt as in the intervening limb. Since the stump is the lowest *visible* point where pain or touch is felt, the sensorium or central organ of feeling gradually associates in place the lost hand or foot with the stump, the most remote existing part, impressions on which are referred to the lost limb. Hence arises a notion of shortening in the absent member—an idea which is more and more faintly contradicted by previous knowledge, and more and more reinforced by present subjective sensations.

This explanation, although not altogether satisfactory, receives some further support from other facts. When we replace the lost leg by an artificial member—which for purposes of motion competently supplies the place of the missing limb—such feelings as result in the notion of shortening are continually antagonized by the seeing of the foot in its position and by its fulfillment of function, while this is aided by the impressions which come to the brain from such of the remaining upper muscles as move in the act of walking, and which equally act in locomotion with the acquired member. It is then found that by degrees the leg seems to lengthen again, until once more the foot assumes its proper place. It is also very interesting to learn that after this has occurred, prolonged attention to the limb or an attack of neuralgia or talking about it may provoke anew the impression of diminished length of the part.

The sensations seemingly felt in the lost member are most frequent in such as have diseased or sensitive stumps. The lost fingers itch or give pain or

tingle, and relief is had by scratching the stump, while many have a hot or cold hand as the stump is overheated or chilled.

As a rule, the leg is less vividly present than the arm, and is thought to hang down straight, there being uncertainty after hip-amputation as to whether it swings or not in walking with a crutch. It hardly ever seems bent, while in arm-cases of loss above the elbow the limb is felt nearly always as if bent at the elbow, the hand lying in front of, close to or off from the chest in air; and this position is still insisted upon as existing even when there is no distinct notion of flexion at the elbow. The hand is open or half open in some: in others it is a shut fist.

Many readers will recall a bit of newspaper science which described the retina of the eye as having indelibly fixed upon it the last scene which it reflected during life. This fable is realized in the case of many lost limbs. The bent posture of the lost arm is frequently that which it had for a few hours or days before its removal. There are some cases of hands which have been crushed or burned, and the fingers remained painfully rigid in life or bound on a splint. Just so for ever do they continue when the injured limb has been cut off. In one very remarkable example the thumb was, by a violent spasm, bent in on the palm during nine hours which separated the time of reception of the wound from that of amputation. From that day to this the bent thumb-nail tortures the palm which it wounded in life. The latest and most overpowering sensation is thus for all time engraved upon the brain, so that no future shall ever serve to efface it. In cases such as these the patients suffer horribly, and every attempt to will a movement of the lost part results in the utmost pain.

Perhaps it may create surprise that we should speak of moving the absent part; yet, as regards motion no less than feeling, the idea of the material existence of the part is often quite perfect. Sometimes the ghostly members

are in a perpetual state of automatic activity, and the fingers open and shut or twist across one another, especially when there is about to be a change of weather. A few sufferers have no power to stir these shadowy fingers or toes, but a good many have the ability to execute with them, or to seem to execute, any movement of which the healthy part is capable, although such efforts are usually annoying, exact uncommon exertions of the will, and cause spasmodic twitches in the muscles of the stump, and sometimes great general nervousness or sense of exhaustion.

Experiments with the electric current on the nerves of motion in the stump are most instructive. If, for example, we pass an interrupted current through these nerves, we cause sensations referred to the lost limb, but we seem also to produce muscular movement in it. The lost fingers open and shut, and a puzzled expression comes upon the face of their owner as he grows conscious of their pranks.

It is even possible thus to seem to move parts over which there is no volitional control, or which have never seemed to stir since their loss. In the instance of the thumb which was spoken of as always bent into the palm, it was lifted from its place by electricity applied to the arm-nerves in the neck, and by varying the position of the conductors was more violently flexed again; nor was the patient prepared for the occurrence of such phenomena. The effects of these unseen motions upon the individual thus examined were sometimes startling. To become thus again conscious of a ghostly bit of yourself which had been laid for years must certainly be somewhat surprising to the least emotional of men.

For the physiologist these experiments are full of interest, because they help to cast light upon some of the problems connected with the sensations which arise in the mind during muscular movement. These are probably dual. When we will an act, there arise in the consciousness two sets of impressions: the cerebral masses awaken the

ganglia which lie beneath them in the brain and spine, and these in turn direct nerve force along nerves and on to muscles. In some of these ganglia impressions as to the motion made and the parts stirred seem to arise from original construction and long habit; so that, the arm being off, we will to shut the hand, and at once we have a realization of the motion being efficient and complete. But in full health we receive in the brain, when we move a part, impressions as to the force exerted, the position gained, and the like, which are messages from the part moved, and which at once become of value in regulating, directing or checking the movement. The nerves which carry such information to the conscious brain when

electrized in the stump convey at once to the head sensations which, seeming to come from the muscles of the lost limb, create in the brain the illusion of their having moved.

It should be added, that the experiments on which rest these speculations were many of them made on persons whose limbs had been lost when they were too young to remember them at all. No one seems to have examined in these directions any of the cases of people born without limbs—an instance of which exists in the person of a well-known member of Parliament. It would be worth while to learn if these unfortunates possess any consciousness of their missing members.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

### TRIPS TO THE RIVER PLATE.

IN 1842 the South American squadron of the United States, commanded by Commodore Morris, consisted of the ship-of-the-line Delaware, one frigate, three corvettes and a brig. Among the corvettes was the Decatur, Captain Henry Ogden, one of the most accomplished officers of whom our navy could boast, who kindly invited me to accompany him on the cruise of the squadron to the Rio de la Plata from Rio de Janeiro in the first month of the year. The voyage ought not to have occupied more than a week, even under unfavorable circumstances; but as exercising and manœuvring were the main objects of the commodore, a much longer time was consumed—so much longer, indeed, as to convince a landsman that the nautical phrase, *fleet-sailing*, is the most preposterous of misnomers. One of the saddest spectacles I have ever beheld was that which presented itself to my terra-firma eyes on the tenth morning out, when I first went on deck. It was nothing more nor less than the

guardian sentinels of the bay of Rio, the Corcovado and Sugar Loaf, which the capers of the chief had contrived to get us back to—very usefully, doubtless, for the discipline of the crews, but very distressingly to the patience of landlubberish souls. At times, however, there was compensation in the interest of the manœuvres, especially in those which were designed to test the relative merits of the vessels and the skill of their commanders. In almost all of these competitive exhibitions the Decatur was so pre-eminent as to stir the stagnant blood of nausea itself. Captain Ogden had brought his ship into such condition, in every way, that he could manage it as brilliantly as the most accomplished cavalier ever controlled his thoroughbred steed. His death, in the maturity of his capabilities, was a serious loss to the service, but even then his health was so bad as to awaken admiration of his energy. He took such pride, too, in his profession that one could not but warmly sympathize with his delight

when the signal from the flag-ship announced the triumph of his corvette. What an exhilarating sight it was to see all the masts of all the vessels swarming with tars working for dear life to pull down and put up spars in the briefest possible time, or perpetrating some other incomprehensible and impossible achievements! Alas! the age of ocean chivalry is gone: that of stokers and engineers has succeeded, and the glory of Neptune has departed for ever. Instead of white canvas gracefully bellying to the breeze, black clouds of smoke that begrime the skies and offend alike the nose and eyes; instead of old salts clustering with excited agility along bending poles to reef or clew up, with trumpet-tongued officers on deck roaring rapid and varied commands, only lounging loafers, all dirty with dust, shoveling in coal at ignominious tinkles or enveloped in screaming vapors as they rush from the degrading machine; instead of the glorious uncertainty of the day of arrival, making every knot an object of animated solicitude, a contemptible security as to the very moment of jumping on land; and almost total indifference to weathercockism of wind, instead of exciting agitation at each shifting puff. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, such is the sordidness of spirit now supreme that all the poetry of *Æolus* is willingly resigned for the filthy prose of *Vulcan*, whose traditional lameness is no obstacle to inflammatory locomotion. I do remember me of one hurricane, indeed (not upon the scientific voyage in question), only a few years prior to the reign of steam, when after a five day's "lay-to" in the Gulf Stream—that detestable receptacle of peril and perverseness—I would joyfully have abandoned all the sublimity of a storm-sail for the most hideous snort of propulsion that would have driven our tormented hull through the fiendish billows in defiance of the demoniac wind. Particularly would it have been pleasant when one beastly wave had swallowed with voracious maw all the vegetable supplies that had been stowed away in a boat that was pendent at the

stern. At the moment it made its dash we were all just lifting soup-spoons to agitated lips, which simultaneously splashed down as the captain ejaculated, "Great Heavens, the rudder!" rising and rushing on deck, followed by every passenger whose trembling limbs could bear him up the stairs, there to contemplate said boat careering on foam with turnip and cabbage and potato and carrot spinning madly around until all were eternally engulfed.

When at length the squadron had finished its lesson, and was anchored as near Montevideo as was possible for the bigger ships—that is to say, about four miles off—I made such ungrateful haste to abandon the Decatur that poor Ogden hardly knew whether to laugh or to scold. But erudite evolutions certainly do produce inordinate desire, after a while, to escape from watery thralldom. A landsman can never be made to comprehend how there is any other object in going to sea but that of getting to shore. Very attractive was the Montevidean beach in spite of its flatness and general poverty of aspect, so different from the diversified fascination of the harbor we had left. There was one optical delight, however, that almost compensated for other deficiencies—namely, the superior loveliness of the ladies in comparison with the dusky dames of Brazil. Such hosts of sparkling eyes and graceful forms as were to be seen on the way from boat to hotel would have reconciled the most ardent adorer of the beauties of Nature to far greater ugliness of landscape and street. That the officers of the squadron were not insensible to this predominant charm of Montevideo was soon made evident by their arrangements for a fête on board the Delaware, to which were invited all desirable guests. As the row to the spot where she (if that be the sex of a man-of-war, as is probable from the doings of the strong-minded) was lying upon her iron oars—to indulge in a novel trope—would have been too wearisome for full-fledged toilettes, the brig Bainbridge was commissioned to receive them near shore

and conduct them to the seventy-four. The brig was a very small vessel, and was commanded by a very big captain—none other than the present Admiral Goldsborough, whose physical dimensions were in much better harmony with his professional proportions than with the size of his ship. The early sky was not such as could have authorized him to sing the famous song of Masaniello, "Amis, la matinée est belle," and urge in words of the same the crowd to assemble on the shore. Well, indeed, would it have been if he had done just the reverse. Hardly had the gay and festive throng been collected upon the brig when the frowns of the firmament were changed into such sighs and tears as utterly upset all the hopes and stomachs of the invited, without distinction of age or sex. What a spectacle was soon exhibited on that dancing deck, whose fantastic capers were but too visibly felt in the inmost recesses of every feminine frame and masculine mould! How the captain and officers, and sailors too, did rush round with visages in which sympathies were curiously mixed with simpers, to support with manly hands the agonized brows and indispensable basins! What mournful ejaculations of Haysoos! and Ay de mi! were faintly whispered on every side, issuing from lips all denuded of color that only a moment before were blushing with hues that a moss-rose might have envied! "Ech, sirs, it was a sad sight!" as Carlyle once exclaimed in answer to Leigh Hunt's joyous query as to his opinion of the starry firmament on high on an especial manifestation of its splendor. In a short time it became evident that even if the tempest should cease, the unsettled feelings of the company would not permit any farther progress in the fête. Everything, accordingly, was prepared to transport (by no means an appropriate word) the melancholy multitude back to beach as soon as wind and water were willing, which they were not until late in the afternoon. Very different, indeed, as may well be imagined, was the appearance of that multi-

tude as it limped on its native land from that which it had presented when jumping into the canoes that were to conduct it to the coming fun which cast such delicious radiance before. But it would have repeated the attempt the next day, even under similar sombreness of sky, and all unmindful of experience, so flattering is the tale of Hope to a señorita's soul when allured by visions of music and dance. What a pity that sunshine of the breast should ever be clouded by mists and exhalations that arise from hills of years or steaming lakes of sorrow! But *Sic itur ad astra*; and in this pious philosophy must consolation be sought.

After spending a fortnight in Montevideo, where there is little to detain a traveler, we—that is, the commodore and suite, and this deponent—proceeded in the Decatur to Buenos Ayres. Of my sojourn there I will venture to copy with little change an epistolary diary for family edification, believing that the hasty carelessness of its style will be atoned for by superior freshness and truth:

"Feb. 11. Arrived yesterday afternoon in the Outer Roads—as they are called—of Buenos Ayres, about four miles from shore, and anchored there, the water being too shoal to allow the Decatur to approach nearer. We sailed from Montevideo on the 9th, at six in the morning, the commodore and suite having come on board about half an hour previous. Went well till noon, when it fell calm, and continued so until next morning, when a stormy wind arose which blew us to our port. The distance is one hundred and twenty miles, and might easily be done in ten hours with steam, but this is not the region of internal improvements. Wind and water were both too high on our arrival to allow us to land, so we remained all night on board. No small stream is this same Río de la Plata more than two hundred miles from its mouth, and thirty miles broad, with billows like a young ocean. Were it proportionably deep, the fleets of all creation might blockade the town, as some



French schooners and gun-boats have lately been doing. At ten this morning, commodore, captain and myself got into the gig, and were rowed to within half a mile of the shore, where the shallowness of the water obliged us to change our gig for a cart!—a genuine terra-firma cart with two horses, and a picturesquely ragged urchin squatted on the back of one of them, with a rope, which ran through the mouths of the animals somehow or other, in one hand, and a young club in the other, which he kept in incessant action. Never did I land in such style before. On the beach (for anything like a wharf or mole does not exist) we were welcomed by the consul of the United States, a handsome fellow of about thirty, who took the commodore to lodgings which he had engaged for him. I went with the officers of the suite, and the second lieutenant, the purser and doctor of the Decatur, to a sort of hotel kept by a Yankee gentleman, who, having had some very confused notions about mine and thine in the United States, had wandered hitherward for the purpose, of enlightening his mind on the subject and escaping the consequences of his ignorance. We got a tolerably decent set of rooms with a *sala*, or parlor, the grand ornament of which is a species of presidential map, with the heads of the various chiefs of the republic from Washington down to Van Buren stuck closer together than the originals ever would have been willing to come; and a more truculent, rascally-looking congregation 'poetry nor colors e'er could paint.' Alas for our worthies that to this complexion they should come at last! The house, like most of the mansions of the place, is of one story, built round a patio or yard, occupying, of course, square feet enough for half a dozen three-story Philadelphia dwellings, "city lots" not having so magical a sound here as at home. The yard is filled with flowers in pots, among which a Paraguay plant, the diamalia, is more deliciously fragrant than any I have ever smelt; and over the yard is an awning protecting it from

the sun, so as to afford pleasant seats. The landlady is a neat, youngish-looking body, rather inclined to play elegant. I wish her dinner were as well dressed as herself; and furthermore, I wish that she may not prove as saucy as was her dinner. This is the land of grease, ay, and of 'living grease,' too, if to-day's specimen is a thing of common occurrence. At one o'clock I went with two of the officers to call on a gentleman for whom we had letters of introduction. Returning home, we passed a door where several ladies were standing, and had the pleasure of receiving from them our first sprinkling of the Carnival—viz., a shower of scented water ejected from pitchers, tumblers and cups. This is the last day of sport, to-morrow being Ash Wednesday, and here the principal frolic consists in ducking-combats, the whole population engaging in them with the most childish zest. As, however, they are not allowed to begin before two o'clock in the afternoon, when the signal is given by a cannon, we thought we should escape by a quarter of an hour; but the aforesaid dames could not resist the temptation of saluting us, although I shook my finger at them in the most formidable manner, and threatened them with condign punishment for violating the law. The uniforms of T— and P—, being much more seductive than my plain coat, received by far the most attention and liquid. It was impossible to go into the street during the rest of the day until eight o'clock without being drenched. Even showing one's self at a window was full of perils by flood, for, after dinner, having stationed myself at that of the *sala* to see the fun, I had a clean waistcoat incontinently spoiled by the bursting upon it of a shell which had once contained the elements of a chicken, but had been emptied of those and filled with water for the occasion. The thrower was a very pretty girl living in a house just opposite; and the little rascal laughed so provokingly at my vexation that could I have got near enough I would have stopped her mouth in the most



gentlemanly manner. Not being able to take that kind of revenge, I supplied myself with some shells, such as she had whirled at me, baskets of which were hawked about by little boys, and sent a volley at her, but without effect: dodging is a woman's forte. In the evening, after another cannon had warned the folks to cease their funning, we took a walk in the streets where are the principal shops, for the purpose of seeing a turn-out of the sex, the same custom prevailing here as at Montevideo—that of the ladies doing their shopping at night. It is a singular practice, singularly carried on. They go in flocks of five or six, with no male attendant, a servant-woman following them, rather to carry their purchases than give them protection, which is sufficiently afforded by their numbers. The sidewalks are so thronged by them that it is almost impossible for a masculine to put his foot there, and in consequence the place where the gutters would be in our streets (here they are in the middle) is lined with men, chiefly the exquisites of the town, who congregate to feast their eyes and take off their hats, but never join and walk with the objects of their admiration. Truly is this the opposite part of the globe, and not more certainly is the stranger from the northern hemisphere reminded of it by the circumstance of March being the first month of autumn than by that of the nocturnal promenades of the sex. In the United States it would be unpardonable for a lady to go into the streets at night without a gentleman: here she is forbidden to appear in them with one, unless he be a very near relative. A damsel also is not permitted to take a ride on horseback with a youth unconnected with her by family ties, although she may go with a servant behind, whilst in our country she may canter a whole day with Tom, Dick or Harry, even if she had only made his acquaintance the day before. The Spanish notion in this matter is doubtless the most rational if the object is to prevent young ladies from being run away with. What a pity the shops here are not more bril-

liant! Imagine the scene that Broadway would present were New Yorkers in the habit of spending their papas' and husbands' money when, to be poetical,

'The night with misty mantle spread  
'Gins dark the day and dim the azure skies.'

Even in these dirty streets and mean-looking *tiendas* the scene is one worth a voyage from the North Pole. These evening belles! Moore's famous ones are mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbals in comparison. Their coal-black eyes, how they glow! and their tongues, how they go! And their veils, thrown over their heads, richly worked, and falling gracefully behind, how coquettishly they exhibit the faces! (how much preferable, by the way, these veils to those dark, unfathomable cases called bonnets in which many a gem of purest ray serene is buried at home!) and those faces, how willing they are to be stared at! and how they stare back! At every step there is a regular staircase on which your thoughts may mount to heaven.

"Feb. 12. Rambled about the streets, which, like those of Philadelphia, cross at right angles, but how unlike them in everything else! Pavement of sidewalks varying every few steps from flagstones to bricks, from bricks to round stones, from these to pebbles, as if every house-owner paved the part before his residence according to his taste—horribly fertile in corn crops, dirt of every kind superabundant. Everybody rigged out with red in one way or another—the men with red waistcoats, red ribbons round their hats and red badges in their buttonholes, and the women with red bows in their hair. This is the *Rosas* color, which every adherent of that personage is obliged to wear, and every one is obliged to be or seem to be his adherent, unless he wishes to make an expeditious journey to the other world. The political condition of the country is miserable in the extreme, a civil war raging of the most barbarous character. One party call themselves *Federales*, being desirous of a federation like that of the United States: the others,

*Unitarios*, are for a consolidated government. The former—of whom Rosas is the chief—are preponderant in the greater portion of the republic, and in this city have their enemies under foot. A more unadulterated despot than 'the Illustrious Restorer of the Laws,' as he is termed, has never existed: the anecdotes of his cruelty and blood-thirstiness would fill volumes. This very morning fifteen prisoners, taken in a recent battle, were shot in the prison-yard of the town, without form of trial and in violation of all the laws of war—men who had surrendered on the express condition and promise of having their lives spared. It is no uncommon occurrence for his cut-throats to go at night to the house of some poor devil suspected of Unitarianism, and butcher him in the midst of his family. Ladies, too, of the highest respectability have been whipped by them almost to death, after their husbands had been slaughtered before their eyes. Great gloom necessarily pervades the town, no one feeling life secure if conscious of ever having in any way incurred the displeasure of the tyrant, or of being looked upon with a hostile eye by any of the tyrant's friends. The best families belonged to the Unitarian party, and they are almost all either fugitives or reduced to poverty or secluded in their houses, so that the society of Buenos Ayres, which was formerly one of the most delightful in the world, has lost its attraction in a great degree, the principal persons now being parvenu vulgarians. There are some of the old stock, however, who took little or no part in politics, and who now profess themselves Rosasites from necessity, still remaining, and to the houses of several of these I went to-day with P—. The Rabios, who live just opposite to the hotel—one of whom is the identical damsel who spoils my waistcoat yesterday—are beautiful girls, Amalia especially. Another Amalia whom we visited, whose last name is Huergo, is also of 'most incomparable flesh and blood,' as much like one of Raphael's Madonnas as if she had sat to the artist. I wonder if we shall not

fall eternally in love, for a week, with some of these black-eyed, dark-skinned, raven-haired maidens? *Quien sabe?* as everybody says here in reply to any and every question. In the afternoon rode out along the bank of the river. This was formerly the greatest place in the world for horses, there being such a superabundance of them that the finest animals could be got for fifteen or twenty dollars: now, however, so many have been taken for the service of the army that they cost as much—at least the hire of them—as they do anywhere else. A very severe drought for the last two months, by which almost all vegetation has been destroyed, has caused the poor beasts to look more like scarecrows than steeds, sharp poverty having worn them to the bone. Many of them have been fed on biscuits, from the impossibility of procuring grass or grain. Numbers of all kinds of cattle perished from hunger, and the road was literally strewn with carcasses in the most disgusting state, putting the equanimity of eyes and nose to a very uncomfortable trial. The country is an admirable one for riding, being a perfect level, but uninteresting in the way of landscape. The gauchos, or peasants, with their red cloaks and caps, and with variegated shawls tied round their loins and legs in lieu of breeches, make a picturesque feature. What splendid riders they are, as in fact are all the natives, the whole population being almost born on horseback! A sight to see is a full-rigged caballero—with his massive silver stirrups and his reins, etc., plated as richly as the dinner-service of a monarch. Every horse has his tail tied halfway down with a red ribbon, and a red bow on his head: any head or tail without such protection is incontinently cut off.

"Feb. 13. Paid several visits with the commodore, captain and consul to Manuelita Rosas, the daughter of the governor; Arana, the secretary of state; and Mandeville, the English minister. The governor's house is like every one else's, and furnished with an affectation of republican simplicity exquisitely in keeping with the despotic simplicity of

his government. He himself was not visible, it being about as easy to get sight of him as of the Grand Lama of Thibet; but a great staring, signboard-sort of portrait of him hanging in the sala would indicate that he is no Apollo. Manuelita is no beauty, either: her figure is good, but her features and complexion are coarse, and her teeth are villainous. Her father might be perfectly justified in saying to her, as Mr. Bumble observed to Mrs. Corney in *Oliver Twist*, 'Let me see any man kiss you: he won't do it a second time!' She appears to be lively and intelligent, and is said to be a good creature, often exercising a beneficial influence on her *tatita*, as papas are called here, and saving the lives of persons proscribed. The secretary of state is a tall, thin, keen-eyed man, with great acuteness of expression both of countenance and language. His wife is a monster—nothing more nor less. I thought it was a mountain that entered the room, instead of a woman, when she squeezed through a wide doorway. If all flesh is grass, as the Scripture saith, she has enough to fatten all the horses of this country in spite of the drought. Her daughters also are *tutte mama*, as Dandini says—the mammy over again. Mr. Mandeville was not at home. The carriage in which we rode would have somewhat astonished the frequenters of Hyde Park. A regiment might have been stowed away in it, though the two poor devils of beasts that dragged it would not have rejoiced at the surplus weight.

"*March 23, Holy Thursday.* Heard high mass in the cathedral, which was filled with women. The service was well performed, though the music was not so good as might have been desired. What an impressive and imposing ceremony it is, particularly when celebrated in a vast and magnificent church! It is difficult for any one, however obdurate, to withstand the various influences brought to bear upon the imagination and heart. After mass I walked about the streets to see the processions of officers in their uniforms to the various churches, seven of which every-

body is obliged to visit to-day. The whole town in consequence presented a very locomotive spectacle. In the evening, especially, it was almost impossible to make one's way through the crowds of women peregrinating from one church to another. In some of the principal streets there were pulpits erected, into which any one who pleased, lay or clerical, could mount and hold forth for the edification of the audience that his eloquence might arrest; and opposite to them were wooden statues of different saints, before which every one who passed was obliged to take off his hat. Forgetting to do this upon one occasion sufficiently soon, a voice exclaimed in no gentle tones, 'Off with your hat, you *Jew*!' This is the second time since I have been here that my unfortunate chapeau has subjected me to ecclesiastical censure, for several Sundays ago, as I was leaving the cathedral, I unconsciously covered myself before I had got through the vestibule, and no sooner had I done so than a priest who happened to be near me darted at my head, and saying, 'By your leave,' assisted me in not the most courteous manner to remove the offending article. I dare say he thought I was a 'Jew,' an Ebrew Jew, who wanted to insult his religion. If he did, he certainly made a mistake, but I deserved the rebuke for my heedlessness, and begged pardon with all humility.

"*Good Friday.* Heard a sermon on the Agony in the cathedral by Father Majesté, the most distinguished preacher of the country. He is a Spaniard by birth, though his name would seem to indicate that his parents were French. He has something in his appearance of Chaucer's fat, oily man of God, there being a *quantum suff.* of flesh about him, but he preaches with a degree of fervor and earnestness which would render the rest of the poet's description altogether inapplicable to him. He was more than four hours in the pulpit. The music consisted of the organ and two singers, who sang alternately 'the last words.' One of them was a priest, and the other a mulatto: the former had a

good bass voice and the latter a disagreeable tenor. The performer on the organ was also a mulatto, who is the chief music-master, both vocal and instrumental, of the place. The whole congregation, men and women, were dressed in black. There were not many males, but the females were strewn along the floor as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, and being all together, as the men are not allowed to mingle with them, but are kept on the outskirts, they presented a singular spectacle. They must have been more than three thousand in number, all wearing the same dark and mournful hue, the usual lace veil upon their heads exchanged for a plain black hood. In the afternoon there was a grand procession from the church of the Merced, which, after visiting several other churches, returned to where it set out. First came a company of soldiers, with a band playing a solemn air; then a number of persons carrying candles; next a wooden statue of St. Martha, richly dressed and beflowered; next files of candle-bearers; next a statue of St. Mary Magdalen, still more richly attired; then candle-bearers; then a statue of the Virgin, under a sort of bower of flowers, which was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen, preceded by a band of music; and lastly a bier, on which was the body of our Saviour, also made of flowers and really beautiful. By one disposed to sneer all this might be called mummary, but to others, to whom it might forcibly recall the tremendous event of the anniversary, it would be an impressive spectacle. These dramatic representations of the mysteries of religion may doubtless, in some instances, be productive of harm, but generally, if the maxim of Horace be correct concerning the superior susceptibilities of the eye over the ear, they must preach a powerful and beneficial sermon.

"*Holy Saturday.* Tremendous ringing of bells and firing of cannon to-day at twelve, as signal that the period of rejoicing had come. Going to the cathedral, I saw suspended in the plaza, al-

most before the door of the church, a figure stuck full of fireworks, which I conjectured was meant for Judas. My conjecture was only half right: it was meant both for that personage and General Paz, the leader of the Unitarian army, and was dubbed Judas Paz. The church was as full of women as yesterday, but they were again in gay attire. After mass I did what in our country would be thought the height of vulgarity, but here is considered perfect bon ton—stood in the street to see the señoritas as they came out, all the bucks of the town being congregated there for the same purpose. An immense amount of bobbing, ducking, curtsying, smiling, simpering and blushing was perpetrated upon the occasion. As it is not against the law to join ladies in the day-time, I tacked myself to the Rabios, and went with them to visit an old aunt of theirs, whom we found busily engaged in making a saint! The statue was standing in the middle of the floor about two-thirds finished. In the afternoon rode out with Mr. Frank, and encountered the governor going to his quinta. He was mounted on a splendid animal, and was dressed in the accoutrements of the country, his poncho striped red. An aide-de-camp rode by his side, and a couple of soldiers behind. Two of his *galeras*—regular omnibuses, flaming with red paint—followed, in which were some of his household and baskets of good things. His two fools—for, like the monarchs of old, he keeps a couple of such worthies for his amusement—rode near the galeras, one of them cutting a most comical figure. Frank accosted Don Eusebio, as the principal jester is called, and had a confab with him, in which the don talked quite as rationally as many who are considered men of sense. In the evening, Señor Judas Paz was fireworked to ashes in the most blazing style, to the vast delight and edification of the patriotic urchins who surrounded the scaffold and rent the welkin with their vivas.

"*March 30,* the governor's birth-day. The streets were perfectly incarnadined

with red flags, almost every window of every house having a banner protruding through it. The effect was not a little picturesque as you stood at a crossing and looked up and down the streets. At twelve o'clock the Society of the Mazorca went to the gubernatorial mansion to pay their respects, with their chief, General Salome, at their head—a half-Indian, ferocious-looking monster, whose hands, like those of Lady Macbeth, have blood enough on them to make the multitudinous seas one red, were he to try to wash it off. The foreign ministers, officers of the government, etc., also went to offer their congratulations. They were all, however, received by Manuelita, Rosas not deigning to appear even to have his shoes licked by his crouching slaves. In the evening there was a grand exhibition of fireworks near his house, poor Judas Paz with his coadjutor, Judas Rivera, president of Montevideo, being again set off and consumed. After enjoying that entertainment, I went to a ball given by Colonel D— in honor of the day, the invitation to which was a unique sample of its genus, being printed on red paper and couched in the following terms:

*"Viva la Federacion !*

"El que suscribe suplica al Señor Don Roberto, etc., secretario, etc., se digne honrarle con su asistencia á una tertulia que dedica á la Sra. Da. Manuelita de Rosas y Ecurra, el dia 30 del corriente, á las 9 de la noche.

"ANTONIO D—.

"The worthy 'subscriber' lives at a quinta near that of the English minister, too far for nocturnal pedestrianism; so I accepted the invitation of Mr. —, a resident Scotch gentleman to whom I had a letter, to accompany him and his wife, a Buenos Ayrean dame, in a carriage. On arriving, we were ushered into a *sala* so long and so narrow that it looked like an interminable entry, ranged round the sides of which were ladies, young and old, to the number of at least a hundred, with not half a dozen gentlemen scattered amongst

them, the rest of the pantaloons being grouped together near the door. It was a fearful array for a modest youth to encounter, and I hesitated some time before I could summon up courage to advance more than halfway up the line to the seat of the lady of the house; but faint hearts and fair ladies don't harmonize, so I at last pushed forward against as tremendous a battery of black eyes as ever slaughtered the self-possession of mortal man. Having made my bow to the mamma, my valor oozed out, and, postponing my devoirs to the daughters until a less formidable moment, I quietly seated myself next to the prettiest girl in the room, whom I tormented with my enigmatical Spanish till dancing commenced. It was nearly twelve o'clock when the ball was opened, as Manuelita, to whom it was 'dedicated,' did not arrive before, having been kept by the congratulatory assemblages to whom she was obliged to do the honors of her father's house. No sinecure has the poor girl: the fatigue she must have undergone this day would seem sufficient to have exterminated a regiment of Amazons, but she fortunately possesses a singularly strong constitution. The first dance was a minuet by Manuelita and Colonel D—. Spanish dances, quadrilles and waltzes followed, interrupted ever and anon by a minuet for the benefit of the elder damas, whose privilege it is to exhibit their antiquated graces in this dance, Manuelita being the only young one excepted. The waltzing was no joke, as the couples, instead of forming circles, went all the way up and down the sala, so as to be whirling round in a straight line the whole time, except when they reached one or the other extremity. The room must be at least a hundred yards long. Supper, which consisted entirely of cakes and sweets, with the exception of sandwiches, was served at two o'clock; and immediately after it, the *montenero*, or national dance of the country, was performed by Manuelita and General Mansiglia. It is a lively affair, and was admirably done by both, although the general has the weight of



fifty years on his legs, which he handled in the most juvenile style. A general clapping testified the delight of the company. On its conclusion a duet from *Anna Bolena* was sung by Aleira D—— and a gentleman with a tolerable tenor voice. The damsel has a sweet and rather powerful pipe, and has been well taught. She sang two or three times again before the conclusion of the fête, which was kept up until nearly six o'clock, but I had decamped to my 'slips.' Manuelita remained to the very last, having danced without cessation from the outset. The dresses of the ladies were the same as in other lands, all national peculiarities of female attire having been offered up in every portion of the civilized globe to the goddess of Fashion, whose grand altar is in Paris. 'Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.'

"*March 31.* Got up rather late, having gone to bed rather early; ate breakfast; ditto dinner; went to bed and slept very fast, for, as poor Juppy said some years ago, when complaining of never getting any sleep, 'I put my head upon my pillow, and it came morning right away.' The day was passed very much like the existence of the Italian worthy on whose tombstone was the epitaph,

'Lelio sta sepolto qui—  
Nacque, visse, e morì'—

'Lelio is buried here—he was born, he lived, he died.' Alas! how many days of almost every one's life are passed in the same eventless, useless way! If we are to be called to a severe account for time unprofitably spent, Heaven have mercy on us, for who shall be justified in this respect? What a farce and what a humbug this existence of ours would be if the objects which men accomplish here were those for which they were placed in the world! This reflection alone would seem sufficient to prove the necessity of an end to be achieved above and beyond the aims of earth. We humans are exquisite fools—there's no doubt of that; and so ends my sermon.

"*April 1.* The reign of terror has begun again. A sentence of extermination has gone forth against the unfortu-

nate Unitarians, and legalized assassination, murder most foul, commanded by the government, is stalking through the streets. Yesterday the chief of the serenosi, or watchmen, gave each of them a knife, with an injunction to slaughter every *salvaje* that could be found. It was only the night previous that the wretch gave a large ball, at which some of the destined victims of the infernal design then in contemplation were guests. I was prevented from being present at it by a drenching which I got on my way to it in company with the Rabio girls, a tremendous shower having assailed us, which rendered it indispensable for all to return and get dry clothes or go to bed. I was not sorry that the ladies preferred doing the latter, as I had no desire to undergo the trouble of a second toilette. In execution of the order given to the serenosi—an order so hellish that the prince of devils must have this place under his especial care—a number of butcheries were perpetrated in the streets as soon as night came on. Amongst others, a most respectable man by the name of Muñoz, the father of a family of eleven children, whilst seated in his store, was stabbed to death by two men about eight o'clock, and his body left lying on the floor. Since the world was created there has been nothing so diabolical. Never in the most ferocious times has a regular government armed assassins against the lives of its subjects, and turned its towns into vast slaughter-houses; and it will be deemed incredible in other parts of the world that such is the case here now. It is difficult to imagine what can be the motives of Rosas in ordering the massacre at the present moment, when his armies are everywhere victorious, unless he be drunk with success.

"*April 16.* The work of death goes horribly on. A few evenings ago, paying a visit to the Agrelos, I found the ladies trembling and colorless, and was told by them that not more than half an hour previous a gentleman named Martinez, who had once stood with Miss A. as godfather to an infant, had been



murdered before their very door, and that his corpse had been thrown into a tar barrel and burnt. Terror has seized upon the whole population: no man knows whose turn may come next, for the butcheries do not seem to be confined to the Unitarians. Martinez was not of that party, but he was unfortunate enough to be a creditor of General Mansiglia, the brother-in-law of Rosas, and 'a most replenished villain.' On the very day of his death he had dined with the general: in fact, he had almost just left the latter's table when the knife was driven to his heart, and thus released the debtor from the vile necessity of paying his debt. The day before yesterday a young lawyer of distinguished talents was seated in his library at two o'clock, when four men entered and killed him on the spot. He, however, had been a prominent opponent of the government. Quires of paper might be filled with a narration of the awful atrocities that have been perpetrated, but the heart sickens at the mere thought of them. The average of lives destroyed every day is about twenty, though it is affirmed that sixty were killed last night. The foreigners even are greatly alarmed, particularly the French, against whom there is a strong feeling of hatred in consequence of the recent blockade, and also of the assistance which the commanders of the two French vessels on this station have given to those who have besought their protection. I am now living in the same house with those gentlemen, and hear daily accounts from them of numbers who have escaped on board their ships.

"*April 17.* As I went out this morning, I saw three ladies crouching in one corner of the patio, and discovered that they were relatives of poor Martinez, who had been turned out of their house on the night of his murder, and had been since wandering about the streets, finding temporary lodgings where they could. They had come to see the French captains, to whom I directed them, and they will doubtless be sent on board forthwith. In the evening,

about nine o'clock, a French resident made his appearance in the house in a state of great trepidation, and told Captain Puget that his residence, from which he had escaped by the roof, was beset by a number of men demanding admission and endeavoring to force an entrance. The captain immediately buckled on his sword and went with his countryman to the beleaguered mansion, but on reaching it found the assailants gone. The cause of animosity to the individual in question is the circumstance of his having buried the body of Muñez—of whose murder I have made mention—which the natives were afraid to do.

"*April 18.* The first thing almost that I beheld on going out this morning was a pool of gore at the corner of a street, where a poor wretch had been slaughtered during the night. It is strange that among so many persons slain not one, so far as is known, has tried to defend himself. Terror seems to have taken such entire possession of men's minds that they suffer themselves to be butchered like so many sheep, though if a few of the assassins were shot down it might produce a most salutary effect. Those recently killed have been mainly of the lower classes, all others who have reason to tremble for their lives keeping themselves closely concealed. It was about eight o'clock as I returned to my room this evening, and the aspect of the streets of this populous city, which, in ordinary times, are especially gay at night, was perfectly awful. Every shop was shut, every door was barred, and not an individual to be seen save here and there two or three red-capped wretches with long knives going about their work of blood. On entering my room I found there Captain Puget, and received from him the pleasant intelligence that he had been warned that the house was to be attacked during the night, the Mazorcaros having become exasperated at his successful efforts in sheltering their destined victims. Serious as was the information, I could not help laughing at the genuine French excitement of the little gentle-

man, and the delight with which he seemed to anticipate the opportunity of popping the rascals—"Qui'l viennent, les ratins!—pang!" suiting the action to the word with a most warlike demonstration of discharging a musket. "Venez, mon ami, venez voir mon artillerie," he at length exclaimed, and I went with him to his room, where I beheld guns and pistols and swords enough to destroy an army. Some half dozen sturdy-looking sailors, armed to the teeth, were stationed near his door, and I have no doubt they would have beaten back all the ruffians of the place had an attack been hazarded; but the night passed quietly off, information, it appears, having been got by the enemy of the preparations made for their reception. I did not, in fact, entertain much apprehension of their being able to beat down the enormous portals of the establishment, unless they brought regular battering-rams for the purpose, but I must confess I have passed much more agreeable nights.

"*April 19.* Another strong detachment was brought to-day from the French ships to the house. The American consul called upon me to get an introduction to Puget, and make arrangements with him to take the refugees on board his ship to an American merchant brig which goes the day after tomorrow to Montevideo. It was decided that the attempt should be made tomorrow evening, and that the brig should go near to the Decatur, Captain Ogden having given orders that any effort of the people here to board the brig and take the refugees from her should be prevented by force. There are no less than eighty of these poor wretches now in the *Tactique*, Puget's vessel. All this night, like last night, parties of red caps were standing about our door: their object now is to catch any one going to seek Puget's aid.

"*April 20.* The refugees were safely transported from the *Tactique* to the *Lexington*, which sailed this morning. Thank God, the lives of the poor people are saved! but it is horrible to think of the suffering which families hitherto

living in affluence will be obliged to undergo in their now destitute state, for the property of every one who flies is immediately seized.

"*April 21.* Most unexpectedly, and to the inexpressible joy of every one, it was announced this morning that an order had been issued by Rosas forbidding any further assassinations. The monster pretends that he has known nothing of what has been going on, and that he only heard yesterday for the first time of the horrible state in which the country over which he exercises omnipotent sway has been for weeks past! Why, there isn't a mouse that stirs in Buenos Ayres, as one of his chief adherents said the other day to Captain Ogden, but has known it. The chief of the police, to whom his order for the restoration of quiet is addressed, would infinitely rather have swallowed arsenic than direct the hair of a single individual's head to be touched without the express command of the tyrant. The object of Rosas in this hypocritical 'decreto' is to shield himself from the execration of the world, but the effort is as absurd as it is mendacious, and proves him to be a crocodile as well as a tiger. It is said that the English minister brought about the decree. The story goes that as he was riding the day before yesterday, he met a gaucho, also on horseback, who refused to give way to him, and made a significant gesture in the direction of his throat. The minister immediately went to Rosas, told him of the insult, and took occasion to speak of the horrible condition of things; on which the governor had the ineffable effrontery to pretend that it was the first intimation he had received of it, affecting to be overwhelmed with grief at the intelligence. The number of persons killed is supposed to be about seven hundred: this is in the city alone. In the country, matters have been infinitely worse. Some of the villages have been literally running with blood. A more infernal thing even than this tremendous destruction of life was the treatment of the bodies of the slaughtered. One

morning the market-goers were treated to the spectacle of a couple of gory heads stuck up amidst the provisions they were to eat; and a captain of one of our merchant vessels, wishing to buy a load of peaches, was taken to a cart in which, on its being uncovered, he saw several corpses, the wretch who drove the vehicle laughing at his disgust, and asking him if he didn't admire the fruit. 'Durazos frescos'—'fresh peaches'—was the cry with which the cartmen employed to carry the bodies to the place where they were shuffled into a trench dug for the purpose, amused themselves as they went through the streets. Thank Heaven! these horrors are at an end, at least for the present. Never did I expect to sup so full of them; never did I think to see such fearful evidence of the deviltry of the human breast; never have I passed so wretched, so heart-sickening a time, and I pray God I may never pass such again.

"May 2. Matters have gone on peaceably since the decree, and people are recovering from their terror. On the ninth of this month the Decatur returns to Rio. I shall not be sorry to get back there, particularly as I hope to find a budget of letters from home. My stay here has been longer than I anticipated, but as there will be little or nothing to be done in the legation before June, it is of no consequence."

My second trip to the river Plate was in the year 1845. Rosas was still reigning at Buenos Ayres, but was not in an especially massacring mood during this visit; which, accordingly, was much more pleasant than the first. His destructive propensities found employment for the nonce in the war he was waging with England and France, who were endeavoring to open the navigation of the river Paraná, so as to have free access to Paraguay. The two great governments had sent special envoys to bring him to terms, but he set them at defiance. They asked him in their last interview if it was not very foolish for a pigmy to fight a couple of giants.

That depends, was the reply: "if the pigmy is on a roof, where he can't be reached, and the giants are in the street, the folly would be in his yielding to their threats." That he was on such an unattainable roof the giants were not long in discovering, though they might have been aware of the fact from the disastrous result, some years before, of the expedition under General Whitelock, the trophies of which were still rejoicing the Buenos Ayreans in their cathedral. It was made clear enough to my eyes on approaching the town. Blockading squadrons were anchored as near as they could get—about four miles off—and seemed rather to be blockaded, for they were almost starving in consequence of the obstacles put by Rosas in the way of their finding food. As I landed I saw a man-of-war's boat with a white flag into which some sailors were stowing away turkeys and chickens and beef and vegetables and fruit in attractive abundance. The captain of the port, being asked the meaning of the exhibition, replied that "the poor devils out there were dying of hunger, and the governor, taking pity on them, had sent them word they might have a supply which would keep them alive until they got tired of staying where they were"—as nice a piece of contemptuous irony as well could be imagined. It was the first time in history that blockaded philanthropists ever fed their blockaders. There was some fighting along the shores of the great stream, but no troops were sent to invade the territory, which sparseness of population and vastness of extent made invincible. In spite of Wellington's boast that England could not make a little war, she was here engaged in doing precisely that ignominious thing, with the help of another as big as herself. Little glory was the result to the bullies, but much prestige was the portion of Rosas—much more than he got from the war he was carrying on during my first visit with the Montevideans. This was mainly an aquatic struggle, in which an Englishman named Brown commanded the Buenos Ayrean fleet, and an Amer-

ican named Coe commanded that of Montevideo. It was a very pretty quarrel, in which those heroes sailed up and down and banged away in such style of harmless noise that folks almost thought they had formed a sort of partnership of "Brown & Coe" to drive a lucrative business in seeming belligerency. On one occasion, as it was affirmed, they fired furious volleys of old Dutch cheeses that had become too ancient for even Argentine swallow, but I cannot of course swear to the fact. Garibaldi also was in the row, beginning the condottiere career which has made him so famous for some and so infamous for others. Doctors will disagree about everything everywhere to the end of time.

The Buenos Ayrean forces that resisted the advance of the allied squadrons up the river were commanded by General Mansiglia, husband of the sister of Rosas. A more beautiful woman than this lady has rarely lighted on this orb, which, however, she did "touch" most decidedly, her loveliness being very ample, even to redundancy. Her heart unfortunately could not have been so delightful as her face, to judge from a spectacle that met my eye when paying a visit to her hacienda—that of a boy about fourteen years old stretched on the ground before the house, with his arms and legs extended as far as possible, and tied to four stakes under a blazing sun. Asking what was the cause of the torture, I was told that he had done something which displeased the señora, and was undergoing punishment by her orders. Evidently she had never meditated on the Shakespearian counsel, "Let gentleness thy strong enforcement be," and could not have been, like her first mother, "for softness formed and sweet attractive grace," in spite of her multitudinous fascination. At our earnest request she directed the release of the poor little wretch, with an expression which seemed to say that we were fools for our pains. There could be no doubt as to the amount of Rosas blood in her veins, for he too was the possessor of a counte-

nance as pleasant as his spirit was the reverse. His aspect was not at all that of a truculent gaucho, and betrayed no defilement of white blood by either Indian or negro. His eye, if I remember right, was mildly blue, and his complexion more that of a ruddy Saxon than of a sallow Spaniard. Appearances are treacherous in all things: the earth is round and looks flat, and the azure vault above is neither vaulty nor azure.

The Señora Mansiglia, ferocious as she might be, was not so unfemininely hideous as a waterfalled, Greek-bending belle of Broadway; for she was always simply and charmingly attired, and, when going to church in all the exquisite gracefulness of a mantilla, was a perfect phantom of delight—an angel, yet a woman too, although by no means too good for human nature's daily food. The general must have had a tough time occasionally, if the stories told about his domesticity had a modicum of truth, but the wife is now at rest, and perhaps so is he, whether living or dead.

As a general rule, the women of Buenos Ayres were the handsomest I have ever seen in any part of the world. It was as rare to see an ugly damsel there as it was to see a pretty one in Brazil. Why the Portuguese and Spanish bloods, separated as they are geographically and historically by such invisible lines, should produce such different results, is a mystery that may exercise a physiological student. It was a great pleasure to meet crowds of the bright-eyed creatures galloping gracefully and carelessly over the prairie almost every afternoon, their ordinary dresses being only pinned around their limbs for the sake of propriety and comfort, and no botheration of bonnet or hat on the head. Of all regions for equestrianism, that of the river Plate is the most delightful, not only for the gratification just mentioned, but for the "boundless contiguity" of plain on which no impediment is ever encountered by your steed. There may be mountains of the future thereabouts, after the fashion of the Western hill, which was a hole in the

earth when its proprietor first secured it, but they haven't yet begun to grow. Scarcely a molehill is visible as the eye wanders over the illimitable expanse bounded only, like old Ocean, by the level horizon. Billows indeed often make much bigger mounts than can be descried on those Argentine prairies, the only eminences whereof are the bounding, bellowing herds that constitute their especial wealth, and are sometimes very ugly in conduct as well as appearance. Shooting expeditions, which an immense amount and variety of game made irresistibly tempting even to the laziest, were sometimes rendered somewhat too exciting by contact with the savage herds. The snipe and plover of unsurpassed and unsurpassable excellence were in such abundance that one was almost induced to hold them cheap from the smallness of the sum for which they could be bought. As to the beef, that was almost as gamey as the birds, and used to bring to mind an anecdote I have heard my father tell about a dinner at which he was a guest, given by John Randolph at Georgetown in a tavern (at present, of course, a hotel, for what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now) celebrated for its kitchen. The company were asked to a game dinner, wholly and exclusively game, and such a specification from its special source meant business. Great therefore was their surprise when a roast pig that would have put Charles Lamb into raptures was installed upon the table. Greater still was the wrath of the Amphitryon. Calling the landlord, he asked in his shrillest tone of indignation the meaning of that vulgarly domestic dish. "Didn't I give, sir, particular directions that everything should be wild?" "Well, sir," quoth Boniface, "if there is a wilder thing on the table than that darnation beast, may I be —. Why, sir, I had to shoot him at last as I would a bear!" The guests of course laughed, and the host was compelled to smooth his wrinkled front. In the Buenos Ayrean beef the wildness

could be tasted quite as distinctly as in the crackling aforesaid. When roasted in the skin (*carne con cuero*) it was a dish to set before the king. One cause, perhaps, of the blood-thirstiness of the inhabitants was their perpetual devouring of this savage food. Beef for breakfast, beef for dinner, beef for tea. "Drink beer, think beer," growled old Samuel, and eat bull, think bull, and act bull too, may be asserted with equal truth. Much of it, however, as was eaten, much more was wasted. There were not enough mouths for the mass. Quantities that would have victualled Paris sufficiently to laugh Von Moltke to scorn would be suffered to rot after the hides had been stripped off for commerce and the bones extracted for fuel. Detestable fuel did they make, universal as was their increment. The smell thereof was almost intolerable, and often destructive to appetite for the flesh by which they had once been covered.

After a stay of a couple of months, I returned to Montevideo just in time to witness a revolt of the negro troops, which kept the place in fearful commotion for two or three days. There was desperate fighting in the streets; and an attack by the insurgents upon the custom-house was an affair in which such fury was exhibited on both sides that scarcely one of the defenders was left alive when the building was taken. The different men-of-war in the harbor were obliged to send companies of marines to protect their "nationals" from the incarnate demons, who seemed about having it all their own way when concessions were made by the miserable government that pacified them for the nonce.

Glad, indeed, was I to get away from the blood-bespattered town to the beautiful corvette, on which I passed a week of delightful companionship before again beholding my Lord Hood's Nose, the chief feature that first greets the voyager as he nears the bay of Rio.

ROBERT M. WALSH.



## MY LONG-LOST BROTHER.

I.

I THINK I may say I never had a brother in reality. He who should have been my brother died before I was born, but as soon as I was informed of the sad circumstance I felt my loss grievously, and have all my life mourned for this long-lost brother.

Probably I am not the man I should have been but for this melancholy prelude to my existence. It has seemed, sometimes, as though nothing could console me in my bereavement, and I have always felt the positive necessity of substituting somebody who might be brotherly enough to like me a little, and let me love him very much in return.

A poor actor needs companionship more than most men. A poor actor—who is sometimes designated as a *bad actor* by his inconsiderate fellows—is shut off by his profession, and more especially by his position in that profession, from all natural intercourse with the world in general.

The orchestra smiles compassionately as he speaks his lines with proper emphasis and good discretion: it is thought out of place for a poor actor to speak thus, and in him it is called affectation. The dress circle is apt to ignore him entirely, while the gallery dogs his steps until his small part has dismissed him from the stage and he is permitted to seek an unhappy moment of relief in the crowded wings of the stage.

It is an impartial love for the profession that weds me to it. I am never cast for a new part but I feel all the enthusiasm my first nights upon the stage awakened returning to me with its singular intoxication. My nights are apt to be wakeful. I spend these hours in turning in my mind the lines allotted to me. I think them over and over, considering their meaning, and thus grow into the part. It seems to me the sacred duty of every member of the profession to play as well as is in his power every

part assigned him; yet there are many who slight the text of the author and slur his lines because the character is not to their mind.

I know not how many times I have played "Francisco, a soldier," in the ever-glorious tragedy of *Hamlet*. The part is a small one, but Francisco is not beneath the consideration of an actor who has the heart of an artist.

You will remember Francisco appears in Act I. Scene 1 of the tragedy, and speaks like an honest soldier and a true gentleman. The scene opens thus:

"ELSINORE. *A platform before the castle. FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.*

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself."

Now, I always strove to impress the audience with the honesty of Francisco. Mark how he demands of Bernardo, his superior officer, the password before he will exchange a syllable with him or suffer him to come upon the platform in front of the castle. This is indeed like a true soldier, and should be spoken with boldness and resolution. Bernardo having replied to the challenge, "Long live the king!" Francisco recognizes his voice and adds—

"You come most carefully upon your hour!"

—a very neat compliment paid to Bernardo, and at once stamping Francisco as a gentleman as well as a soldier.

When Bernardo dismisses Francisco from the watch, Francisco remarks,

"For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold  
And I am sick at heart."

Here was a point that pleased me. I spoke the lines with an air betraying the disposition. Francisco was heart-sick and numb with cold: it required a peculiar voice and accent to convey this to an audience as yet hardly *en rapport* with the spirit of the grand tragedy about to be enacted before them.

When Horatio and Marcellus ap-



proach, Francisco, though off duty, instinctively challenges them: here also he betrays his martial spirit, and as he is quitting the scene Marcellus exclaims,

"Oh, farewell, honest soldier!"

which compliment was doubtless wrung from him by the very palpable virtues of Francisco.

It is indeed a small part, but I have found the least of these little parts of our immortal Shakespeare to be worthy of the best thought; and though the house, at the hour of opening, was noisy and the audience disturbed by late-comers—an unpardonable offence, since the whole day is theirs to make ready in—during which commotion my best points were usually lost, I had still the satisfaction of knowing that I played my part well, and did my share toward the proper representation of the tragedy.

Though I spoke no more on *Hamlet* nights, I was not free to leave the house till the play was over, for I could change my costume and swell the number of courtiers in the court-scenes.

Had I been at liberty, I should but have left the stage, for we actors like to see how the play progresses, and no people are fonder of the theatre than actors when not engaged in the representation themselves. We are never weary of our profession.

After the performance we usually left the stage, where two or three lights were still burning—the only ones in the building—passing through the body of the house into the street in front, and thence homeward. The stairs leading to the stage door were rather uncertain, and the alley a dark one and not over clean. We frequently encountered a score of little urchins in the lobby of the theatre, who lingered there to catch a glimpse of us on our way home. We were no doubt regarded by them as a distinct race of beings, for our every movement was watched with interest, and no matter how inclement the night might be, some one would be at the great doorway spying as we came out.

I always regarded these little hero-worshippers with great pleasure, for I

remembered how I used to do the same foolish thing years before. Sometimes I would ask a question of one of them, and the whole dozen would respond in an excited manner, which proved what an interest the least of us possessed for them.

I couldn't help observing one little fellow who was as faithful in his attendance as the doorkeeper himself. His face was a pleasant one, though a trifle too old in its expression. He seemed to have outgrown a boy's innocent surprise at the queer ways of the world much before his time, and took everything as quietly as a man of thrice his years.

I began to recognize him after a little time, and one evening—a very bright and beautiful moonlight evening—he followed me shyly as I walked away from the door. Observing this, I stopped at the street corner while he approached, and at once entered into conversation with him upon the subject of the evening's entertainment. I was amazed at the aptness of his answers and the soundness of his judgment upon dramatic matters. He was an inveterate theatre-goer; had seen most of the great actors of his day in their specialties, and was rather fond of comparing their styles, which he did with considerable confidence; he even favored me with quotations from the popular plays, giving them in a very taking though faulty style of elocution. My little friend was a street prodigy, who spent his days in crying a summary of the latest intelligence up and down the streets, while he held full particulars under his arm in the shape of the latest edition of the *Herald*. He was independent, he said, which meant that he made enough by his traffic to pay for his coffee and chop at a cheap restaurant, and his share of the rent for a close and uncomfortable room where a lot of them bunked together in a demoralizing fashion; while with the rest he kept himself in tobacco, and was every night at some theatre, but mostly at ours, which was the chief establishment of the city.

We walked a whole hour in the moon-

light, exchanging our opinions of the drama and its various representatives; and at last I resolved to ask his name, and to remember it as that of a very interesting little *gamin* whose parentage was doubtless a mystery beyond hope of revelation, and whose school was the streets of the city.

"They call me Peanuts," said the youthful dramatic critic.

"Mr. Peanuts—" said I, when he interrupted me with the request that I would "drop the handle"—"Peanuts," said I, "will you take a chocolate with me?"

We entered one of the little, low-roofed chambers that will probably never close their cheap hospitality against the stranger till the last day, and there we sat and sipped chocolate and ate rolls till I began to fear for our bodily comfort. But that was a refreshing episode in the life of a poor actor, whose friends were very few.

Peanuts asked a thousand and one questions concerning the various members of our "Grand Star Combination," and I was surprised to hear with what glibness he spoke of them and their various lines of business. Had they been members of his own family he could hardly have been more familiar with their names or spoken more freely of them.

You know we each have our particular style of character to play, and if we are obliged to play any but this the newspapers say we were cast out of our line. Peanuts thought I had been cast out of my line. He said I should have played Polonius, and he judged so from my conversation during our walk. He thought I might give the speeches with great effect, and that my face would make up well—that is, I could be easily and effectively altered to suit the part by the use of wigs, false whiskers and paint.

I was charmed with his acute perception. I had often longed to be permitted to play Polonius, but the "old man" of the company never would hear of it, and so I had to content myself with what crumbs of speech fell to my share.

I gave my little friend my views of Polonius. He does not seem to me the stupid fool he is usually represented to be, but rather a merry, light-hearted old gentleman, so full of sunshine and contentment that he says much more than he means, and often more than has meaning, as many a talkative and happy old gentleman does.

That he was a wise and tender-hearted father is declared in his advice to Ophelia and Laertes—advice that any daughter or son might listen to with profit.

That he believed Hamlet deranged and in need of watchful care (as who would not in his place?) is sufficient apology for his secreting himself in the Queen's chamber.

I would not play Polonius as many do. It flattered me to find Peanuts greatly interested in my dissertation upon Polonius, and when we walked into the street again I felt that I had discovered, by some strange but fortunate accident, a real friend, and one who could sympathize with me, though my junior by many years. Peanuts walked with me to my lodging-house, but would not enter, promising to meet me on the following night, after the play, in the lobby of the theatre.

As he turned away and was walking rapidly up the street, with an impulse I could not resist I called to him, and there, in the shadow of my lodging-house, holding the hand of the little stranger, whose spirit was as bright as a diamond, I said: "Peanuts, I am proud to have met you. I have been looking for some one, and I believe you are he. Permit me, my dear boy, to call you henceforth *my long-lost brother*!"

After that night I played my parts with new interest. I felt that there was a wise little critic watching me, and that my efforts were not lost upon an indifferent audience, that could find nothing worth listening to unless the "star" were delivering it in his bombastic fashion, when they were ready to applaud to the echo his sometimes faulty and superficial style. I believe I played with a truer love for the art

than this pompous fellow, whose name in colossal letters covered half the fences in town.

It was not long before Peanuts was established at my cozy lodgings near the theatre, and through my influence appeared from time to time in plays where a youth was required to fill the bill.

His proficiency astonished me: he was a faithful and conscientious votary of the drama. He did not allow himself to sleep until his lines were committed to memory, and was always delighted if I offered to hear him recite them, or suggested, from time to time, a change in his inflections. He scorned no line of his business. He was as ready to play a green frog in the pantomime—which singular rôle he assumed at Christmas, and made a hit with his gymnastic leaps and somersaults—as to do a double shuffle in burlesque. Once or twice he consented to join the ballet in a woman's short skirts, and was equally successful, as his figure was round and full, and as yet there was no trace of down upon his boy face.

Our intercourse was very pleasant. Peanuts used to engage me in conversation upon the subject of my early experiences behind the footlights, and I assured him again and again that he had many reasons to be thankful for his bright and hopeful youth.

We used to study together, and on one occasion, when we had a scene in common, we rehearsed it in our room at the lodgings till we were able to give it in a very brilliant and effective manner. We were confidently expecting a round of applause for this scene at night, but something went wrong, the dialogue dragged badly and the effect was ruined. Perhaps it was a rainy evening. We never could play as well at such times: the people came into the house damp and more or less dejected; and an actor requires the encouragement of the audience, for it is a hard struggle at best, and a hopeless one when the public is not in sympathy with him.

We always felt the need of some-

thing at night after the play, and used therefore to keep a little good wine in our cupboard, while sweet rusks were to be had at the bakery close by: these rusks sopped in wine were very palatable, and over them we debated the successes and the failures of the evening, having a very happy time of it in our quiet, homelike way.

Finally, Peanuts was cast for the Duke of York in *Richard III.* What a jubilee we had over it! I drew from the safest and most sacred corner of my chest a torn and faded play-book, an old stage copy of *Richard III.*, bearing upon its title-page the immortal name of Kean. How we gloated over it, Peanuts and I, and fairly wept with emotion as we pictured to ourselves the great Kean conning those very pages with the eye that was to strike terror to the hearts of an audience held spellbound by the magnificence of his genius!

Peanuts copied his part from the very book itself, and we turned to it again and again to draw inspiration, as it were, from the very fountain-head. He did finely, getting two or three rounds of applause for his speeches, while the Richard of the evening condescended to pat him on the shoulder and call him "a clever lad." We had double rations of wine and biscuits that night, you may be sure, and there wasn't much sleeping after it, but a great deal of talk and speculation. I also observed that Peanuts, who had "snuffed up the incense of applause," was a little affected by it. I felt from that hour that he was destined to pass his life upon the stage, and I prayed that he might be more successful than I had been.

Afterward he played Second Gravedigger to a very lugubriously funny man who essayed First Gravedigger, and I always thought that Peanuts saved the scene, for he was exquisitely humorous in his action, and spoke his lines with a quaint emphasis that was irresistible.

I played Francisco as usual, and as usual my best points were lost upon the half-seated and inattentive audience. I really wish my scene had come later in

the evening, when people would have been better prepared to receive my little creation of Francisco the soldier and the gentleman.

Our room was a very cheerful home for us. Peanuts had gradually outgrown his former associations—because he was separated from them for one reason, but more likely because he was tinged with vanity when he beheld himself one of those objects of public interest which it is the privilege of any and all to stare at as much as they choose, and to make whatever comment upon they please.

Peanuts walked the streets sublimely indifferent to the scrutiny of the public, and careless of the personal allusions that fell from the lips of the theatre-goers, and more especially, and to an embarrassing degree, from the lips of his former comrades.

We actors are never permitted to lay aside our mask. We must play our part in the street as well as upon the stage, and a certain artificial air of unconcern in the midst of that which concerns us most belongs to the profession and is inseparable from it.

Peanuts was making rather too many acquaintances to suit me, though to be popular one must, of course, stoop to it. There is a bond of fellowship observed in the profession which extends to all its members the privileges of the theatre, and Peanuts was constantly embracing the opportunity thus afforded of witnessing the various entertainments before the public. He became familiar with more of the professional people of the town in three months than I had become acquainted with in five times as many years. They all liked him, and his first affections were gradually becoming weaned away from me. I beheld this with the deepest sorrow, because Peanuts was as dear to me as possible, and I looked with personal pride for future triumphs in the career of my pupil—the triumphs that had been denied to me.

Once I ventured to reprove Peanuts for his careless ways, they seemed so unlike his former self, but he interrupt-

ed me with a double shuffle that would have brought down a house in thunders of applause; and though I admired the skill and grace with which it was executed, I could not endure the insult it offered to me. I left the room without one word, and was absent some hours. But I returned again, half penitent for my haste, yet hoping to find my little friend equally contrite.

I looked about me: the room was empty. I waited hour after hour alone: I searched our usual haunts, but found no traces of the absent one. Deserted in my hour of trial, I had not the small consolation of a parting word, nor the grateful knowledge that I was kindly remembered by my protégé.

I was quite broken down, and did myself injustice in every part allotted to me. At last a message reached me. What did I hear then? That Peanuts had fled with a minstrel company; that his double shuffle was the feature in the bill; that he was grateful for my many kindnesses to him, and so farewell!

It was the last I heard of Peanuts.

## II.

It would be hard for me to reckon the number of nights I have played Francisco, and not an easy task to recall the various Hamlets I have played it with. It was my set portion for years, and I continued to do my best at it under all circumstances.

After Peanuts deserted me so heartlessly I buried myself in my books, and was quite melancholy. How I missed his society! He had been the sunshine in my blank, my utterly blank, life. I couldn't feel that any one in our immense audiences appreciated my careful and well-considered speeches as he used to. No one spoke to me of my dresses, which were very fine—of the best material and all my own. My wardrobe was a wonder and delight to Peanuts, I kept it so nicely. I never could bear to wear the cheap things that were basted together in a wretched fashion, and always smelt musty as they were turned out of the great trunks at the costumer's, where they were grabbed

for by the supernumeraries. My wardrobe was my pride. I was always careful about my attitudes: it had been my study to observe the poses of the human form as idealized in the works of the great masters. I was continually mortified at seeing so little attention paid to this very important matter in our theatre and in all the theatres I had been associated with.

If the costumer and the sculptor do not by their handiwork and suggestions help the actor to realize and re-create *Hamlet*, then the lines may as well be spoken by a parrot. I have always had the idea, also, that the stage version of *Hamlet*, since it departs somewhat from the original—and necessarily so—might be altered so as to bring Hamlet to his death in a moment of quiet entirely removed from the general confusion of the scene. Did the tragedy ever end without exciting the risibilities of some one in the audience, who would laugh at the unlimited sudden deaths that heap the stage with victims? Fortunately, the Queen dies and is borne away by her attendants, but there are still three bodies left upon the scene—the King's, Laertes' and Hamlet's. It offends the eye to see this wholesale butchery. There is something faintly ludicrous in it that destroys, or at least disturbs, the effect desired. Let the King be borne away after his wound, while Laertes measures his full length upon the stage in a sort of noble surrender to circumstances: then, as he ends his words with—

"Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me! (*dies*),"

Hamlet replies,

"Heaven make thee free of it!  
I follow thee;"

and as he is about to swoon he is borne rapidly from the scene by Horatio, who, naturally seeking to alleviate his friend's suffering in every way, would therefore hurry him from the horrid chamber of death. The front scene then closing would shut out the spectacle from the audience, and at the same moment a wing drawn back discloses a small oratory, which Hamlet and Horatio enter,

and the Prince, with failing breath, resumes his speech—

"I am dead, Horatio," etc.,

proceeding to the lines—

"Had I but time," etc.,

"Oh, I could tell you—

But let it be;"

when he checks himself as thoughtful of his speedy death, and, approaching the crucifix as in prayer, finishes the passage in the midst of his orisons, but is soon recalled from his own sorrows by the grief and attempted suicide of Horatio, whom he struggles and pleads with, and in whose arms he speedily dies.

Osric should not be admitted, and the Fortinbras scene might better be cut entirely (as is usual), as weakening the finale.

I had disclosed this variation of the stage-business to Peanuts when we were having our pleasant and fraternal chats together, and I believe he is the only one I ever dared to confide in to such a degree.

It is indeed an ungodly thing to hack a man's work after him, and of all works *Hamlet* is the most wonderful; but reading it as a poem and acting it as a play are so very different. The poem entrances you with its melody, the imagination adjusts the scenery with noiseless skill, and the grouping of the characters is scarcely thought of. In the play it is the scenery and the groupings that first attract the eye; and how shall we look with any emotions but those of disgust or merriment upon a stage strewn with suicides and murderers? But I fear I tire you with my hobby, and as I put it aside when my little friend left me, I almost wonder that I ever thought of it again.

I have told you how I played with less spirit when Peanuts was no longer near to offer me his congratulations, and the seasons went by without any particular event worth mentioning. I seemed to feel to a greater degree the depressing influence of the indifferent audiences that assembled from time to time. Why I know not, but one would think they had come with the avowed



purpose of sitting gloomily through the evening, and with a fixed and threatening frown clouding the whole house. No one who is not an actor can realize the burden of sustaining a character under such damning circumstances.

In vain I sought for a new companion among the little people at the lobby door, from which community of cosmopolitans sprang my former friend. They seemed to have lost their interesting characteristics: none of them looked as Peanuts looked that first night of our acquaintance. Then I was a little inclined to doubt them also: Experience is a hard teacher, surely, when she encourages us to doubt our best friend. There was *bad blood* in him, I suppose, the possibility of which I refused to recognize until I was forced to by necessity. After that I was too suspicious to look farther for a brother doubly lost to me.

I walked alone in my solitary life, playing in my turn the many parts allotted me, and always delighting in the *Hamlet* nights, no matter who the Prince of the occasion might be.

Finally, our town was billed for the sensation of the season—a rising star known as "The New Roscius," who promised a Shakespearian revival on a grand scale. This was as good as a holiday to us, since the run of a play gave us plenty of spare day-time unbroken by study or rehearsal.

He came, he saw, he conquered. Money flowed into the treasury: the manager was never before so amiably disposed toward us, and in fact everybody was in unusual good-humor; and all owing to the wonderful success of the new Roscius.

About the close of the second week his benefit was announced, and *Hamlet* was the selection of the beneficiary. In our conversations upon this tragedy (we had spoken several times together upon the subject) the new Roscius seemed to think my theory of an extra or supplementary scene at the close of the tragedy, so as to afford *Hamlet* a clear stage for his death, not preposterous, and I was invited to visit him at his rooms,

and bring with me my version of the play. Here at last hope dawned upon me. I was wild with delight, and went at once, as desired, taking with me the treasured manuscript, with the business transcribed therein.

He listened attentively to my propositions, and to my intense joy promised to produce the play with my emendations for his benefit. I could have embraced him with tears: it seemed almost too great a happiness for me to bear. I sought my room immediately and locked myself in, for fear I should do something ridiculous in the heat of my excitement.

Oh how often I had longed for my little friend in such a consummation as this, knowing how he would rejoice in the final realization of my life's dream! It was better, I suppose, to bear alone my triumph or my disgrace, for it was not yet certain that the public would consent to this modification of the traditional *Hamlet*.

To increase my perplexity, at the last moment our "old man" fell sick, and the new Roscius sent me a line himself—think of it, from his very pen!—begging me to assume the part of Polonius on the night of his benefit. It was a favor I dared not refuse him, and moreover I hoped to do an acceptable piece of acting, and so assist in the general success of the whole. I thought I could create a Polonius who should interest and amuse his auditors without arousing their contempt.

I knew the part perfectly, had read it a thousand times, and imagined myself making my points in the midst of enthusiastic applause.

The eventful night came: the house was packed from pit to dome. A hum of voices nearly drowned the symphony of the orchestra. I watched with nervous delight the splendid dress-circle crowded with the *élite* of the city. I could hardly keep my fascinated eyes from the loophole in the green curtain. The orchestra ceased; the prompter tapped his bell; the stage was cleared, and the audience strove to quiet itself, and succeeded but poorly. A half-sup-



pressed hum of expectation filled the house. Again the prompter tapped his bell, and the green curtain rose upon "ELSINORE. *A platform in front of the castle.*"

Some stick had been cast as Francisco. He mumbled his words; he bit off his sentences: he was miserably awkward; and as he shambled off the stage with—

"Give you good-night,"

spoken with wretched accent, the gallery rang with derision. I could have struck the fellow for his stupidity. What was he thinking of, to play Francisco in that fashion? Was he not guard of the castle of Elsinore, and at that moment as important a personage as the King himself? Could he not have betrayed the whole kingdom by proving false to his honor? This fellow played a Francisco whom no honest man would have trusted with so sacred a duty.

My scene came next. I was somewhat disconcerted by the Francisco, who had betrayed his audience at least, but I had little to say, and said it carefully, reserving my strength for Scene 3, where I was to make my hit if I made one.

Pardon me if I add that my success was marked and very gratifying to me. The applause was of that appreciative kind given with judgment and discretion: I value it above everything.

When I had finished my part, and was safely slain in the Queen's closet, I assumed my citizen's dress and awaited the results of the last scene.

The whole performance had been given with great warmth and spirit (except only the unhappy Francisco), and the rapt attention of the immense audience assured the actors that their efforts were fully appreciated.

The moment of the test came. As Hamlet was led away by Horatio, and the scene changed to the oratory, a

slight murmur of surprise and disapprobation swept through the house. I trembled where I stood, but as Hamlet re-entered and resumed his speech, the contrast between the noisy confusion of the last scene and the quiet solemnity of this, with the prayers at the oratory and the subsequent death, thrilled the audience. The new Roscius assumed a half-kneeling posture, supported by Horatio, who was quite enraptured with the superb action, and the scene was beautiful in the extreme, sifting, as it were, the whole body of the piece down to the core, which is Hamlet and his devoted friend Horatio, who embraces him in death.

The audience were silent for a moment, as though impressed with the sacredness of such a death-scene: then followed a tempest that shook the building to its foundations.

It was a grand success. Hamlet was called for and returned his thanks in front of the green curtain, speaking in terms of satisfaction of the new version and its humble author, whereupon I was called also, but would not go till Roscius had fairly dragged me before the audience, who received me with enthusiasm.

There was a late supper that night, and a memorable one. Two people ate it in a low-ceiled chop-house, where years before the same two had eaten at the same table, but under vastly different circumstances. Ladies and gentlemen, pardon my emotion. Doubtless you have discovered before now that the new Roscius was none other than my willful Peanuts of olden days. But all that blank past has been more than accounted for, since he has come back to me with his fresh laurels. Dear Peanuts! the only living and worthy representative of my Long-lost Brother!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

## BALZAC AS ARTIST AND MORALIST.

"WHAT is a novelist?" says Taine, in his *History of English Literature*. "To my thinking, he is a psychologist—a psychologist who naturally and involuntarily gives us psychology in action: he is no other and no more than this. In his eyes the passions of mankind are forces of different tendencies and different degrees. He troubles himself little about their justice or their injustice. He assort them according to character, ascertains their dominant quality, traces the effect of each upon the other, notes down the concurrent or the opposing influences of temperament, of education, of occupation, and endeavors to represent the invisible world of interior impulse and disposition by the visible world of external actions and words. He represents his personages as they are, in their entirety, without blame, punishment or mutilation: he gives them to us single and intact, and leaves us the right to judge them as we choose. His whole endeavor is to make them visible, to bring out types obscured and altered by the accidents and imperfections of real life, to throw into bold relief the great passions of humanity, to carry us out of ourselves by the strength of his creations. We recognize art in this creative power, indifferent and universal as Nature, freer and more powerful than Nature, taking up the sketchy or injured work of her rival to correct its faults and carry out its conception."

Certainly to this definition no one answers more perfectly than the author of the *Comédie Humaine*. Born at Tours in 1799, he produced before his death, in 1850, forty-five volumes, containing, besides the *Contes Drolatiques* and the dramas, over a hundred novels and stories illustrating the comedy of human existence as it was played out beneath his curious and searching eyes. A French writer, M. Alphonse Pagès, published a book in 1866 to prove that Bal-

zac was a moralist, containing, besides an eloquent introduction, the proofs of his assertion in three hundred and sixty pages of moral reflections extracted from Balzac's works. It is a very interesting book to turn over, this defence of M. Pagès, in which he gives us the choice sayings of Balzac in a convenient form, collocated with the thoughts of Pascal, La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld and Vauvenargues; but it strikes us with a comical sense of futility. Suppose some enthusiastic Englishman should try to convince the world that Tennyson had a great appreciation of the beauties of Nature, and should fill a thick book with extracts from the poet amply illustrating his indisputable position? "My good sir," we should say to him, "can a man be a poet and fail to appreciate the beauties of Nature?" Can any one read the preface to the first volume of the *Human Comedy* and fail to recognize Balzac as one of the greatest of moralists? If so, we fear that even M. Pagès' book will never convince him of the fact. That a book to be moral must necessarily deal exclusively with a moral subject and virtuous characters is as obviously absurd as to fancy the *Divine Comedy* or the *Human Comedy* has anything to do with the comic element. It is the purpose and effect of a book which must determine its moral status, not its subject nor the character of its personages. To describe only good people who always behaved perfectly would be to paint a picture without shadows, and to lose thereby all effect of light and all strong interest. Balzac himself speaks of "that difficult literary problem, how to make a virtuous character interesting." The true moralist is he who, describing life as he sees it, makes us realize, in spite of ourselves, as it were, the nobility of unsuccessful virtue, and the inherent and necessary degradation of triumphant vice.

Perhaps no more stupendous literary work was ever undertaken than Balzac's scheme of the *Comedy of Human Life*. That he carried out and almost entirely completed that scheme in less than twenty years makes us wonder less that he died at the early age of fifty-one. It was in 1842, after a portion of his great work had been completed, that he published the details of his plan in the preface to the first volume of his collected works. "In giving to an enterprise undertaken nearly thirteen years ago," he says, "the title of the *Human Comedy*, it is necessary to state the idea, relate its origin and briefly explain its plan." A mere dream in the first place, soon to become an imperious reality, it originated in a comparison between human and animal nature. Deeply impressed with the importance of that theory we are in the habit of calling Darwinian—namely, natural selection—Balzac felt convinced that man was developed by the circumstances of social life, as the animal is developed by the forces of Nature. But while among animals the female differs but slightly from the male, Balzac recognized in woman qualities so entirely different from those of man as greatly to complicate the social problem; and, furthermore, the tendency of man to represent himself in his surroundings brings in the elements of art and science, unknown among the animal creation. Thus the work must have a triple aspect—men, women, and things; that is, the persons and their material representation of their thought; in other words, man and life. French society was to be the historian, for Chance is the greatest romancer in the world, and Balzac was to be but the secretary. "In making out the inventory of its vices and virtues, in assembling the chief facts relating to its passions, in painting its characters, in selecting the principal events of society, in composing types by combining the traits of several homogeneous characters, perhaps I might succeed in writing the history, forgotten by so many historians, of manners." But this were insufficient without a care-

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ful study of the hidden laws which produce these social effects, without that quality which makes the writer the equal, perhaps the superior, of the statesman—a decided theory of life and an absolute devotion to principles. "A writer should have decided theories of morals and politics," says Bonald. "He should regard himself as an instructor of mankind, for men need no masters to teach them to doubt."

In copying society as a whole, in seizing it in all its immense agitations, it may happen, and it ought to happen, that parts of the composition exhibit more evil than good, that such a portion of the fresco represents a vicious group, and criticism cries out at its immorality, without noticing the morality of another portion, to which this is intended to form the perfect contrast. "But whoever has thrown one stone within the domain of thought, whoever has pointed out an abuse, whoever has marked an evil that it may be swept away, will always pass for being immoral. The reproach of immorality, which has never failed to stigmatize the courageous writer, is always the last thing to be said, when there is nothing else left to say, of a poet."

"It is no slight task," continues Balzac, "to paint the two or three thousand salient figures of an epoch, for this is about the number of types which each generation presents, and which are comprised in the *Comédie Humaine*. This crowd of figures necessitates frames, and, if I may be pardoned the expression, galleries." Hence the natural division of the work into scenes of private, of provincial, of Parisian, of political, of military and of rural life. These six books answer, besides, to general ideas. The scenes of private life represent childhood, youth, and their faults, as the scenes of provincial life represent the age of passion, calculation, interest and ambition. Then the scenes of Parisian life afford a picture of the tastes, the vices and the frantic whirl of existence in a metropolis, where we meet at once the extremes of good and evil. The scenes of polit-

ical life depict those exceptional existences which are in some sort outside of the common law; and in the scenes of military life we have the social element in its most violent condition, going out of itself whether for defence or for conquest. Finally, the scenes of rural life are, as it were, the evening of this long day of social existence; and based upon the principles that govern that existence are built the philosophical and the analytical studies, of which last but one of the three destined parts was ever finished.

The fact that Balzac has seldom been studied (by foreign readers at least) with any degree of comprehensiveness, and that few people have done him the justice to judge of his work with due reference to its general design, accounts in a great measure for the popular misapprehension of his genius. It is not every one who has the time or the inclination to study even the larger part of forty-five volumes on French society for the sake of getting a just conception of the writer's aim and scope. But it is obviously unfair to judge him, as so many do, from a casual perusal of one or two volumes, without perhaps any knowledge, however superficial, of the great plan upon which his tales are based.

To the execution of so comprehensive a scheme Balzac brought a peculiarly impartial and judicial intellect. Professing himself a Catholic and a Legitimist, for instance, he was yet so keenly alive to the faults of his own party and the advantages of the widest liberty of thought and action that we find him continually expressing the most liberal sentiments. The glory of the Church, he says, is to make its dogmas accord with the spirit of each age, for the Church is destined to travel through the centuries side by side with humanity. Pio Nono was of a different opinion when he proclaimed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception in the nineteenth century. The philosophical preponderated so strongly over the poetical in Balzac that we feel sometimes as if he were incapable of sentiment. The

skillful hand that goes cutting through some quivering human heart, laying bare its inmost nerves, is so steady that it seems unmoved by any answering nerve—is so unconscious of any difference in the subject, so regardless of age or sex, that we hesitate to ascribe to it any feeling beyond that of the clever operator delighted at the success of his work. But sometimes, after the dreary dissection of some social cancer, Balzac suddenly surprises us with such a burst of eloquence, such a touch of tender pathos, that we realize beneath the sternness of the severest of judges the warm heart of a fellow-man. It was no insensible stoic who said, "There are some occurrences in our lives which only the accents of the heart can represent: there are certain portraits that require a soul, without which the finest tracings of their mobile physiognomy are as nothing."

His calm impartiality of judgment preserved Balzac from any tendency to pet his characters at the expense of his purpose. The individual was nothing in comparison to the general plan of the whole, and the consequences of an act were as remorseless as Fate. We can never imagine him, like Dickens, wandering for a whole night about the streets of Paris inconsolable for the death of little Paul, nor can we think of him, like Thackeray, on the other hand, letting his characters fade back into Fableland at the end of the story, without being very certain of their ultimate fate. He is, as he describes himself in his preface, simply the secretary of French society, who is the historian. He never satirizes, he never sentimentalizes, he never moralizes: he simply records. But the handwriting on the wall was not more terrible than that unflinching record. Take the story of the Baron Hulot, for example—a pleasure-loving egotist, a sort of French Turveydrop on a larger and more vicious scale, amiably selfish and governed entirely by his passions. No very tragic element here, you say, and yet his simple incapacity for resistance ruins the future of his children, drags his perfect

wife through indescribable degradations, and wrecks the happiness of every one with whom he comes in contact, while he descends by slow degrees the dark and dreadful stair to wallow in the mire at its foot. He has his wishes gratified to the very last, and we are made to feel that no punishment could be so terrible as the accomplishment of his desires. The absolute fidelity of Balzac makes the moral of his books inevitable. It is Vice masquerading in the garments of Virtue that is dangerous, the passion that pretends to be principle, the weakness that professes to be strength, the cowardice that assumes the garb of courage, not the frank hideousness of evil, which can be no other than hideous. With Balzac we are always made to feel that the true retribution, the severest punishment, is the growing incapacity for better things, not the material, nor even the direct spiritual, consequences of wrong-doing, but the deeper degradation into which the soul surely, if slowly, sinks—the ever-widening impossibility of return.

His method has often been compared with that of Thackeray, but it will readily be seen that the resemblance between them is extremely superficial. The only real point of likeness is the fact that in painting a certain portion of society both have represented the fortunes of one set of people as necessarily interwoven with the fate of their associates, thereby obliging, as in real life, the constant re-appearance of all the characters upon the stage, only in different relations to each other. But with Thackeray it is the opportunity to moralize that is dearest to his heart. "Here is my marionette theatre," he cries: "let us sit down and see the puppets play!" So he sits down by us, and we watch him pull the strings, explaining and commenting while the play goes on, and we enjoy the genial companionship with all our hearts, not caring how often the kindly voice interrupts the thread of the story. But when he has shut up the box and put the puppets away, we cannot feel that we have been witnessing the highest possible form of the drama. *Es-*

*mond* is the greatest of all his novels, because it is the only one constructed on really artistic principles.

Balzac, on the contrary, places you in a window, from whence you look into the private life of the set of people that constitutes his world, and having once seated you there, he withdraws and you see no more of him. But you know his characters from beginning to end—their genealogies, their fortunes, their style of dress and equipage, the minutest circumstances of their lives, the slightest details of their surroundings—and almost expect to be able to recognize them in the streets of Paris. There is, of course, the inevitable drawback attendant upon this perfection of minute detail. The picture so painted has all the tediousness of real life. The commonplace people are so like commonplace people that they leave us with the same smothering sense of vapidity. The bad people are so true to Nature that we long to get out of their polluting atmosphere: we are ashamed to be seen with them, and feel a real repulsion from their presence. There are no "high-souled convicts," no "angels of the galleys," in the books of Balzac. There are no fiery bursts of poetic eloquence that carry you with a rush over some crevasse of crime, and land you, unconscious of its hideous depths, upon the farther side. The poetry in his books is the poetry inseparable from human life—the poetry that comes of human passion and suffering in our streets and gutters and boudoirs and market-places—not the poetry which runs into facile rhyme and dainty turns of speech. There are no apostrophes to the Beautiful and the Ideal with capital letters, after the manner of Bulwer, but there is the resistless sweep of Fate, the inevitable justice, that makes the deepest and most poetic tragedies. Balzac has indicated his own method when he says, "Artists, as a general thing, demand from Nature her most striking phenomena, despairing, doubtless, of ever rendering the grand and beautiful poetry of her ordinary moods, although the human soul is often as profoundly

moved in repose as in agitation, and by silence as much as by storm."

It has been objected by a recent critic that all Balzac's virtuous women are sacrificed—to husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, as the case may be, but always sacrificed. "The old-fashioned canons of poetic justice are inverted," says the objector, "and the villains are dismissed to live very happily ever afterward, whilst the virtuous are slain outright, or sentenced to a death by slow torture." But is not this as it should be? We are a little dubious of the virtue which has never been tested, and how is the novelist to show us its sublime efforts, its superhuman struggles and triumphs, without passing it through a fiery furnace of suffering? Is there any danger that we should fail to recognize the grandeur of the dying Madame Hulot, her life slowly crushed out of her by long-continued agony of disappointment? Is death to be mentioned in comparison with the sufferings of such a life? And do we feel that the villain is dismissed to live very happily ever afterward when we see the Baron Hulot turn from the deathbed of his angelic wife to spend the rest of his miserable, degraded existence with a scullion? To be sunk beneath the consciousness of goodness—can there be a sadder fate than that?

The absence of the poetic element in Balzac is most frequently complained of either by "the disciples of the school of Gush"—as some one has wittily called the sentimentalists who like to have all their paths strewn with flowers of speech—or by those who refuse to see the poetic in whatever is not beautiful in the strictest sense of the word, who refuse to call by the name of music any-

thing that is not melody, and exclude what they stigmatize as the "disagreeable" from the domain of art. That Balzac is not an idealist there can be no manner of doubt: he is at the very opposite pole from Victor Hugo, who sees everything through his imagination, and differs as widely from George Sand, whose women are all wrought out of her own heart. But—taking into consideration his vast scheme for the philosophical painting of the crowded and extensive world in which he lived, the breadth and comprehensiveness of the plan, the wonderful patience and fidelity of its execution, the vivid reality of his descriptions, the wonderful variety of his innumerable characters, the varied knowledge he displays of law, of finance, of politics, of natural science, of the arts and of literature, his intimate acquaintance with every detail of social existence, his great liberality of thought and untrammelled judgment in all matters of politics and religion, the skill with which his plots are evolved, and the stately, grave and somewhat sombre cadence of his finished style—we cannot but pronounce him the greatest artist in the realm of fiction that the world has ever seen. This does not mean that there may not be grander books, stories which touch ringing chords in every soul that Balzac has never reached, but simply that while Victor Hugo, and even George Sand, are infinitely greater poets, Balzac is the most complete and artistic workman—that his novels, as a whole, stand the canons of criticism, and reach a perfection of detail not to be found in any other fictitious writer of his or any age.

KATE HILLARD.



## A STROLL IN VIRGINIA.

I LIVE in the village of Redmud. Why I should ever wish to go outside of this sweet village, now that the country is changed so much, and not for the better, it might be hard to tell; nevertheless, I do often wish to go out of it, and very frequently my wish is gratified. I make it a rule never to offer myself an indignity, never to affront my desires.

Accordingly, I go out of Redmud whenever I please—that is to say, every evening. You say *afternoon*, but we Virginians say *evening*: night is night with us. I go out every evening, because I love the country, and because the people are by no means as much changed as their circumstances. The change is beginning to tell on them, but as yet they are the same people at heart that they were in the good old days.

The old days were good, in spite of slavery. I insist upon it, and you would, too, if you had lived in Virginia before the war or during the war.

I always go out of Redmud on footback. My preference for this mode of conveyance will strike you as singular, but—I haven't a horse to my name or anybody else's name. Nor can I borrow a horse. Horses are scarce, particularly saddle-horses, which used to be so plentiful. It is more than most people can do to get and keep enough plough- and wagon-horses, and mules are beyond the means of the poorer farmers. Ah! you can't go along the road now-a-days, jump over the fence anywhere, catch a colt or an old family mare, put a grapevine bridle in its mouth, ride home bareback, and then send the horse back by a negro boy. Times are certainly sadly changed, so far as horses are concerned, and that is why I always leave Redmud on foot.

Walking on the railroad is very nice in a country where the soil is as tenacious as death and as affectionate as a

puppy; but on a hot May or June after—no, evening—it is not so nice as in January. I had not gone a hundred yards before the solar radiance began to develop an amount of molecular disturbance within my spinal column that was anything but pleasant. In fact, the continued motion became so intolerable that I had to pull off my coat, and in that ungentlemanly fashion on I went, regardless of the half dozen pretty, flaxen-haired daughters of Mrs. Boston who had just come out to play croquet under the shade of the trees in the front yard, which runs right up to the railroad. A man in his shirt sleeves has ceased to be an unusual object in Redmud since Mr. Stickins of New York settled in the vicinity of the village a year or two ago. You can see Stickins any day in his shirt sleeves at the *dépôt* when the train comes in. Yet his house is one of the handsomest in the county. I will tell you more about Stickins some of these days. He is a type of a class of Northern men whose room is better than their company. The majority of *bona fide* settlers are warmly welcomed in Virginia, but from the Stickins *genus* we pray to be delivered.

My attention was drawn to a snug, tasteful cottage on the right of the railroad. A beautiful orchard encompassed it. You see such houses by the thousand all through the North, but not many in Virginia: this is the only one of its kind near Redmud. Its owner, the model of a Christian gentleman, was once a surgeon in the United States Navy, and well-to-do in the world. The place is now for sale—in fact, the bargain is virtually closed—and the gray-haired surgeon must go to a distant city crowded with doctors, as all our Southern cities are, to begin anew the battle of life.

Was the purchaser a Northern man? No. Our land-agents have been very active, have spent a deal of money in

advertising, and have made a number of visits to the North, but have not been so fortunate as their brother agents in Spottsylvania and Stafford. Why not? Because land in those counties is very much cheaper than with us.

Does it pay to buy poor land in Virginia? We Redmudites, who are very proud of our county, which is one of the best in the State, both for beauty of scenery and fertility of soil, don't think it pays to buy poor land anywhere. But a great many Northern men think differently. They fancy that we who have lived all our lives on the land know nothing about it, and believe that with improved implements and energy they can astonish us ignorant and lazy natives. So they buy land at three or four dollars an acre, spend money freely in fertilizers, plant corn twice as thick as it will grow, mow broom-sedge for hay, waste a year or two in this way, get mad and go home, damning Virginia and Virginians to the bottomless pit.

A little farther off from the railroad, and in rear of the surgeon's pretty cottage, is a large, new frame dwelling, scarcely completed. Set upon one of the many hills which make such charming building-sites around Redmud, this new house is perhaps the most conspicuous object on that side of the village.

Redmud is growing, then? Well, yes—after a fashion. The minister, who built that house out of the proceeds of a forced sale of valuable land in Missouri, is so ill paid by his congregation, who would do better if they could, that he will have to follow the example of the surgeon and go hunting a living in a richer parish. So they tell me, and I believe they tell me the truth.

To the left of the railroad, and a half mile or so from the minister's house, I pass a fine old homestead which peeps white and cool through the green foliage of the locust trees. It is an old-time house, with big, thick-bodied and narrow-necked chimneys on the outside. Two ladies—one nearly a hundred years old, and the other not much younger—

live there. Once they were as comfortable as heart could wish. They had plenty—everybody, it seems to me, had plenty and to spare in the old days—but now they are reduced to the inadequate support which comes of a farm barely worked on shares by "trifling" negroes. A deep cut leads me through the spur of the hill on which their house stands, and as I run my eye over the fields which stretch away from the railroad, I cannot but observe how wretchedly they are cultivated. Tell me that negroes will work as well when left alone, for wages or for shares of the crop, as when managed by a master or an overseer! Nonsense! One could pity these old ladies did he not know that they were helped by wealthy relatives, or, if not wealthy, better off than they are. Nobody is wealthy in Virginia, now-a-days.

The evening is warm: exercise on the railroad, even at an easy pace, does not make it any cooler, or the negroes passing me on their way to the village make it any sweeter; but, changing my coat from arm to arm as one or the other gets hot, I press on, and soon come to a square brick residence, the appearance of which, with its neatly whitewashed palings and the trim, clean, well-tilled fields near the house, is in striking contrast with the farm of the old ladies which I have just described. A rough, bluff, tough old sea captain, who has been around the globe an indefinite number of times, lives in this brick house, and how he ever came to be so neat a farmer is a mystery. They say the credit is due to Mrs. Captain. I don't know, but this is very evident to me as I go along—that little more than a fourth of the captain's fine farm is under cultivation, and yet he has to pay taxes on the whole of it, and that too, until of late, on a valuation assessed before the war. It is true that very recently taxes have been assessed on a better and more just valuation, but throughout Virginia it would be fair to estimate the land under tillage at a fourth or less than a fourth of what was cultivated before the war; and if to the

taxes upon the entire amount of land owned we add drought year after year and negro labor—never the best, and now uncontrollable—it is not a matter of wonder if country life has ceased to be attractive and farming profitable.

They tell me that the planet Jupiter has a good deal to do with these droughts which have afflicted Virginia so often since the war. They say he kicks up a deuce of a botheration in the photosphere—whatever that may be—that these solar storms cause the aurora borealises, which got to be a perfect nuisance last year, and that these borealises bring about the droughts in some not very accurately defined way. If so, I wish the planet Jupiter would behave himself. His namesake never did, but he might for the sake of us Virginians, who have suffered enough from Mars already. They say that Jupiter has passed his perihelion or aphelion, taken the back track or turned on his heel in some way, and that things are going to be better. I hope so, I believe so; for so far we have had plenty of rain this season.

These few astronomical and meteorological remarks are put in for the benefit of you gentlemen of the North who have an idea of removing to Virginia, but may be deterred by fear of the droughts. Virginia is not droughty: at least, it "didn't use to be," nor is there good reason for thinking it will be so in the future.

A mile or less beyond the old sea captain's I leave the railroad—joyfully enough, you may be sure—ascend a steep bank, turn abruptly to the left, plunge into a thicket of sassafras bushes—a finer county for sassafras than Redmud county is not to be found on this earth—halt abruptly at a low fence, and begin to fumble about in the weeds.

What am I fumbling for? I am fumbling for my club. Every morning, when I return to Redmud village, I leave my club at this precise spot, and every evening when I go out I take it up again. I hide it in the weeds to keep the negroes from stealing it, and I need

it, because presently, when I emerge from yonder tall clump of sassafras trees—they are not bushes—a big brindle bull-dog is going to attack me. He attacks me every morning, and he attacks me every evening, with business punctuality, and when I show him my club he thinks best to wait till next time, in hope that I won't have any club. That dog is a fool, and what is worse, he is part "free-nigger" dog—*i. e.*, mean-blooded.

What a wealth of strawberries is here on this red hill! The earth is fairly carpeted with them. They are small, but sweeter to the palate than the best cultivated varieties. Yes, they not only clothe the hills, but climb up the railroad embankments, and actually into the track itself, between the cross-ties! I am told by the section-hands, with whom I have become quite intimate since I ceased to be a bloated, slave-driving aristocrat, that it is as much as they can do with axe and torch combined to keep the track clear of strawberries, blackberries, dewberries, weeds, brambles, vines and other vegetable growths, so bountiful is Nature in this fat, ferruginous region.

Far off from where I now stand I can see what appears at this distance to be a stately mansion. It is a large, well-proportioned house, but it is unfinished. There is no porch; the windows belong, clearly, to uninhabited rooms; there are no palings, few fences, and weeds and sassafras in profusion. An aristocrat—so-called: everybody that has a father or had one is an aristocrat—of Huguenot descent built this house, but before he could finish it the war came and finished him. He is now a railroad agent at the dépôt of a small village in a distant part of the State. Thousands—I speak within bounds—who were as well off as he, or better, would be glad to get the pittance of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars on which he and his family now live.

Here is that fool of a dog! I exhibit my club, he growls and retreats sullenly, and the performance of the evening is over. His master has to keep him in

order to keep off the negro thieves. The man without a dog, now-a-days, is a man without sheep or hogs or chickens—a man without meat of any kind. Formerly it was not so. Nobody penned up hogs or cattle. Chickens negroes always would steal, and will to the end of time. Hogs ran at large in the woods, lived on acorns, and thus (careful curing added) the famous Virginia bacon was produced. Now, all live things are penned, and penned very close to the house. Otherwise, they are not safe. I don't say that freedom has made the negro a bigger rogue than he was when a slave. He certainly steals more, because there is more need for stealing. Things are not near so plentiful as they once were. The negro doesn't work, can't be made to work, and the earth does not bring forth its fruits so bounteously as of yore.

Now, the owner of the big brindle dog, though a Radical and an associate of negroes at the polls, has to protect his hen-coop and pig-sty as carefully as the veriest Secesh slave-lord and Democrat. But Radical though he be, and native-born at that, I must do him the justice to say that he is one of the extremely few men in Virginia who, according to my observation, have been benefited by the war. His father owned a large number of slaves. Had there been no war, or had the Confederates succeeded, this man would have inherited his share of slaves, his wife would have brought him others, and in all likelihood he would have given way to his convivial temperament and ruined himself. As it is, he has been compelled to work. I see on every side evidences of his industry. A year or two ago this whole hill-top was a wilderness: now it by no means blossoms as the rose, but it is in a fair way to do so if the owner keeps on as he has begun. Nearly all the work, including the building of his two-roomed log dwelling, his outhouses and fences, has been done by his own strong hands. He is a brawny, broad-shouldered, thick-set fellow, fitted for agricultural labor.

A few yards beyond his house the

path enters a forest of scrub-oaks. Here again my club does me good service, for here very often I encounter snakes. Few of them are venomous, but if a snake without a tooth in his head and as innocent as a lamb so far forgets the regulations of society as to stretch himself directly athwart my path, I make it a rule to terminate his ill-mannered existence. Being a brutal slave-driver, I tickle him with a switch until he is perfectly furious, and then I calm him gently down by smashing his head. Sometimes I insert a long, supple sapling under his mid-ribs, and send him flying fifty feet or more into the tops of the trees; which excites in his mind, I dare say, a number of anxious inquiries into the nature and extent of those natural or supernatural forces which have transformed him so unexpectedly into a flying serpent. These inquiries I never stop to answer. I have never met with a rattlesnake in this county.

Pushing through the underbrush on the northern side of the path, I come suddenly into the open, and, behold! there lies far below me one of the loveliest vales in the whole State of Virginia. A stranger would lift his hands in rapture at the sight, so green is this luxuriant little valley, with its silver river winding away around the bases of the tall mountains in the distance, so thickly dotted are the residences of the gentlemen farmers—there are no cottages or small farmers here—so clean and well-tilled seem the ample fields. It is quite a Northern scene, and resembles, faintly indeed, that exquisite picture which delights the eye of the tourist as he looks down upon the Connecticut River from the summit of Holyoke. The soil here is so very good, and has been carefully cultivated for so many years, that the loss of slaves, the imperfect labor of the freedmen and the ravages of drought, all combined, have not sufficed to injure the inhabitants seriously. Some of them have been forced to sell a part of their land, and others would be glad to do the same if they could get a fair price for their fertile acres. But these people cannot understand the arithmetic of the

*Tribune* and some of their own papers, which counsel them to give away half their land to Tom, Dick or Harry, no matter whom, so he be a human being, in order that thereby they may double the value of the remaining land. These are elderly people, who went to "old field-school," where they found no such doctrine laid down by Pike, and they are not yet up to Davies' Bourdon.

These people live as near the old style as possible. You see the same abundance and variety on their tables, only these do not literally groan as they did in former times, when the hearth had to hold the dishes which the table and side-tables had no room for; but *you see no old family servants*, and that makes all the difference in the world. Yet a while they contrive, I know not how, to have good bread and several kinds of it, but the clock has struck the hour of doom for the old Virginia cook, and a few years hence we shall see a bakery at every railroad station. Before the war such a thing was known only in the larger cities. There were towns of considerable size in which there were not only no bakeries, but no hotels. Strangers were rare: nearly everybody who came to town had friends who were glad to lodge them, and better bread was made at home than any baker ever dreamed of.

There is the French loaf. I am aware of the fact, but I won't take back what I have said. No Frenchman ever made bread equal to the loaves, the turn-overs, the rolls, the "beaten biscuit" which I have seen on a hundred, yea, a thousand, Virginia tables. I will maintain that fact at the point of the sword, or (preferably, in these non-duelling days) at the hind leg of the common black-handled dog-knife spotted with yellow.

Beyond the mill that rises tall and slim near the railroad bridge I can just catch sight of the house of perhaps the thriftiest farmer in the Commonwealth. What feasting there was at his house and the houses of his neighbors in the old days! The old gentleman still lives well, still gets up at daybreak to see the horses fed, still is luckier, makes better

crops and suffers less from drought, than anybody around him, but is compelled to admit that farming, once his delight, affords him little pleasure and not much profit now. Ask him why, and "The — negroes!" is his reply. Yet he is naturally an admirable manager of men, and has had great experience with whites as well as blacks.

Nearer me, but hidden by the slope of a mighty hill, is the residence of a family allied by marriage to one of the most distinguished of Napoleon's marshals. They were wont to live in a style befitting that alliance—had their coach-and-four and all things else in keeping: now their land is all, or nearly all, that is left them.

Shadows creeping over the lovely valley warn me to linger no longer over its beauties, and to muse no more over the departed magnificence of its inhabitants. Ten minutes later I am descending the mountain with long strides, and, impelled by gravity, am hurled, as it were, into a long line of rifle-pits—the only vestiges which I have yet seen of the late war. Plenty more are near me, for here the two great armies confronted each other during the memorable winter of 1864-'5. I waste no time in contemplating these fast-crumbling evidences of strife, for all my heart is drawn below by as sweet a picture of still life as any artist could wish to see. The sun, just sinking behind the purple cyclopean wall of the distant Blue Ridge, bathes the mountain-side with mellowest gold, and in the luminous shadow of the vale below the outlines of the Grange are limned white and clear and pure as marble steeped in the limpid depths of some wondrous dusky water. The smoke rises straight up from the chimneys: not a breath of wind is there to blow it this way or that. Over the roof-tree tower the great oaks, in whose giant branches the midday zephyrs have ceased to coo and rustle. No bark of dog or tinkle of bell is heard. An ineffable hush is upon this little world. All is still and fair and calm as a dream of eternal peace. Yet the music of perfect silence is audible enough to the

worshipping soul that catches enraptured that celestial harmony of natural beauty, come through what sense that beauty may.

Here I pause. In a future number of this Magazine I shall take the reader with me into the Grange, and let him

see with his own eyes whether the men and women in the rural parts of Virginia have, as the phrase goes, "accepted the situation." In a word, I shall show him country-life in Virginia now-a-days, as contrasted with that life in the olden time.

RICHARD B. ELDER.

## A BRANCH OF LILAC.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

BY OUIDA.

WELL, that same week we went to Paris. There I played under my new master: there I won success—in a humble manner.

It was a little theatre, of no great account, and its patrons came chiefly from students and artists and sewing-girls, and their like—merry people and poor. Still, it was a theatre of Paris, a public of Paris: it was a theatre, too, of fixed position and name, built of wood and stone and iron; and such a change was in itself eminence for me, Peciolo, a strolling droll, who had never played under any better roof than a sheet of canvas, which blew to and fro as it would in all the four winds of the air.

It was eminence for me, and might lead—who could say?—to great things—to the greatest, perhaps. It was so much to have one's foot planted at all, one's voice at all heard, amidst the busy throng and the loud clamors of the capital.

Certes, the theatre was every night filled from floor to roof, so I cannot doubt that I did in a measure stand well with this volatile, critical, hard-to-win public of Paris. They applauded me to the echo, and for a season I dreamed golden dreams. Truly, I was not, myself, altogether so much at ease as I had been under the old movable, mutable roof, which had often indeed

been in holes, through which the rains had dropped, but which also had been so easily taken down, folded up and borne whithersoever one would where the life of the hour might promise the best.

I had been a country stroller always. I knew nothing of the great city: the streets seemed to pen me in a prison, and the sea of gas to suffocate me. But still, I was making money: I was making also—in a minor way indeed, but still surely—a histrionic repute. I had ambition—for her—and so, when I drank a pint of red wine, I still pledged with firm heart my future.

She was so well content too. We had a little bright rose-and-white room, gilded like a sweetmeat-box, set very high under the glittering zinc roof of a house of many stories shut in a narrow passage-way amongst many other buildings, close against the theatre. It was terribly dear, and no bigger than a hazel nut, and hot and stifling always, being so near the roof. But she thought it a paradise—a paradise, because above the stove there was a mirror, and opposite in the street, far down below, there was a busy café that was thronged the whole day long; and beneath, on the ground floor, was a great magazine of laces and shawls and such-like fineries, into which the keepers thereof let her



peep from time to time, and even handle the precious stuffs, for sake of her fair eyes. She thought it a paradise, I say; but I—I thought wistfully, many and many a time, of our old clean, bare, wind-swept attics, with their empty walls, and their quaint lattices, and their shadowy eaves, and the little ancient towns where the old belfry bells were ringing in the quiet provinces far away.

I had always been in the air, you see—in the sun and the rain and the open weather: even when I had played, it had been under a tent, where every breeze that blew stirred the awning above my head, and made the little round colored lamps flicker and grow brighter and duller by turns. I had led a hardy, free, open-air life, and the imprisonment of a city—even of such a city as Paris—was in a manner grievous to me. Not that I ever let her think so. Oh no: it would have been very selfish. She was so content! When I came home from the day-business of the stage at noon, I would find her always looking down into the street below, leaning her little soft face on her hands, and watching the tide of life in the café opposite: It was always full, as I said: there was a barrack hard by, and the place was always gay with uniforms and noisy with the clatter and clash of steel as the officers ate and drank at the tables in front of the doors, under the gilded scrollwork and the green shutters. It was a pretty scene: it was no wonder that she watched it; and no doubt I seemed to her a brute, and a fool to boot, when I pulled her one day from her favorite seat and drew the sun-blinds sharply. I could not bear the lewd, bold looks those soldiers cast up at her. She broke out into low, piteous sobbing, and wailed wearily to know what had she done. I kissed her, and knelt to her, and besought her pardon, and blamed my jealous passion, and cursed the world which was not worthy of a look from her. And then she laughed—no doubt I seemed a fool to her—such a fool, good God!—and shut her hands upon my mouth to silence

me, and broke from me and threw the shutter open wide again, laughing still to get her way thus willfully.

The cuirassiers in the courtyard of the café down beneath laughed too. A man poor and ugly and jealous—jealous of his wife—is a thing ridiculous to all, no doubt. They thought me jealous, and they laughed, those handsome, careless, gay youngsters, drinking their breakfast wines under the green vine leaves and the gold scrollwork; but their thought did me wrong. I was never jealous then: jealousy can only be born of suspicion, and I had in her a spotless, implicit, perfect faith, to which suspicion was impossible. But she was to me so sacred and so precious that a light look or a loose word cast at her cut me like a sword. The face that had first looked on me amidst the lilac blossoms always seemed to me a thing of sanctity, a gift of Heaven. I would fain have had the city crowds bend before it as reverently as the poor peasants bend before the images of Mary.

I was never jealous. It had seemed wonderful to me that she could give her beauty to any creature so ungainly in person and so ill-favored by fortune as myself—a miracle indeed, for which I thanked Heaven daily. And that, having thus bestowed herself, she would be faithless, was a thought against her of which I never once was guilty. I am thankful to remember that—now.

Thankful to have been a dolt, a fool, a madman? you will say. Ah well! it is our moments of blindness and of folly that are the sole ones of happiness for all of us on earth. We only see clearly, I think, when we have reached the depths of woe.

The time went by in Paris, and I was successful in my own small way, and she was happy. I am sure she was happy—then. She was very young and very ignorant, and the little suppers at some cheap restaurant in the woods, the simple ornaments and dresses I could alone afford her, the mere sense of the stir and glow and glitter and change that were all around, sufficed to amuse her and keep her contented—

then. Besides, she had also what is very dear to every female thing—she had admiration everywhere, from the gamins who cried aloud her praises in street slang to the titled soldiers who doffed their caps to her from the café court below, and would no doubt have heaped upon her flowers and bonbons and jewels and rare gifts, had I not stood betwixt her and their smiles. They jeered at me and jested about me many a time, I knew, but I turned a deaf ear: for her sake I would not be embroiled; and though very surely they despised me—me, the poor, ugly comedian who owned a thing so fair—yet they did not openly provoke me.

The grief I had—and it was one I could not change—was that I was compelled to leave her so often in solitude. With rehearsal and performance the theatre usurped almost all the hours. But I made her chamber as bright as it was possible, and bands played, and troops passed by, and showmen exhibited their tricks, and churchmen defiled with banners and crucifixes all day long through the busy street below: she said it was amusement enough to watch it all, and she told me she was content, and I had no suspicion. She said she was so well content sitting there at the little window among the plants of musk and the red geranium blossoms, watching that stream of street-life, which seemed to me so tawdry, so dusty, so deafening, but which, I know well, almost always seems paradise to women, who are seldom poets, and who are, almost never, one may say, artists.

All this while I gave offence, and even in some sense lost friends in many quarters, because I kept her thus sacredly, and would have none of the women of our stage associate with her. I have often thought since that this was wrong and harsh in me. What right had I to judge? Priestly benison had never hallowed my poor mother's loves, and yet a gentler and truer little soul never dwelt in human body. What right had I to judge? This poor, gay, frail, light-hearted sisterhood, which had been about me always—had I not seen

in it sacrifice, tenderness, generosity, even heroism, many and many a time, from the first days of my orphanage, when the blue-eyed Euphrasie had sold her necklace of beads to get my motherless mouth bread by the weary wayside? Had I not beheld, time out of mind, a staunch patience under poverty and ill-usage, a cheery contentment under all the evils of adversity, a genuine mirth that laughed through tears, a tender goodness to all comrades in misfortune,—all these virtues and others likewise in those dear friends of my childhood and manhood whom I banned from her because their life was defiled by one frailty? Yes: it was harsh in me, and presumptuous and ungrateful: that I knew too late; and yet it was because I held my lustre lily so soiless that I could not bear a profane breath to stir the air it dwelt in. Well, if this were sin in me—sin of ingratitude and of pharisaism—it has been punished.

So our life in Paris went by until the weeks grew into months, and in all the gardens of the city, and all about the palaces, and in the parks and woods the lilac trees were blossoming with the sweet odors that seemed born to me of paradise. It might be foolish—for I was quite poor still, since the expenses of my new and greater life were more than equal to its profits—but I spent many silver pieces to fill her little chamber every day freshly with endless masses, white and purple, of those flowers all the while they lasted. They were to me the symbol of the greatest happiness that ever man had known on earth. I loved them so well that I was almost superstitious about them; and when they were faded and had lost their color, I hardly liked to cast them aside to go into the dust-cart; and when their fallen petals strewn by millions the green paths through the woods and on the edge of the river, I could never crush them as I passed along without regret.

When the last lilac blossom had died that spring the troop with which I was associated had offers made to it which its leader deemed too advantageous to

reject. His lease of the theatre in Paris had expired in the first days of May, and with the beginning of the month he changed his quarters and took us eastward to the little town of Spa, where lucrative promises had tempted him to pass the season.

I knew it well. In the old times, with my dear old patron, we had often passed through it on our way from Lorraine and Luxembourg to play at the various kermesses of the pretty hill-hamlets of the Meuse district and the villages and bourgs of the wide Flemish plains farther northward. But that had been many years before, and then we had set up our little wooden and leathern booth humbly in some retired quarter, where the poor people of the place could come to us, for we had no means or hopes of attracting the rich, gay crowd of foreign residents. The wood-carvers and wood-cutters from all the villages round about had used to throng to us; but the mass of fashion and frivolity that scattered its gold in the town we had never approached in any way, we simple strollers, playing in a tent which any one might enter for a few centimes a head. But now it was all different. I had an established repute, if not a very great one: I belonged to a settled management; I had the aroma of Paris upon my name; I played at the theatre which all the fashionable guests frequented, and I could afford to dwell no longer at some miserable tavern in a stifling lane, half stable and half wineshop, but in a cheery, sunshiny little apartment that looked out upon the trees of the avenue of Marteau.

My spirits rose as I came once more amongst the woods and fields, and heard the waters brawl and murmur their pleasant song over the stones. The unaccustomed life of the great city had stifled and depressed me, but in this mountain air I could breathe again. I was even childishly happy: I could have sung aloud in very gayety of heart to the chiming bells of the Flemish teams and the carillons of the churches. The eaves, the streams, the hills, the

skies, all seemed to sparkle and to smile. It was warm and light and fresh: the woods were full of wild flowers, the fields were green with the long hay-grasses, the sweet smell of the rain came into the valley on every breath that blew. Ah God! how happy I felt!

In the oldest part of the little place there lived an old man and his wife, who maintained themselves by painting fans and silk-reels and bonbon-boxes and the like toys, such as are made in that neighborhood. They had been good to me when I had come thither, a mere lad, with Mathurin. I went to see them, and took her with me. They would scarce believe that the boy Peciolo whom they had known could be an artist great enough to be playing to all the nobles and gentry in the theatre in the town, which, to them, appeared the grandest building of the sort that any kingdom in the universe could hold. These old people looked long and with devout eyes of wonder at the young beauty of my wife.

"Thou art a happy soul, Peciolo," said the old man heartily; and would make present to her—though I knew he could ill afford it—of a little black fan on which he had just painted with much grace and truthfulness a group of white and purple violets.

The old woman looked up sharply through her spectacles, and said nothing.

"What will she care for it?—it is not jeweled and gilded," she muttered as she went on with her spinning in the doorway in the sun. I have often wondered since how it is that the eyes of women at a glance read the souls of other women, so cruelly, as it seems to us, and yet so surely.

It was a pretty little fan: it had cost him much labor, though it could only have sold for a franc or two. It was a plaything as graceful as if it had been encrusted with diamonds—more so, I think, for the old man had studied the forest flowers till he could portray them to the very life. But a few days later the kindly little gift was lost: she dropped it from the balcony, and it fell shivered to atoms on the ground.

I reproached her gently for her carelessness. "To give thee the fan," I urged, "he will, I know well, have to go for many a day without a bit of meat to boil with his beans and lentils in the soup-pot."

She only laughed. "It was worth nothing," she answered me.

I picked up the poor little broken plaything in the street below, and put the pieces aside and kept them. It was only the carelessness of her youth and of her sex, I told myself. But for the first time that day there seemed to me a dissonance in the chiming bells and the murmuring streams, a shadow on the sparkling sunshine, a taint in the sweet young summer odors of the wood-clothed hills.

Why should she value my love, I thought, more than the little broken fan? It was hardly worth more to her in any sense of wealth.

We were to stay in the town whilst its season lasted. This had scarcely begun when we entered it. There were very few persons arrived then, and I had plenty of leisure-time, in which I took her to spend the hours in the shady alleys of the hills and under the deep foliage of the winding woodland roads, taking our noonday meal most often under the trees of G ronst re. There were two or three of the artists of my company who used generally to go with us: one of them sang well—he was of the South. There were two young painters, brothers, poor but full of talent, and full of mirth and hope: these would accompany us also. We were a gay, light-hearted, merry little group enough, and raised the echoes of the rocks many a time with our part-singing, and many a time brought some great white, mild-eyed bull from out the woods to gaze at us with grave eyes in amazement at our laughter.

They were happy times, full of harmless gaiety and blissful belief in the fortunes of the future, in that pleasantest season of the earliest summer, when the first dog-roses were budding on the briers and the abundant dews of the morning silvered every blade of grass,

and were shaken off in a million drops from every stem of cowslip or bough of hawthorn that one gathered. This was yet in earliest summer, whilst the visitors were still few in numbers, and all the green alleys and pretty promenades and shadowy bridle-paths seemed almost all our own, and the fresh mountain air blew through the place cool and strong, untainted by the perfumes and the powders and the bouquets and the wine-odors of fashion.

But very soon this changed. Very soon the avenue grew gay with equipages and riding-parties. Very soon the nobles and the idlers flocked into the little valley-town, and all was movement and color and change from noon to midnight. Of course for the theatre I was glad: the house filled nightly; our bright little comic pieces charmed an idle audience of f in ants. I was well received and became popular, and disputed with the Redoute in power of attraction. Of course I was glad of this. My impressario was well pleased with me, and offered me an increase of salary from midsummer. I even came to be noted enough for people to point me out when I passed into the paths or lingered to hear the music in the Promenade des Sept Heures. "There!" they would say to one another, "do you see him, that quaint, misshapen, ugly fellow? That is Peciolo, the French player. Have you seen him in *Le Chevreuil*? Myself, I like him better than Ravel."

Then would the other answer, "Yes, he is clever, no doubt; but what an ugly beast! And that pretty creature—she is his wife they say." And then they would laugh, and the music would seem all discord to me.

Not that I heeded the taunt about my ill looks: I had become long used to that. I knew so well that I was ugly: that could not wound me. It was the way in which they spoke of her, as if, because I was not handsome, I had no title to her. And indeed it seemed so to myself sometimes. When I moved in the crowded alleys amidst those *beaux messieurs dor s*, it seemed to me that such a homely, ill-favored brown bird as I

was had had no right to mate with that beautiful young golden oriole.

I knew they thought so: I wondered often if she did likewise.

So, though I had success and fair promise of the future from my present popularity, I was ill at ease now that the world had come about us, and that we could no more go and laugh and sing and drink our little cheap wine in the green woods by ourselves without meeting scores of brilliant, languid, graceful people, who stared at us coldly, and then turned aside and laughed.

Amongst these—we met him often—was a young noble of the southern provinces, the Marquis de la Carolyié, a cavalry soldier and a man of wealth. He was as beautiful as a woman: he was beautiful—dead. I see his face now, there where the lilac flowers are.

What? I am alone in my cell, you say, and it is late in the autumn, and the lilac trees are all torn with shot and ploughed up with cannon-balls all over France, and will blossom no more this year, nor any other year, but are all killed—for ever, for ever, for ever!

You think that my brain wanders? It is not so. You cannot see the dead man's face, you cannot smell the lilac flowers, but I can. No, I am quite calm. I will tell you how it all happened. Let me go on in my own way.

This young Marquis de la Carolyié came into the Ardennes with the mid-summer. We saw him very often, a dozen times a day. Every one is always seeing every one else in Spa. I held aloof as much as I could from the gay world. I had nothing in common with it, and no means to shine amidst it. Besides, every evening I was playing at the theatre; and as I knew no woman with whom to leave my wife, I took her with me to the playhouse, and whilst I was upon the stage she stayed in my dressing-chamber. It was dull, I knew, very dull for her: she wanted to be at the Kursaal and at the balls, I knew, but none of the women there of any fair repute would have associated with her, a girl of the populace, the wife of a comic actor; and with those of light

fame I would never let her exchange a word. So we went hardly at all into any of the resorts of the idle people, yet we saw them and they saw us in the promenades, by the bands of music and in the woods; and so we came a dozen times a day by chance across Carolyié's path, or he, by design, across ours.

He lodged at the D'Orange, and could have had no call to pass and re-pass, as he did, down our avenue; but this he would do, either riding or on foot, continually. I noticed him at first for his great beauty: people as ugly as I am are sure to note any singular physical perfection. He rode in the steeple-chases too, and won; he played recklessly at the tables, and won there also, because he could so well afford to lose; he was sought and adored by many of the elegant and weary women there; he was very rich and very attractive: he was a man, in a word, of whom the world always talked.

I ought to have said ere now that she had her first anger against me—or at least the first she showed—on the score of the gaming-tables. She had urged me with the prettiest and most passionate insistence to try and make my fortune in a night at the roulette-ball. And I had refused, always. I was no better than other men; I did not condemn what they did; but gaming had no charm for me, and it seemed to me that in one who had so little as I it would be utter madness to court ruin by staking that little on the chance of an ivory ball. And my resolve on this point was very bitter to her. It seemed to her so cruel in me, when by one lucky hazard I might make in an hour as much as it took me years to earn. She wanted dresses, cachemires, laces, jewels, like those of the great ladies that she saw; she wanted to sweep along the grassy roads with carriage-horses in gilded harness and with chiming bells, like the aristocratic teams that trotted by; she wanted to go to the Redoute of an evening in trailing trains of velvet and of satin: she wanted, in a word, to be entirely other than she was. It is a disease, very common, no doubt, but it is mortal, always.



She was a soft, dainty, mignonne thing, full of natural grace, though she had been but a little Loirais peasant-girl making lace in a garret: she would have taken kindly to affluence and luxury, and would have looked at home in them, no doubt. But how could I give her them? It was impossible.

I could not run the chance of fortune at the roulette-wheel when, if I had lost my little all, she would have been cast a beggar on the world.

So this was a difference and a barrier between us. She would not pardon me, and I could not alter my resolve against my reason and my conscience.

But I think her thoughts were first drawn to Carolyié because she heard from some of our people how recklessly he played at nights, and how continually he won.

Well, one evening he came behind the scenes at our theatre. He knew our chief, it seemed, and was made welcome. He paid me many courteous compliments. He was so frank, so easy, so kindly in his ways, I could not choose but like him. Still, I shut the door of my dressing-room in his face. She was there, making lace for herself, as her habit was, but whilst her hands moved with their old skill, the tears dropped on the network.

"It is so dull!" she murmured pitifully. "It is so dull! You do not think of that, you! You are on the stage there, in the light, with all the people before you applauding you and calling you on; but here! It is miserable, miserable! I can hear them laugh and shout and clap their hands, while I am all alone!"

I could not bear to see her so. I took blame to myself for my cruel carelessness. The next night I asked for a stage-box for her, and she passed the hours that I played in front. Whilst I was acting I saw Carolyié with her. It seemed that he had asked my chief to take him thither, which he had done. I joined them between the acts. He told us that he was very weary of the daily round of gayeties, as they were called. He begged us to let him join

us in our little breakfast-parties in the woods. He had heard us singing often, he had said, and had longed to get away from his friends and join us and laugh with us. I assented willingly. I liked the young man, and his gallant, gracious ways and candid eyes, that were blue as the corn-flowers. I had no thought of any evil, and I had a perfect faith in her.

So the next day he went with us. But our breakfast-parties were not the same — never quite the same. He brought his carriage, with its four black horses with their Flemish collars and their silver bells, and he would have us drive with him; and when the others came on foot, heated and dusty, and joined us at Géronstère, it was not quite the same. My comrades were never quite so merrily absurd in their vagaries, nor did the buffo songs sound ever quite so joyously as they had done when we had all walked up the hilly road together, shouting and rallying one another, and gathering ferns and foxgloves for our caps, like children out of school.

It was no fault of the Marquis de la Carolyié's: he was cordial and gay and *sans façon*, as though he were a Bohemian like ourselves; but yet, with those horses champing in the background in their silver harness, with the champagne that he had brought superseding our cheap little thin Bordeaux, with the bearskins that his servants spread for our seats over the green hill-mosses, — with all this some subtle charm of mirth had fled, some sense of inequality, of difference, had arisen.

I think he must have found us nearly as dull as he said that his own great world was. He took greatly to our company, however: he would forsake his own people for us, always, whenever he could. He would fain have had us go in return to brilliant suppers and the like that he gave in his rooms at the D'Orange, and at which they said that he was accustomed to spare no extravagance. My fellow-artists went to them, but not I: I had no means to return such costly courtesies, and it had always been my habit to



refuse what I could not repay. They thought, no doubt, that I kept her away from jealous fear, but I had no feeling of the kind: that I swear. I liked the young man, and I had no suspicion of evil. It was only that I had always been in a manner proud amongst those whom birth and wealth made my superiors in station, and I could not become a debtor. It seemed to me that it would have a very ill look if I, a man ugly and poor and struggling in my first efforts after fame, should accept the gifts and banquets of this rich young aristocrat. I knew well how my companions would all laugh and sneer and shrug their shoulders, and mutter, "They ask Peciolò because his wife has a fair face; and the fool goes. Oh ho! he knows how his bread is buttered!"

I knew the sort of scoffs that they would surely cast; and I thought it worthy neither of her innocence nor of my honesty to incur them; so that I never broke bread with Carolyié once. But it was not because I ever had an evil thought of him.

Here again there arose matter of difference betwixt her and myself. She thought me harsh and cruel and tyrannous that I would not accept for myself or her the many brilliant offers of the young Marquis de la Carolyié; and I—I could not tell her the real reasons which influenced me; I could not soil her ear with the things that mean, vile tongues would say; and so my motives doubtless seemed to her but poor ones, and perhaps she fancied that I crossed her will and denied her pleasure from sheer caprice or hardness. For a while she reproached me bitterly: for many days she would upbraid me in her pretty, impetuous manner, with her petulant, childlike anger continually; she would take no enjoyment in any scheme that I proposed nor any toy I bought for her; she would tell me always that I hated to see her happy. It was a cruel saying, for she knew, as God knew, that I would have laid down my life any day to give her joy. But she was disappointed, and blind to justice, and angered like a spoilt child that is

denied a plaything: the glitter of the young man's gay and gracious life had dazzled her.

After a week or two had lapsed, however, she ceased to reproach me aloud. She grew very silent, and seemed strangely softened into obedience to my desires on all subjects. She did not care to go out nearly so much as she used to do. It was with some trouble that I prevailed on her to go forth at the hours when the bands played. She would sit all day long by the window of our little chalet in the Marteau road, working at her lace, with a cluster of flowers on the table before her. She talked little; she did everything I asked her; she was often in reverie, musing, with a smile upon her lips, and when I spoke to her after some minutes' silence, she would start up as if awaking suddenly from a dream.

I thought she was not well, and grew anxious, but she assured me that she ailed nothing; and indeed I had never seen her sweet eyes clearer or the rose bloom brighter on her cheeks. I thought it was the mountain air perhaps which was too strong, and made her listless.

Of course I had to leave her very often. I could not anyway avoid it. We were the only company at Spa, and to amuse the fastidious audience for which we played we were obliged to change our little pieces almost every night. This entailed on us great fatigue, and most of all on me, because the various pieces that we now performed were not such as I had acted in when I had gone about with my little wooden theatre; which indeed I had written chiefly myself. Then studying so many new characters, and the rehearsal of them, occupied much of my day-time, and left me but little leisure as the season advanced. Of an evening she would always go with me to the theatre, and sit in the little *baignoire* which they assigned her: occasionally, when I joined her in the entr'actes, I found Carolyié there, but not very often. He somewhat avoided me: I supposed that I might have given him some cause for offence in my persistent refusal of the

many invitations which he had pressed upon me in the beginning of the summer.

Once, too, in quite the earliest days of his appearance there, he had sent her a magnificent bouquet of rare flowers; and I had taken him aside and spoken to him frankly. "You mean well and in all kindness, I know," I had said to him, "but do nothing of this sort with us. Remember that what is a mere pretty grace of courtesy amongst your equals is to people poor and obscure as we are a debt that we can ill carry without losing the only honor that we have—our title to respect ourselves."

He had seemed moved, and had colored a little, and had shaken my hand with cordiality. And from that time he had sent no gifts to her. But I fancied that to me he, on afterthought, resented the words I had spoken.

One night, when the summer was well advanced, I was to play in a quite new piece, in which it was thought that I should achieve a signal success. There were some very great people at that time in Spa: for want of something to do they came to our little entertainments. The favor with which they received and spoke of me was something very promising, and made me more and more valued by my chief. On the whole, life was very good and pleasant to me at that time, and many whose words were of weight said that I should become with time and practice one of the best comedians of the country.

That night she pleaded that she was not quite well—she had something of a headache from the heat of the past day, and feared the suffocating atmosphere of the theatre. She smiled and sung a little to herself, and told me she would sit by the open window in the little alcove which she had made peculiarly her own, and wait for me and hear the tidings of the night's triumphs when I returned. I knew the theatre was oppressive at this season of the year, crowded nightly as it was, and I did not attempt to press her to accompany me.

I took her an immense knot of white

roses which I had bought in the town. She set them in a large blue jar, and said their fragrance and freshness had already done her good. She kissed me and threw her arms about my neck, and murmured with a little tender laugh, "Au revoir, au revoir!" and then bade me go or I should be late. I left her sitting in the window, the unlit lamp, with a small crucifix against it, on the table by her, with the jar of roses. She had her frame and bobbins, and was working at her lace. She looked at me from the open lattice, and waved me a second adieu.

I had no thought, no suspicion. I only said to myself, "Surely she has learned to love me a little now."

It is an old, old story, you will say. Yes, very old.

I left her, and went to the theatre. I remember walking down the avenue in the brilliant sunlight. It had rained at noonday. It was a red and golden evening, very beautiful. The band was playing in the Place Royale. Every one was out. From the little gardens there were all sorts of sweet scents from roses and mignonettes and carnations, and all fragrant midsummer things that were growing in the warmth and the moisture. Clouds in all sorts of lovely shapes swept above the green hills, and seemed to rest on them.

I saw the people go in and out of the gaming-rooms. I pitied them for wasting this divine weather, which they were all free to enjoy as they would, in that feverish atmosphere. Amongst them there came out Carolyié. He appeared to avoid or not to see me: he passed by on the other side, and went on to dine at Baas-Cayuz.

Some one near me said, "What good-fortune that young man has! He wins every day. If he goes on like that one week more, he will break the bank."

Another added: "Because he wants nothing, he gets everything."

I heard, but I did not envy him: I envied no one. I would not have changed places with a king, though I was but a poor actor going to his work, to be shut up in a steaming theatre to amuse others

with the tricks of gesture and of language. I would not have exchanged my lot for that of an emperor. I was so happy that night, as I went on through the town, away from the smell of the gardens and woods, and the sounds of the music and the falling waters, and the singing of many little birds, into the dusky den where I dressed for my part in the playhouse!

The new piece was called *Le Pot de Vin de Thibautin*. It was very absurd and humorous, and yet graceful. I have never played in it since, and yet every line of it is burnt into my mind.

I had a fresh and genuine success in the part of Thibautin. I was recalled five times, and the house, which was a full one, applauded me to the echo. A great duke who was there, a foreigner, came behind the scenes and gave me a gold snuff-box of his own, and spoke very high words of praise. I knew my future was sure: I had a reputation which would grow with every year in France. I went from the theatre a happy man.

It was still very warm—a beautiful dark, starless night. The clouds were heavy: there was a sort of hush in the air. There was only just light enough in the little town to make deeper by contrast the circle of the hills. The flowers scented the air more strongly still than at sunset: they were heavy with great dews.

All was so quiet. Every one was in the ball-room or the card-room. The casements stood wide open in the deserted houses. Here and there the little colored lamps glimmered. Here and there a woman leaned from a balcony. I went on down the avenue of Marteau. In the stillness I could hear the brook running over the stones, and the rustle of the leaves in the water as the wind stirred them.

I looked up at the windows of my little rooms. The light shone through their green shutters. The vine that climbed around them was dark against the reflection. I looked up, and, though I had known little of God in the life that I had led, I blessed Him.

Yes, I blessed God that night. I opened the door and went up the stairs and entered my own chamber. I looked for her in her accustomed place, near the lamp, in the alcove, where the great jar of white roses stood. She was not there.

I need not tell you any more, the story is so old, so old.

For many weeks after that night I knew nothing. I was mad, I believe. They say so. I cannot tell; I remember nothing; only that blank, deserted room, and the great mass of white roses, and the lamp with the little crucifix under it, and the empty chair with the lace-work that had fallen beside it, all unfinished and untangled. I can see that always, always.

She had gone without any word or any sign; and yet it was all so plain. Every one had foreseen it, so they said—every one except myself.

From that night nothing more was ever seen or heard in that place of him or of her: the people of the house knew nothing; so at least they said. But on the floor, under the mirror, there was a torn letter, which had been forgotten or mislaid. Not many words were in it, but they were words enough to tell me that when she had kissed me on the mouth, and smiled, and sent me on my way to play in my new part that evening at sunset, she had known that when the night fell she would betray me.

It is a woman's way, they say. I might be really mad: they told me that I was; it may be so. I think it was quite late in autumn when I had any sense or consciousness of what I did or what I spoke. The place was all deserted, the woods were brown, the music was silent, the flowers were dead.

I awoke stupidly, as it were, but yet I was quite calm, and I knew what had chanced to me. It seemed to me that I had lived many years since that horrible night. My hair was gray. I felt feeble and old.

Life was ended for me, you know. I wondered why I was not dead as others were, and quiet in my grave. When they let me go I walked out into the

forsaken streets: they looked so strange—there was scarce a soul in them, and the shutters of the houses were closed. I had only one idea—to follow them, to find them. And I had lost so much time: it was now nearly winter.

My chief and his troop had all gone, of course. What little money I had had people had taken whilst I was unconscious. They told me I owed my life to charity. My life! I laughed aloud in their faces. They were afraid of me: they thought I was mad still. But I was not. I knew what I did, and I had one fixed purpose left, which was quite clear to me, and for which alone I endured to live an hour.

I was a fool—oh yes!—and she was worthless. No doubt, no doubt. But then—I loved her.

Not that I ever dreamed of winning her back. Nay, do not think so base a thought of me. My life had been upright and without shame in the sight of men: I would not have stained it with any weakness so unmanly and so foul. But I had a purpose, and that one purpose gave me nerve and strength.

In the gray of the morning I left the town. I had not a coin in the world. My one little talent was killed in me. My career was gone. My dawning repute was already a thing of the past, forgotten by all men. You see, she had destroyed all for me utterly. But no doubt she never counted the cost. They do not think, those fair, soft, smiling things.

When I had come into that valley I had had an honest past, a precious present, a hopeful future. When I left it—Well, it matters not now. I died then. The bullets to-morrow for me can have no pain.

It signifies little to tell you how I have subsisted betwixt the time that I quitted the little town in the mountains and this day when I lie under sentence of death. My old career had become to me abhorrent, impossible. Such skill as I had been master of had perished out of me. If I had gone upon the stage, I could not have said a word nor moved a limb. The old pursuit, the

old pleasure, familiar and dear to me from my childhood, was all withered up for ever. Men have played—and women too, I know—a thousand times with hearts broken and bleeding, and the world has applauded them. But with me any talent I had ever possessed was gone for ever: to have passed within a playhouse would have made me mad, I think. That last night I had been so happy—that last night, in the fullness of my joy, I had blessed God!

I lived—no matter how. The life of a very wretched creature, but still not the life of a beggar. The manner of my existence from my birth up had taught me to live almost upon nothing, and had taught me also many ways of providing for myself such scanty daily bread as I was forced to eat.

All the winter long I sought for tidings of her—and him. But the land was wide, and months had gone by and I had no knowledge of where he dwelt, and I gleaned nothing that was of any service to me.

When I reached Paris I abode there for a while. I reasoned that soon or late—being of fair fortune and of lofty rank—he would of a surety come thither. So I waited.

I waited all of the winter, but he did not come. I worked my way into his own country, and tried to find traces of him. I saw his great palace amongst pine forests, the place as of a prince, but I learned that he had not been there for several seasons. He had deserted it almost utterly for the world of cities. They said that he was in Italy. I traveled thither, but there I was always too late: he had left each city before I entered it. It is no use to tell of all those wanderings, none of which bore any fruit.

Once, in Venice, I only missed him by a day: a gondolier told me that he had a woman with him fair as a rose.

Ah God! that was in the sweet time of spring. Everywhere the lilacs were in flower.

I lived to hear that and to see the trees blossom. How can the bullets hurt me to-morrow?

Let me make an end quickly. I lived, wretchedly indeed, but still I lived on: I would not lie down and die without my vengeance.

The summer came, and with summer, war. When it was declared I was on the frontier. I hastened into my own country as well as I could, being on foot always, and having to work my way from village to village, day by day.

I had lost everything. I had become feeble, stupid, dull: I was what they call a monomaniac, I think. I thought always I saw her face toward me amidst the lilac clusters. I never spoke to any one of her, but that was what I saw, always.

I had lost all the mind I had ever had, and when I met any of my old comrades I shunned them. Some of them wanted to pity me, to assist me. They meant well, no doubt, but I would sooner that they should have stabbed me. I avoided every one and everything which could remind me of what I had been, and I was morose, and perhaps in a manner mad: I do not know. But when I heard of war I seemed to myself to awake. It seemed to call to me like a living creature. I was good for nothing else, but I could still strike, I thought. Besides, I knew he was a soldier. It would go hard if I found him not somewhere in the *mêlée*.

And indeed I loved France: still, in the misery of my life, I loved her for all that I had had from her. I loved her for her sunny roads, for her cheery laughter, for her vine-hung hamlets, for her contented poverty, for her gay, sweet mirth, for her pleasant days, for her starry nights, for her little bright groups at the village fountain, for her old brown, humble peasants at her wayside crosses, for her wide, wind-swept plains all red with her radiant sunsets. She had given me beautiful hours; she is the mother of the poor, who sings to them so that they forget their hunger and their nakedness; she had made me happy in my youth. I was not ungrateful.

It was in the heats of September that I reached my country. It was just after

the day of Sedan. I heard all along the roads, as I went, sad, sullen murmurs of our bitter disasters. It was not the truth exactly that was ever told at the poor wineshops and about the harvest-fields, but it was near enough to the truth to be horrible. The blood-thirst which had been upon me ever since that night when I had found her chair empty seemed to burn and seethe, till I saw nothing but blood—in the air, in the sun, in the water.

I had always been of a peaceful temper enough. I had always abhorred contention. I had lived quietly, in amity and agreement at all times with my fellow-creatures. It had used even to be a jest against me that if any man were to rob me I should only think of how best I could shield him from justice. But all that was changed. I had become, as it were, a beast of prey. I wanted to *kill*, to appease the sickly hot thirst always in me. You do not know? Well, pray to your God, if you have one, that you may never know. No man, I think, is ever safe from coming to know it, if Fate so wills. A day can change us so that the very mother who bore us would not recognize her sons.

I hated myself, and yet I could not alter what I had become. If we are held accountable hereafter for such changes in us, it will be very unjust. We cannot escape from them.

By the time that I reached the centre of France, they were everywhere forming new corps and bands of francs-tireurs. In one of these latter I enrolled myself. I was strong of body and of good height, though somewhat misshapen: they were glad of me. For me, I had only one idea—to strike for the country, and, soon or late, to reach *him*.

I fought several times—they said, well: I do not know. Probably I did, for I flew on them like a tiger—that I can remember—and of personal pain or peril I had never any consciousness. We lived in the woods. We hid by day: by night we scoured the country. We made fierce raids, we stopped convoys, we cut telegraph wires, we inter-



cepted orderlies, we attacked and often routed the invaders' cavalry. We knew that if taken we should be hanged like common murderers for the guilt of patriotism, but I do not think any one of us ever paused for that: we only attacked them with the greater desperation. Sometimes, in the forests or on a highway, we would find the body of some one of our comrades hung by the neck to a straight tree, though he had been taken fighting fairly for his country's sake: such a sight did not make us gentler. We poured out blood like water, and much of it was the proud blue blood of the old nobility. We should have saved France, I am sure, if there had been any one who had known how to consolidate and lead us. No one did; so it was all of no use. Guerrillas like us can do much, very much, but to do so much that it is victory we must have a genius amidst us. And we had none. If the First Bonaparte had been alive and with us, we should have chased the foe as Marius the Cimbri.

I think other nations will say so in the future: at the present they are all dazzled, they do not see clearly—they are all worshipping the rising sun. It is blood-red, and it blinds them.

In time it became known that I fought, they said, like ten men in one. They gave me an officer's grade in the real army. It was the doing of Gambetta, I believe. For me it made no difference. Place, name, repute,—what could these be to me? I was dead—dead with my old life: it was a devil, I thought, that inhabited my body, and drank himself with blood into a likeness of humanity—as humanity is in war.

I was drafted from the free corps into the battalions of Bourbaki. I saw more service, hard service, and the Republic said that I did well. By my side there often fought and often fell old comrades of my own. The comedians and the artists did their full duty by France: the derided kingdom of Bohemia sent hundreds of its brightest leaders in loyal answer to the call of Death.

Well, all this while I never saw his face, though continually I searched for it, and for it alone, in the tempest of a charge and in the slaughter-heaps after a battle.

"Is it a brother you seek always?" men asked me often, seeing how I would lift up face after face from amongst the dead upon a battle-field, and let each one drop, and go on again upon my quest. And I answered them always, "One closer than a brother."

For was he not?

But all this while I never saw his face. France was as a great sea in storm, on which the lives of all men were as frail boats tossing to their graves: some were blown east, some west: they passed each other in the endless night, and never knew, the tempest blew so strong.

One day there was a bitter strife. It was in the time of our last struggle. We were trying to cut our way through the iron wall that had raised itself round Paris. We failed, as the world knows, but we strove hard that day. At least all those around me did, and for a little space we saw the granite mass roll back from us, and we thought that we had won.

In that moment, in the white thick shroud of smoke where I pressed forward on foot with my comrades of the line, there came on with us, in a beautiful fierce sweep like lightning, a troop of horse half cut to pieces, with many of its chargers riderless, and with its thinned ranks hidden in clouds of blinding dust. But, shattered though it was, it charged for us: it was one of the southern nobles' free corps of cavalry, the cuirassiers of Corrèze. Close against me a gray horse, shot through the body, reeled and fell: the rider of it sank an instant, then shook himself free and rose.

It was he—at last!

He knew me, and I him, even in that mad moment. I sprang upon him like a beast; my sword was at his throat; the smoke was all around us; no one saw; he was disarmed and in my power. My men and his shouted together,



"En avant! en avant!" They thought they were victorious.

I heard, I remembered: he too fought for France. I dared not slay him. I let him go.

"Afterward! afterward!" I said in his ear. He knew well what I meant.

He caught a loose charger that galloped snorting by; he seized his fallen sabre; he swept onward with his troops; I charged in line with my own men. With the roar of the firing in my ear, and the shouts of our fancied triumph, I pressed onward and downward into the ranks of the enemy: then I dropped senseless.

When the surgeon found me at dawn the next day, I had no wound on me. For the victory—it had lived only in vanquished soldiers' dreams, as all the victories of France have lived in this bitter season. I woke to consciousness and to remembrance, saying again and again in my heart, "Afterward! afterward!"

The time soon came.

I saw him no more then. The cuirassiers of Corrèze passed eastward. Those whom I served sent me into the capital. It was now the beginning of the new year.

There soon came to us that deadliest hour when all we had done and endured received as recompense the shame of the capitulation. How long is it ago?—a day, a year? I cannot tell. I was amongst those who held it a crime, an outrage, a betrayal. I did not pretend to have any knowledge, any statecraft, but I knew that, had I been a man in power there, sooner than sign the surrender I would have burned Paris as the Russians did Moscow.

There were many who thought as I did, but we were not asked, were not counted. We had but to hold our tongues, and stand quiet and see the Germans enter Paris.

Then you know this other war came, the civil war. I was in the capital still. It seemed to me that the people were in the right. I cannot argue, but I think so still. They might go ill to work, unwisely perhaps, but they asked noth-

ing unreasonable, and they were not at fault—in the commencement, at least.

When the strife and carnage had ceased, I felt very strange. I felt as men do who have been long in the great roar of a cataract, and who come suddenly again where all is quiet. The calm seems to daze them. So the stillness bewildered me. I began to think that it had all been a dream, a nightmare; only I remembered so well the look of his eyes into mine when my steel was at his throat, and if I dropped asleep a while I always awoke muttering, "Afterward! afterward!"

At this time I often went and looked at the house where I had dwelt with her in Paris. A shell had laid open the little rose-and-white room under the roof; the front and back walls had been torn away; I saw the day through them; some of the gilding of the mirror still clung there. Another shell had struck the little gay theatre where I had played for the first and last time in Paris: it was now a blank and smoking ruin. And it had been such a little while ago! Great Heaven!

At such times I asked myself why I had spared him.

I was dull and silent, and lived wholly to myself: all the people I had known were slain or had perished of want.

I made no new friends, I dwelt aloof. Nevertheless, the day came when I had to choose sides: whilst one lives at all on earth one cannot be a coward. I chose the side of the people; I cast in my lot with them; I remained in Paris. They might be right, they might be wrong—I do not say: I knew they were my class, my kind, my brethren. I abided by their election. The world will always say they were wrong because they failed: of course; but I think they were only wrong in this—that they tried a mighty experiment before the earth was ripe for it. It is fatal to be before your time—always.

But it was not because I thought them very right that I joined with them. I was no politician: I hardly asked them what they meant. I cast in my lot with theirs because I was of them, and be-

cause it would have seemed to me a cowardice to desert them.

All that horrible season went by slowly, slowly. It was but yesterday, you say: it seems a thousand years ago. I was cooped up in the city: it was much worse than the first siege. I went out in many sorties. I made no doubt he was at Versailles, and every day that I arose and went into the air I said in my soul, "There will be no need to spare him now."

On the bastions where the red flag was set, through the smoke of guns, I used to stand hour after hour, and look across at the woods of Versailles, and think to myself, "If only we might meet once more—once more!" For I was free now: his brethren fought against mine. It was the thought that nerved my arm for the Commune.

I think it was with many as with me; or something like it. I remember in that ghastly time seeing a woman put the match to a piece whose gunner had just dropped dead. She fired with sure aim: her shot swept straight into a knot of horsemen on the Neuilly road, and emptied more than one saddle.

"You have a good sight," I said to her.

She smiled. "This winter," she said slowly, "my children have all died for want of food—one by one, the youngest first. Ever since then I want to hurt something—always. Do you understand?"

I did understand: I do not know if you do. It is just these things that make revolutions. This is only away from us by a day or so, you say? It is strange: it seems to me half a lifetime.

It was a horrible season. The streets ran wine and blood. The populace was drunk, and savage in its drunkenness. The palaces were pillaged, the churches reeked with filth. I fought without the gates when I could: when I could not, I shut myself in my garret, so that I should not see or hear. So far as I had sense to feel, my heart was sick for France.

One day, when I was going from the fortifications through the by-streets to

the place that sheltered me, I passed through a street which had been almost utterly destroyed by shell and fire.

The buildings were mere skeletons, the hearths and homes mere heaps of calcined dust. The rafters, the bricks, the iron girders, the rubble and the rubbish had fallen pell-mell amidst the broken mirrors, the shattered gilding, the scorched pictures: perhaps under the mountains of cinders and of ruin the charred bodies of the dwellers and the owners might be lying: no one knew. It was all desolate, dark, unutterably miserable. Yet amidst it all there was one lovely living thing, surrounded everywhere by devastation, but uncrushed, unharmed, untouched. In what had once been a green and cherished little garden there sprang upward a young lilac tree in full flower, fragrant, erect, wet with sweet dews, covered with blossoms—alone amidst the wreck.

For the first time since she had left me I fell on my knees and hid my face in my hands, and wept—as women weep.

Soon after that the end came. Paris was on fire in a thousand places. They slew the hostages: they did strange and fearful things. You have seen them more clearly than I. I was in the midst of the smoke, of the violence, of the flames, of the bloodshed, of the ignorance, of the ferocity: I was too close to it all to judge any of it aright. Evil had become their god; and yet in the beginning of the time the people had not been to blame.

From the day they put the old priests to death I would fight no more for the Commune. But I knew that the Commune would fall, and so I would not forsake them. I think many felt as I did—detested the acts into which the people had plunged, but would not forsake them on the edge of ruin. I would not fight again for them, but I went forth into the streets and stood and looked. It seemed hell itself. The sky was black: everything else was illumined by the fires.

The Versaillais were pouring in: I

do not know how many hours or days had gone. It seemed to me all night—all one endless night that the endless flames illumined.

Little children ran past me with lighted brands in their hands, which they flung into houses or cellars, laughing all the while. Women black with powder, with their hair loose and their breasts bare, streamed by me like furies, shrieking curses till the shot struck them and they dropped upon the stones.

From the windows, from the roofs, from the trees, the people fired upon the soldiery: the soldiery raked the streets with their fire in return, and stormed the dwellings, and threw the dead bodies out of the casements. The roads were wet everywhere with a tide of blood, always rising higher and higher: the corpses were strewn in all directions. Some lay in the aisles of the churches, on the steps of the high altars. You know, you know: I need not tell it. It will seem strange to you, but in all that horror I thought of the lilac tree: I went and looked for it.

The street behind, the street before, were both burning: in the little garden there had been a bitter strife: the dead lay there in pools of blood by scores. But the little lilac was still erect, its green boughs and its sweet blossoms blowing in the wind.

There were some little birds that had their young in a nest in the lilac boughs. They were uneasy: they twittered and fluttered about amongst the leaves. It was so dark they thought that it was night. But the church chimes were tolling noon.

I sat down on a pile of timber that had crushed the grasses at the roots of the tree. I sat still there and waited. I could do nothing. I could not fight for them: I would not fight against them.

Down the ruined, smoking street, as I sat thus, there came a soldier hastily, with his sword drawn, glancing hither and thither rapidly, as one who had lost his way or missed his men. His dress was splashed, torn, covered with dust, and here and there with blood,

but it was the dress of a soldier of rank. As he came the glare of the fires in front shone full on his face, his beautiful face: I knew it in an instant.

God had delivered him into my hands. So I said in my soul, exultant. We always charge our crimes upon God.

I sprang up and stood in his way. "At last! at last!" I cried to him.

He wavered, paused and looked at me bewildered: no doubt I was greatly changed, and in the horrid scorching gloom he did not recognize my features.

I gave him no breathing-space, but drew my sword and rushed on him. "Defend yourself!" I said in his ear ere I touched him. We would fight until death—that I swore in my heart—but we would fight fairly, man to man.

When I spoke he knew me. He was a brave man and loyal. He raised no shout to rally his comrades. He took my challenge as I gave it. He threw himself in a second into position. "I am ready," he said, simply.

We were all alone. The fire was around us on all sides. The dead alone were our spectators. The little lilac tree waved in the wind.

Our swords crossed a score of times swift as the lightning: then, in a moment as it seemed, he fell forward on my blade: his body drooped and doubled like a broken bough.

The steel had passed through his breast-bone. I had my vengeance.

It was a fair fight, man to man.

He looked up at me as he sank down dying on the stones.

A strange shadowy smile flickered over his mouth.

"You were revenged—before," he said slowly, each word drawn feebly with his breath. "Did you not know? She betrayed me last autumn to the Prussians: she had a lover amongst them greater than I."

A rush of blood choked his voice: he lay silent, leaning upon one hand. The flames shone upon his face, the smoke drove over us, the little lilac tree blew in the breeze, the birds murmured to their young ones.

Then all at once the street grew full of men. They were his own soldiery. They rushed on me to avenge his death. With the last effort of life in him he raised himself and signed them back. "Do not touch him," he cried aloud to them. "It was I who injured him: I fall in fair fight."

Even as he spoke a shudder shook him, and he died.

His head was on the stones; his hair was soaked with the blood that had already been shed there; a gray pallor stole over his face; and yet even then he was still beautiful.

The lilac blossoms, loosened by the driving wind and by the fire's heat, fell softly on him, one by one, like tears.

I did not stir: I stood there looking down at him. My hate of him had died away with his young life: I only pitied him with an intense passion of pity. We both perished for a thing so vile.

His comrades and men heeded nothing of his words: they arrested me as they would have done a common felon. I did not attempt to resist them. I had broken my sword and cast it down by his body: its end was accomplished, its fate was fulfilled: I had no further use for it.

They have brought me hither, and to-morrow they will kill me.

What is the charge against me? That I, a soldier of the Commune, slew a soldier of Versailles. It is enough, more than enough, in these days. I say nothing. I am glad there should be an end.

If you ask any grace for me, ask only this—that the men who fire on me shall not be the same men by whose side I fought so long for France; and when they throw my body in the ditch—see here!—let them bury this branch of lilac with me. It is of no value—it is dead.

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SONNET.

I CAST this sorrow from me, like a crown  
Of bitter nettles and unwholesome weeds,  
Nurst by cold night-dews from malignant seeds  
Ill-fortune sowed when all the heavens did frown;  
Its loathsome "round" I trample deeply down  
In mire and dust, to burn my brain no more;  
From off my brows I wipe the trickling gore;  
While all about me, like keen clarions blown  
From breezy dells and golden heights afar,  
Their stern reveillé the wild March winds sound.  
These wake an answering passion in my soul,  
Whence marshaled, as strong warriors taking ground  
For noblest conflict, freed from doubt or dole,  
Brave thoughts uprising front Hope's morning star!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## THE SHARPLESS CRAYONS.

JOHN CUSTIS, of Northampton county, Virginia—son of that John Custis whose name first appears in the old records of the Eastern Shore in 1640—was a citizen of credit and renown in his place and time, a man of force and note among the worthies of his province—a devoted royalist and a faithful Churchman, a politician astute and oracular, and a bustling, shrewd and thrifty man of affairs. By his first wife he acquired a fine estate, to which he gave the name of Arlington, in honor of his patron, lord of that ilk in the time of Charles II. It was his grandson, "fourth John," who, having inherited Arlington on his return from England, whither he had gone to complete his education, removed for a time to Williamsburg, and there committed moral suicide by taking to wife the sister of that bold, bad man—so infamous for his unscrupulous politics, his outrageous explosions of passion and his arrogance and insolence, as well in private life as in office—Colonel Daniel Parke, Marlborough's favorite aide-de-camp at Blenheim, who, for personally bearing to Queen Anne the joyful news of that famous victory, received from the fair hands of Her Majesty her miniature likeness set in diamonds, one thousand pounds sterling, and his commission as governor of the Leeward Islands, where, for his "pure cussedness," he was killed by his own people. His sister, being after his own heart—a Tartar, shrewish and "curst"—made the life of the Honorable John Custis, of the king's council, a burden to him; hence that famous tablet which the first husband of Martha Washington erected to commemorate his wretched sire's domestic Blenheim—the victory of the Last Word; hence also that spiteful inscription, hard as the stone it is cut in, which with his dying hand the tormented gentleman flung at the hard head of his widow: "Here lies the body of the

Hon. John Custis," etc., "aged LXXI. years, and yet Lived but VII. years, which was the space of time he kept a Bachelor's Home at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia."

Considered as the work of the lady's own son, or contemplated in the light of gallantry, to say nothing of filial affection, this monument may not be lightly accepted as a model in the sepulchral department of architecture; but in attesting that son's intrepid respect for the paternal injunction, as well as for the behests of prudence and expediency, it is not without its argument of justification; for the Honorable John had provided for its erection in his will, and pledged the future husband of fair Martha Dandridge to that epigrammatic stroke of vengeance "on pain of disinheritance."

The six sons of John Custis the First had one sister, who married Colonel Argal Yeardeley, son of Governor Yeardeley of Virginia, whose noble estate in Northampton, taken by the governor under royal grant, descended from father to son in the name of Yeardeley until it fell to Susanna Harmanson, a lineal descendant of the governor, and second wife of Dr. John Winder, brother of Governor Levin Winder of Maryland, and uncle to General William H. Winder of Bladensburg fame. Since that time "Yeardeley" has been the family seat of the Winders of Northampton; and for many years it was the domain of a most generous and gracious hospitality. Delightfully situated on the glimpseful Matawauma Creek, hard by Chesapeake Bay, and overlooking an idyllic landscape, here was such a home for careless holidays in the golden prime of "Ole Virginny" as ballads are made of. The hearty old house—since thrust from its place by a modern one—was built of imported brick, and its walls were fortress-like, so burly were they and so grim. Round about it was an



ample lawn, sloping to the stream and embowered with shade trees; and a band of noble poplars of Lombardy, stately and staunch, sentried the mansion on all sides, and seemed to salute afar off its approaching company.

In the fashion of those times of multitudinous hospitality it had one vast guest-room for thronged entertainments and gala-days; and it was in this room, not long after the Revolution, that a wandering young artist from England set up his easel, and produced or finished many of those gems of American portraiture, so express and admirable, which to-day constitute the collection, unique, impressive and precious, and replete with historic and patriotic interest, known as the "Sharpless Crayons."

It was the pleasure of Dr. John Winder to extend the robust hospitalities of his house to all strangers of merit who might find their way to those friendly shores; and when Sharpless strayed thither (probably exploring for distinguished sitters among the Custises, Yeardleys, Winders, Beaudouins and Wises of that region) he was met with the customary and cordial invitation of the master of "Yeardley" to make his home with him. Doubtless the fame of the artist had forerun him: the limner whose deft and faithful pencil had perpetuated the living lines and looks of Washington, Adams and Jefferson, Burr and Hamilton, Ames, Pickering and Pinkney, Kent, Livingston and Clinton, could not be unknown to cultivated and courtly gentlemen of Virginia, who, in the mere names of the illustrious personages who had "lent their countenance" to his fine art, recognized his sufficing credentials and passport to their own fine amenities.

In Doctor Winder, Sharpless found an enthusiastic patron and a steadfast, helpful friend, and in "Yeardley" a congenial and inspiring home, where he abode for nearly four years, happy in the labors his art exacted, and animated by the continual presence of comely, blithe, appreciative company. From time to time he made excursions to the city residences or country seats of his dis-

tinguished patrons and their friends in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and along the Potomac, Rappahannock, York and James Rivers, to meet some of the many sitters for whose portraits his pencil was always in requisition. His "canvas" was a thick gray paper, softly grained, and of woolly texture; he used the pantograph, and his colored crayons, which he kept finely powdered in small glass cups, were applied with a camel's hair pencil. Many of these tools of his elegant craft were at one time in the possession of Mr. Nathaniel Winder, father of the present heir of "Yeardley."

There is a tradition in Northampton that his pictures were so stamped with a characteristic and "speaking" life-likeness that the youngest children easily recognized them. On completing his portrait of Doctor John Winder he merrily hung it in an elm, and invoked the unsophisticated criticism of some crude little "niggers" who were tumbling, fancy free, in the grass. Grinning and clapping their hands, they cried "Oh, look! see massa up de tree!" and the soul of the artist exulted in the unconscious applause of racy instinct.

During his sojourn at "Yeardley" the excursions of the artist in pursuit of sitters seem to have grown distasteful to him, his absence irksome and his return eager: his love for his art grew cold in the presence of a more ardent and less reasonable passion. At "Yeardley" he had found an attraction which shortly beguiled him to a fatal infatuation; and the scene of his happiest repose became in the end a place of agitation and torment for him. A youthful beauty, nearly related to the master of "Yeardley," and whose various charms of person and manner were the toast of the county, being on a visit of some months to her kinsfolk of Northampton, Sharpless became profoundly enamored. He offered her his love, his art and his fame; and she, declining, took her leave. After a time she returned, and the artist, still bewitched, renewed his addresses, and was again rejected. "Disillusioned" and despairing, he resolved to abandon the pleasant harbor he had



found so friendly and so perilous; and not having sufficient money for a journey so precarious, he borrowed from Mr. Levin Yeardley Winder the sum he needed, and insisted on leaving with him about one hundred and fifty of the famous crayon portraits in pledge till he should return. That it was his clear purpose to return no one who looks upon those pictures now, and reads the names on the frames, can doubt. It is not conceivable that he could have contemplated a sacrifice so reckless. The collection, historic and unique, had been the ambitious aim of many years of devoted labor and many a league of remote and dangerous travel.

But he never did return, nor does it surely appear that he was ever again heard from. A venerable citizen of Northampton has the impression that he reappeared in Baltimore as the guest of Mr. Hill Dorsey of the Navy, after whose death all trace of him was lost; but I fail to find his trail here among the familiar faces and places of the old time. There is a tradition, commonly accepted in Northampton, that he drowned himself in Chesapeake Bay. About the time he fled from "Yeardley" and his fatal love (1813-'14) an epidemic of small-pox was spreading over all that country, and there are those who conjecture that he contracted the dreadful disease and died on some island in the bay; but the theory of suicide is the favorite one, perhaps by reason of its romantic element.

Of the face and person of Sharpless I get no description—not even a vague impression. Nor do I find his Christian name recorded or remembered: Tuckerman does not give it, nor Lossing, nor G. W. P. Custis. There is no record of the artist, save in his works, nor any remembrance of the man, except his excessive love of skating and his love for one beautiful woman.

Those who believe in the suicide of Sharpless are doubtless impressed by a tragic circumstance which happened, two generations later, not far from "Yeardley," and which is described by those who remember it as a romantic

coincidence. A son of one of Virginia's most honored governors, enamored of a lady in the neighborhood, and discarded by her, while a guest at "Yeardley" borrowed from his host a saddled horse, with pistols in the holsters, and, riding to the home of his lady-love, blew out his brains at her door.

Accompanying the precious portraits, which for many years hung in the great guest-room storied by the presence and labors of the unhappy painter, was a miniature catalogue of the pictures—twelve pages, two inches by four, printed in Bath, England, but without date. This gives the names of two hundred and twenty-nine sitters, but does not include those of Noah Webster, James Monroe, Governor Strong, De Witt Clinton and Bishop Hobart, which are found in the "Yeardley" collection. These were evidently painted at a later period. In this collection I find the name of Miss Bingham—probably the daughter of U. S. Senator Bingham of Pennsylvania, who married Miss Willing of Philadelphia, and died at Bath in 1804. The "Miss Bingham" of the Sharpless memoranda may reasonably be supposed to be the lady who married Alexander Baring, son of Sir Francis Baring, and afterward Lord Ashburton. As this catalogue gives the names of nearly all his illustrious American sitters, I think it is clear that the artist made two visits to this country, that in the interim he was in Bath with his collection, and that it was owing to his second visit that he found his way to "Yeardley." Should this paper come under the notice of men of letters and lovers of art in Bath, it is to be hoped that we may yet be indebted to their researches for further and more interesting particulars concerning the life and works of the almost forgotten artist who has left us this notable gallery of American worthies.

In November, 1861, the United States troops, having already occupied Accomac county, came down upon Northampton, and the ladies of "Yeardley," participating in the general panic created by their approach, and alarmed for the safety of the precious pictures,

snatched them from their frames, laid them in sheets of paper and distributed them among their neighbors, to be bestowed in hiding-places. In the haste and confusion a few were left on the walls: these were ruined by wanton and boorish bayonet thrusts. Others, which were sent to the house of Dr. Browne, were discovered, and appropriated or destroyed when that place was made the headquarters of the Federal force. There is ground for a hope that some of the portraits lost from that house may be traced to the possession of gentlemen who were quartered there or attached to that command, and that through their generosity they may yet be recovered, or at least, identified, to complete the history of the collection.

In 1855 the Hon. Edward Everett wrote to the master of "Yeardley," inquiring if the portraits could be purchased without reserve, and at what price. That note has been lost, but an impression remains in the minds of several persons who read it that Mr. Everett wished to procure the collection for a public gallery in Boston. Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, who was consulted on the subject, strenuously opposed the project, and urged that the collection—if the Winder family should ever consent to part with it—should be bestowed upon the University of Virginia; and this is understood to have been the disposition of the art-treasure which the family approved, but which subsequent events, resulting in the wreck of their fortunes, rendered impossible.

At present the collection is temporarily in the possession of several gentlemen of Baltimore, who have undertaken to identify those pictures of which the names have been lost by the aid of the original Sharpless catalogue, contemporary likenesses and personal recognition, and especially by those duplicate portraits which Sharpless delivered to the families of his more distinguished sitters—portraits which have been scattered among their descendants throughout the country, and which, it is now hoped, may be brought to light,

with the kind help of the press and through the fresh interest the inquiry may be expected to develop among students of American historic portraiture.

There are one hundred and thirty portraits, of which about seventy are identified, partly by printed names pasted on the frames by the artist himself, partly by names in his handwriting on the backs of the pictures, partly by names copied on the backs from the original printed slips on the frames by the ladies of "Yeardley" when they packed the pictures in sheets of paper. With the exception of not more than ten, all are in perfect condition, and those ten are not so seriously injured but that they might be successfully restored by a competent artist in crayons. Several are unfinished in the hair or drapery or background, and a few are deficient in that deliberate and elaborate "finish" which characterizes most of them. It was the practice of the artist, in working from actual sittings, to make two pictures—one for the family, the other, a *fac simile*, for his own collection; and it was upon the latter that he bestowed careful and fastidious touches in his retirement in Northampton, thus imparting to the "Yeardley" portraits a positive superiority in the finer details.

Forty-one are in small frames, painted black, and severely plain in quality and appearance; the rest are folded in paper as they came from "Yeardley." The size, which is uniform, is that of an ordinary letter sheet. One of the unidentified portraits is backed with a fragment from Cobbett's *Peter Porcupine's Gazette* (1797), containing two conspicuous advertisements:

"This Day is Published and For Sale by William Cobbett, opposite Christ Church, 'Observations Concerning the Dispute between the United States and France.' By Robert Goodloe Harper, Esquire, of the House of Representatives of the United States."

"*Washington's Letters*. Now Published (and For Sale by William Cobbett, opposite Christ Church), 'Official Letters to the Honorable American Congress, written during the War between

the United Colonies and Great Britain.' By His Excellency George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Forces."

There are also portions of a spicy correspondence between Mr. James Monroe, late minister to France, and Mr. Timothy Pickering, secretary of state, in relation to the summary recall of the former functionary. Mr. Monroe demands investigation, and that he may be confronted with his accusers. "Why do you evade inquiry?" he asks. "Is it because you know the imputation to be unjust, and wish to avoid the demonstration of a truth you are unwilling to acknowledge? Do you fear a discussion which may throw light upon a topic heretofore too little understood?"

Mr. Pickering replies that the President is not bound to demonstrate the facts and information which may justify, which may even require, the recall of a foreign minister—that the President is not bound to explain his official *pleasure*, or the propriety or expediency of particular acts of that pleasure or discretion, by formal trial or public discussion. "There is no disposition to treat you, or any other man, with injustice; but the government cannot, for the sake of indulging your sensibility, sacrifice a great national principle."

History repeats itself, and the imperial theme was lately rehearsed in the swelling act of the Fish-Motley correspondence.

Tuckerman, in his *Book of the Artists*, dismisses Sharpless with a mere mention, as one (among several English artists that came over shortly after the Revolution) who painted "profile miniatures." The Sharpless portraits are uniformly cabinet pictures, in full or three-quarter face as often as in profile, and invariably in crayon. I believe there is no account of any other portraits executed by him in this country.

Among the portraits identified and perfect are those of Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Burr, Bushrod Washington, James Monroe, Fisher Ames, Judge Kent, Chancellor Livingston, De Witt Clinton, Chief-Justice Ells-

worth, Albert Gallatin, Timothy Pickering, General Gates, General Van Courtland, General Clinton, and many other persons of celebrity.

In an interesting article on the Portraiture of Washington, "Being an Appendix to the Custis Recollections and Private Memoirs," communicated to the *National Intelligencer* in December, 1855, by George Washington Parke Custis, we read of the "earliest original," the portrait of Colonel Washington by Charles Wilson Peale, at Arlington House; and next in the order of dates, "the full-length by Peale, the soldier-artist, painted during the Revolution." Then comes the famous equestrian portrait by Colonel Trumbull (1790). This was followed by the "Philadelphia portrait" by Gilbert Stuart; and later, by his noble full-length for the marquis of Lansdowne. "I do not pretend," said Stuart, "to have painted Washington as the general of the armies of Independence: I have painted the first President of the United States." Rembrandt Peale, son of "the soldier-artist," painted, from sittings obtained during the first presidency, the portrait of Washington that adorns the Senate Chamber.

The last original was the profile in crayon by Sharpless, in 1796, three years before the death of the Chief. This picture was at Arlington House, and is the one from which the artist (with his illustrious sitter before him) made the carefully-finished duplicate for his own collection—the portrait that is now in Baltimore. "So much," says the venerable Custis, "was this performance admired, for the *exquisite likeness and uncommon truthfulness of expression*, that the Chief ordered portraits by the same artist of every member of his domestic family, including George Washington La Fayette."

The ladies named in the Bath catalogue are Mrs. (Martha) Washington, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Lewis, "late Miss Ellen Custis," Miss Bingham (Lady Ashburton), Mrs. Cushing, wife of Mr. Justice Cushing of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Liston, "wife of Robert Liston, Esq., English minister," Mrs. Law, wife of

Thomas Law, Esq., Miss Johnson (?), Mrs. Stockton, wife of a member of Congress, Lady Temple, wife of Sir John, and another Lady Temple, wife of Sir Grenville of that name. The portraits of Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Madison and the elder Lady Temple are identified.

At Arlington House, in the life of G. W. P. Custis, there were three likenesses of Martha Washington—a portrait by Woolaston, an exquisite miniature, executed by Robertson in New York in 1791, and the profile in colored crayons by Sharpless (1796), of which the "Yeardley" picture is the duplicate—"well executed as a work of art," said Mr. Custis, "but not regarded in the family as a satisfactory likeness."

The picture of the beautiful Eleanor Custis (Mrs. Lewis) is reserved by the Winder family—a pearl of price, not to be parted with, whatever may be the ultimate destination of its companions. Eleanor Parke and George Washington Parke Custis were the two young children of John Parke Custis whom General Washington adopted as his own at the deathbed of their father. They were grandchildren of Mrs. Washington, their father being the stepson of the general, and his aide-de-camp at Yorktown. Seized with camp-fever during the siege, he died at his home at Eltham, twenty miles from York, soon after the surrender; and it was in remembrance of his faithful service and for love of his mother that the Pater Patriæ adopted his little ones. Eleanor grew up a beauty of the purest, finest type, and married the Chief's favorite nephew, Major Lawrence Lewis. In the Sharpless portrait she is represented as a bride, young and indescribably lovely, her countenance and person daintily delicate, and suggestive of a subtle refinement of charm at once lofty and *aimable*. The powdered hair is coiled in a style not unfamiliar to-day; and the dress, modishly *décolleté*, with very short sleeves, discloses a throat, bust and arms such as plain prose would stammer over. Mrs. Lewis died near Berryville, in Clarke county, Virginia,

in 1852, at the age of seventy-four. The writer had the honor to be entertained by her at her home on two occasions in 1848. At threescore-and-ten she was still beautiful, her manner charmingly gracious, her conversation animated.

In all these portraits the purpose of the artist seems to have been sturdily honest. To produce a *likeness* which the eye of any friend, however unimaginative, might instantly recognize was all the magic of his method. There are no experiments in idealizing, no ambitious attempts to portray exceptional character, as in the works of Gilbert Stuart; in every picture the countenance, like the clothes, is the man's familiar wear. On the shoulder is the dust from the powdered hair, and in one portrait I find a scar on the cheek conscientiously reproduced—a commonplace disfigurement, neither romantic nor effective. The likenesses are "homely," and with three-quarters of a century between the spectator and the sitter we *know* the face.

Here, in the countenance of Washington is the unsympathetic gravity of the "bad sitter," who, according to the evidence of his adopted son, "was wont to declare after every trial that this must be the last;"\* and here, too, is the characteristic projection of the under lip, the effect of the ill-fitting artificial teeth he had worn since 1789. Here is Aaron Burr's fascinating and repelling physiognomy, wherein sensuous effeminacy is joined to remorseless purpose—a face beautiful and fatal, in which weak women might contemplate their own perdition as in a glass; and here is Chief-Justice Ellsworth's judicial aspect of grim, ascetic thoughtfulness, puritanic and severe, which may find sympathy only in the "ugly mug" of Governor Sumner, the Praise-God-Barebones of this goodly company. We willingly turn from the pale, keen profile of Fisher Ames, with its long upper lip, to the rosy-fair complexion, elegant outlines and delicate chin of John Ad-

\* Washington, in consenting to sit for the Lansdowne portrait, reluctantly but gallantly yielded to the graceful solicitations of Mrs. Bingham.

ams; and missing the characteristic light of Jefferson's reddish-chestnut hair, hidden under a bushel of powder, we find in the upper part of Judge Kent's face and in the mouth something that pleasantly reminds us of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. And here is Chancellor Livingston, in whose ruddy, well-fed face sprightly geniality disputes for place with oracular dignity. We easily discover the wit that produced a gracious and gallant impromptu which I find embalmed in a smoke-browned newspaper of 1834.

One summer day a gay party met on an island in the Hudson, to be entertained by a vivacious Frenchman, M. de Labigarre, who had acquired a fortune in the purchase of provisions for the French armies, and, having taken a fancy to this island—because it was supposed to be occasionally frightened from its propriety by the ghost of the pirate Kidd, troubled for his treasures buried there—bought it. Chancellor Livingston was of the company; and the only ladies present being Mrs. and Miss Livingston, Mrs. Brooks and Miss

Forest, to them he addressed these pleasant rhymes over the shoulder of his host :

"Whate'er beneath the earth is found  
I yield at once to thee:

Assign to me what's on the ground—  
Contented both will be.

"The trees at least no riches boast,  
No plundered treasures share :  
Take, then, the earth you value most—  
To me the Forest spare.

"Be yours the rocks with golden grains,  
The treasured vales be thine :  
The Brooks that glide across the plains,  
The Living-stones, be mine !"

Other portraits, not yet identified, are those of George Washington La Fayette, James Madison, John Jay, William Pinkney, Oliver Wolcott, General Sumpter, General Wayne, Bishop White, Judge Cushing, Doctor Dwight, Robert Goodloe Harper, Doctor Kemp, Robert Treat Paine, and other Americans; besides Sir Humphrey Davy, Robert Southey, Priestley, Doctor Darwin, Sir William Herschel, William Godwin, the Duc de Liancourt, the Duc d'Orléans, Talleyrand and Napper Tandy.

J. W. PALMER.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

OUR bill of fare for the ensuing year includes a serial tale by an American author, entitled *AYTOUN*—to be begun in the January Number—and a novel from the pen of GEORGE MACDONALD, whose popularity is based not more upon the keen sagacity and genial humor which pervade his writings than upon their healthy and invigorating tone. It will be commenced in the Number for March, the author's desire that this work should be the most elaborate and carefully planned of all his productions having led to a postponement of the time originally fixed for the appearance of the first installment.

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COOPER, SCOTT AND LOCKHART.

ONE day about the middle of September, more than a quarter of a century ago, I was conversing with a literary friend by the desk of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, near the Broadway entrance of the spacious bookstore of its then publishers, Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, when Mr. Wiley came forward from the private office and said: "Mr. C——, would you not like to meet Mr. Fenimore Cooper? We were speaking of the *Knickerbocker* and of you only a few moments ago, and I think he would like to see you. Come back and let me introduce you to each other."

I hesitated. I had seen Mr. Cooper frequently before in the front bookstore,



glancing at the current volumes, and making his free-and-easy but very emphatic comments upon what he happened to be looking at. I had read in our city papers accounts of his alleged pompous and un-American bearing abroad; of his unpleasant airs; his sudden, contested usurpations of old accorded feudal privileges on Otsego Lake, near his ancestral home; of his libel suits against outspoken American editors, then in progress and a theme of general public comment; and, more than all, my business partner and myself had accidentally overheard him express an unfavorable opinion of Washington Irving, as "not a true American in feeling," as an established popular author by influenced and directed public opinion, both at home and abroad.

These things had made an unfavorable impression upon my mind, and I stated the facts to Mr. Wiley as my excuse for declining the proffered introduction. That gentleman retired, but in a few moments returned, saying, "Mr. Cooper has asked for an introduction to you, with reference to a literary matter of much importance."

"Certainly," said I, "with pleasure: that alters the case." So I returned to the private office with Mr. Wiley, and was made acquainted with the great author, who received me with unreserved and flattering cordiality. After a little desultory conversation, he said: "Mr. C—, will you permit me to ride in a coach-and-six through Lockhart's *Life of Walter Scott* in the pages of the *Knickerbocker*?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied, "but not anonymously. You will allow your name, of course, to be announced as the author?"

"That is what I especially wish," said he; "but even *without* that," he added with a very expressive smile, "I think there will be little difficulty in tracing its paternity after it has once been read."

He took from his overcoat pocket a thick packet of finely-written manuscript, which he presented to me with the remark: "I wish you would hand that to your printer, and when it has

been put in type, won't you have the kindness to bring me yourself a revised proof of it to my apartments at the Astor House?"

The article was at once given to our printer, Mr. William Osborn, a brother-in-law of Mr. Wiley, to be put in type, and, having been carefully corrected, a revised proof was placed in my hands to take up to Mr. Cooper.

"That is a terribly excoriating attack upon a great man," said Mr. Osborn. "Cooper must have received some unpardonable offence at his hands or at the hands of his biographer. What was it?"

I found out what it was when I took the proof up in the evening to the Astor House, and re-read it by copy with Mr. Cooper. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate; four wax candles were lighted upon the table; a flagon of old Madeira and two wine-glasses occupied a corner of it.

And now let me here record what must always be regarded as the true incentive—the "moving *why*"—of Mr. Cooper's attack upon Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Subsequent personal research and Mr. Cooper's admissions on this occasion left no room for doubt.

Let me begin with Mr. Cooper's provocations. His works and himself had been treated with marked injustice on more than one occasion in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, a work originated by Scott, and conducted by his son-in-law, Lockhart. In three or four instances the reviewer had industriously collected whatever he thought would prick and sting him as an author and as a man, and especially as an American gentleman.

Of one of his works (*Gleanings in Europe*) the *Review* had said: "So ill-written, ill-informed, ill-bred, ill-tempered, ill-mannered a production as the one before us it has never been our fortune to meet. It is a phenomenon of vanity, folly and falsehood. As a literary work it is beneath contempt, having nothing solid about it but its ignorance, and nothing deep but its malice. The title should have been, *J. Fenimore*



*Cooper in England, with Sketches of his Behavior in the Metropolis*; since the entire subject of the book is—*himself*! Mingled disgust and contempt are the only feelings excited by its rancorous trivialities. He attempts to make his personal distastes national grievances, and to enlist his countrymen as parties in imaginary slights and visionary insults which were incurred by him, not *because*, but *although*, he was an American. Would Washington Irving, in whose character there was such a happy conjunction of civility, freedom, ease and sincerity, and who had had ample opportunities of inspecting beyond the surface and rind of things, have supported Cooper's inferences and declarations?

"Whatever civilities Cooper receives he always assumes as paid to his individual merit; but whenever he fancies neglect, he complacently sets down his failure to the score of national prejudice, and seems to think that because the personal manners of the individual Cooper were disliked, therefore there must be a settled dislike to the American *nation*—a delusion, an extravagance of vanity, as morbid as Bedlam and impudent as Billingsgate."

In the course of his pungent remarks upon society and manners in England, Cooper had said, "The mass of Americans care no more for a lord than for a woodchuck." This probably led Lockhart to say, "His own imagination, whenever the vision of a lord passes across it, appears to have been in a state of fever between envy and vanity—between the delight of meeting a lord and the pain of meeting a superior. His old hackneyed tavern-waiter of a footman was less delighted at seeing a nobleman's card than his master. He cannot so much as mention a lord (whom he knows by his knock) without getting into a flutter between awe and envy that confuses his very senses." This was attributed to "an ever-present remembrance of his early disadvantages as a common seaman, and a late and scanty acquaintance with polished society."

Can any person imagine anything more quietly, complacently insulting to a sensitive man of genius than this? Even boasted "English hospitality," as manifested in the celebrated breakfasts of the millionaire-poet Rogers, at which were accustomed to assemble eminent authors and literary men of all countries,—even *this* was endeavored to be lowered in public estimation in order to reflect backward upon Mr. Cooper, who was so often an honored guest at the poet-banker's renowned breakfast-table. Hear Lockhart on this matter in his review: "It is by no means unusual to invite strangers to breakfast in London, they being given when the guest is one about whose manners, character or social position there is a certain degree of *uncertainty*. A breakfast of this kind is a sort of *mezzo termine* between a mere visit and the more intimate hospitality of a dinner. It is, as it were, a state of probation."

Mr. Cooper, here and elsewhere in Mr. Lockhart's reviews of this and other works of his, is ridiculed for his blunders and untruthfulness in the matter of heraldry, for his ridiculous contrasts between American and English scenery, etc.; and he is held to more strict account for other blunders in his "autobiography of excoriated vanity." This is the first: "Amidst all the trash which carries on its very face ridicule and refutation, there are two statements of alleged *facts* so audaciously false as to require special notice, and as to which it is our bounden duty to make a personal appeal to Mr. Cooper, and to invite both the British and American people to expect his answer."

The first was, that "the English government were the secret accomplices of the French Revolution." The reply to this was: "In letter and spirit this is an *infamous falsehood*: we call for the proof." If Cooper had been in London there would have been a duel. The second statement was, that "Gifford, the first shoemaker editor of the *Quarterly*, had admitted to an American that articles unfavorable to the United States were prepared under the direction of the

British government, and inserted by command in the *Quarterly Review*." "This," says Mr. Lockhart, "is a calumnious falsehood."

This is a mere skeleton of two or three of Lockhart's articles upon Cooper; and it should be added that every one of these articles was marked by a slurring disparagement of Mr. Cooper's merits as a novelist, though he was then at the acmé of his fame in Europe. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's" was not in Lockhart's mind when, as N. P. Willis says, he "sat at his desk biting his quill, with his thin lips compressed and his little malicious mouth puckered up as if he was trying to whistle."

Can any one blame Mr. Cooper for desiring to "ride in a coach-and-six through Lockhart's *Life of Scott*?" He had been most unfairly treated, and "the whirligig of time had at last brought about his revenges."

The "last straw that broke the camel's back" was undoubtedly the extract from Scott's diary in Paris, in which he spoke of "a visit from the American novelist Cooper—a man with the manners, or rather *lack* of manners, peculiar to his countrymen." Now the quoting by Lockhart of this entry, after having so unmercifully scourged Cooper in a *Review* established by Scott and conducted by himself, was not only in bad taste, but seemed to be dictated by a feeling little short of malicious. Mr. Cooper made no allusion to it, however, in his article, nor in any conversation in my presence.

In reading his proof, Mr. Cooper paused to comment upon certain points which it contained. The first remark which he made, as he unrolled and spread out the proof-pages, was: "Sir Walter Scott is a precious subject to be held up as a moral example to American readers! The self-reviewer; the habitual mystifier in matters touching his own interests; the flatterer of dissolute princes and vapid nobles; the humble follower of wealth and power,—what a model for a self-respecting, conscientious American!" In the opening

of his article he said: "I think the truth should be told. We are called upon to venerate a name that, in a moral sense, owes its extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude that ever distinguished the charlatanism of literature! 'Speak no evil of the dead' is a good maxim, but Scott designated his biographer, furnished him materials, knew what sort of a man he was and how he could be used. No one can claim, in his behalf, that he is to be protected from just criticism by the grave. There is another reason to be offered why, in this matter, Sir Walter Scott is entitled to the benefit of no other considerations than those of abstract justice; and that is his diary. In this diary he had sworn never to erase a single line that had once been written in it! Yet many entries were made in it, reflecting most unjustly upon others, *when his mind was not in a fit condition to write in a diary at all.*"

Mr. Cooper did not hesitate to say that Scott at this time was occasionally "fou''," and he alleged that no man could have written that terrible drunken scene on shipboard in *The Surgeon's Daughter* without having been an actor in it and speaking from experience.

I have often thought, since, of the absurdity of this especial criticism. Thackeray says, "There is a great deal of good eating and drinking in Scott's novels;" and so there is; but was Sir Walter, therefore, an habitual toper? Was Dickens himself the tipsy hero in *David Copperfield*, who looked into the misty theatre-pit and proclaimed himself "ne-ver ber-rer"?

This "intemperate" association of Scott with his characters was carried out, farther on, in a most remarkable passage, which was meant to touch his son-in-law in the most tender point: "Sir Walter Scott had a just estimate of men, *more especially in their vices and weaknesses*; and thus we find that while most of his loftier characters are the heroes and heroines of *tradition*, his representations of vice are *creations* that betray an *intimate knowledge* of

*the corrupt workings of the human heart.* This faculty not only pervaded the writings of Scott, but it strikes me that it pervaded the *entire character of the man.*"

A brief incidental summary of the more essential charges in Mr. Cooper's very long paper will afford an idea of its character and scope.

He begins by making a strong point against Scott's sincerity as a man. He quotes a passage from a letter to his brother in Canada: "DEAR TOM: I observe what you say as to Mr. —; and as you may be often exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons you do not delight to honor, short 'T. SCOTT;' by which abridgment of your name I shall understand to limit my civilities." "This," Mr. Cooper adds, "illustrates Scott's scale of moral integrity. No reflection is necessary to characterize such an act. If the marks contradict the words of the letter, they become a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood so much the worse as it is connected with treachery cloaked in the garb of friendship. The practice is said not to be unusual: perhaps it is not in Britain. Lying, which forms its essence, is the commonest of human vices; but it is an extraordinary mode of vindicating a man's claims to rare virtue that his failings are of the most ordinary kind."

Instances are next given of Scott's sycophancy in writing, almost at the same time, to three "noble patrons," that *each* one had been the "sole architect of his fortunes." It is charged that the founding of the *Quarterly Review* by Scott and Lockhart was a premeditated, inherent fraud — a deep-laid scheme of deception from the very first — by which public confidence was to be gained by concealing the true object of its establishment — that Walter Scott, for a barren title, sold himself, principles and talents, to rulers whom he had himself described in private letters as "a royal family who could neither be quiet nor decent, nor correct nor moral in their deportment." His baronetcy, it was

charged, was obtained by a fulsome letter to another baronet, a favorite of the king and employed in his "private agencies;" his last "duty" to his master being the negotiation of an establishment for an illegitimate child of the king by a married woman!

Mr. Cooper dwelt, with great force, upon the cruel discarding of his brother Daniel, who on one occasion had shown a lack of personal courage. Scott never spoke to him afterward, and when he died refused to attend his funeral. "The truly brave," says Cooper — and he says well — "the *truly* brave have the most consideration for others. The most thoroughly lion-hearted man I ever knew angrily rebuked his officers because they did not allow the seamen to 'duck' when they first went into fire." . . . "Scott's disposition to conviviality was strong within him, and under the influence of Scottish habits it broke up his constitution." . . . "He visited the one infirmity of a brother with relentless severity, and shut his eyes to the notorious vices of a profligate king." . . . "His ambition led him to aspire to a place among the cold, artificial aristocracy of England, and, jealous of his own original position, he never acquired their ease, while he *did* assume a large portion of their marble-like mannerism."

Such was the style in which the gifted American novelist drove helter-skelter in a coach-and-six through Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, always citing chapter and verse in support of his charges.

L. GAYLORD CLARK.

#### FROM DOVER TO CALAIS BY LAND.

THE project of constructing a submarine tunnel between Dover and Calais — abandoned during the late Franco-German war — has once more been revived by its friends, and now awaits only the formal sanction of the French government.

It appears that France was prepared to give this sanction already in the lifetime of the late Lord Clarendon, and inquired in Downing street whether the British government had any objection

to the scheme. Lord Clarendon thereupon consulted with Lord Richard Grosvenor, M. P., the chairman of the International Committee, to report on the expediency of the tunnel, but the matter was somehow delayed until the war broke out on the Continent, during which the parties interested in the undertaking collected further facts and information in relation to it.

This International Committee had been appointed as early as 1867, and at the special request of Louis Napoleon. In June, 1868, the committee and its engineers had an interview with the emperor, who examined their report and plans, and then referred the whole subject to his Minister of Public Works. The latter referred it in turn to a special commission, and after several reports had been made in favor of the undertaking (the cost was then estimated at ten millions of pounds, and the time of construction at from nine to ten years), the above question was put to the British government.

As the British reply was given a few months ago to the French Republic, the builders of the tunnel are in daily expectation of the formal sanction granting them certain exclusive rights and privileges. Independently of the fact that Mr. John Hawkshaw—on whose report the late viceroy of Egypt was induced to permit the building of the Suez Canal—was the first to advocate the tunnel between France and England, the opinion of all experts is singularly unanimous on the feasibility of the enterprise. The engineers point to Whitehaven and Northumberland, where galleries have been opened under the sea whose windings are several times longer than the distance between Dover and Calais.

The various theories in relation to the difficulties of ventilating a tunnel twenty miles in length are easily refuted, and it is now even no longer deemed necessary to build the towers, or air-pipes, proposed to be erected in mid-channel. The difference in the temperature at the two termini of the tunnel affords the best guarantee for its proper

ventilation, and many experts go so far as to maintain that the suggested towers would rather obstruct than promote the ventilation which they are intended to ensure.

It must not be assumed that the International Committee, or those members of that body who were active in organizing the stock company, have remained idle during this compulsory delay of twenty months. As the practicability of the project is past all doubt, they have turned their attention to those details which promise to advance the work to its earliest and cheapest completion. Between Dover and Calais, immediately under the sea-floor, extends a chalk deposit eight hundred feet in depth. Chalk can be bored as easily as good clay. As sufficient evidence of its consistence the wells of Harwich, Dover and Calais are cited, while a new tunnel-boring machine, whose operations in the chalk deposits of Snodland, near Rochester, have been watched for months by the International Committee, proves the rest. This machine bores within twenty-four hours a hole seven feet in diameter and eighteen yards in length. This being so, the first perforation may be made in a year, instead of the five years computed at first, and the widening and completion of the tunnel will then require but three or four years more. A proposition which appears to be very popular is to make two tunnels, so that the trains may always go the same way in the same tunnel. Nor will this be much more expensive, as two tunnels will need to be only half as wide each as a single one.

The expense, which, as we have already mentioned above, was originally estimated at ten millions of pounds, has been considerably reduced by the new boring-machine and the success of the Mont Cenis tunnel. The latter is said to have cost about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds per mile, but as there was all the way through hard rock, and blasting to be done, while here is a material which can be perforated almost like cheese, the cost must naturally be much less.

These are the views of the experts interested in the undertaking, and if, as can hardly be doubted, the French government soon gives the desired sanction, there is now a reasonable prospect that before the present decade expires the Cockney will be able to cross to the Continent without fearing a storm and providing himself with the latest infallible specific against sea-sickness. Whether these increased facilities of locomotion are likely to enhance the attractions of a sojourn at the French watering-places, is a question which we will not here discuss with that class of our Transatlantic cousins who may happen to have been born within the sound of Bow Bells. W. P. M.

#### JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM is remarkable in many ways. First, that she is a mountain city. From all sides you ascend to what is indeed a mountain fastness, breathing a mountain air, constituting in her days of glory a mountain throne, bearing on high the mountain sanctuary of Jehovah. Solomon's Temple is imagined as having been distinguished by size, grace and splendor, but its chief pre-eminence was that it stood upon a lofty summit, and upon a platform rising above that; so that nothing shut it out from view, and like Strasbourg steeple it gave a character to the scene over which it spread the wings of Divine protection. This was what kept the Jebusite stronghold unconquered so long, and provoked such taunts at David when the assault began, and made him more grateful than ever for his hard-won victory at last.

Next to the elevation of this "mountain of the Lord" is its manifest antiquity. There are many ancient places which are all modernized; but, though Jerusalem has been seventeen times destroyed, its battlemented walls show many a stone with ancient carvings, the blocks of the Temple enclosure at the depth of eighty feet below the street betray a vast age, the fine ruin of the Knights of St. John near the Holy Sepulchre is undoubtedly an antique, while

"Herod's Tower" is believed to be actually the work of the great king. Indeed, there is too much of ruin for an American to enjoy himself—too much decay and desolation, the sooty look of many of the dwellings being reflected outside of the city by vast heaps of mere rubbish, while inside the ancient causeway lies deep under fathoms of mouldering stone. The general aspect is of a city which has been destroyed by repeated conflagrations, and is never likely to be renewed—which has suffered more than any other inhabited place, and is destined to suffer on.

An American, too, is immensely struck by the silence embosoming a community supposed to number thirty thousand inhabitants. Palestine has no roads, Jerusalem no factories, the Jew no gayeties; and so a graveyard stillness broods around Mount Zion. Dr. Macleod conversed from the Temple area with his brother upon the Mount of Olives, explaining practically how the children's hosannas might have been heard, on that first Palm Sunday, by indignant Pharisees in the Court of the Gentiles. But on fine days the solitude folding itself around the city is really wonderful. Among those graves of nearly all nations you may look long at noonday for a moving thing, for a stray horse, for a child at play. As vast numbers are buried where the resurrection is expected to begin, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, it is no exaggeration to say that every inch of ground along the entire eastern slope is covered with Turk and Greek, Armenian and Catholic, Jew and Gentile tombstones. The most interesting, of course, are those that profess to honor prophets, apostles and kings, the graves being cut into the live rock, some of them many-chambered and beautifully ornamented on the front, though not to compare with the immense sepulchres of the Egyptian Thebes.

The finest view of the city is undoubtedly that which the traveler gets last, from the east—upon that grand road from Bethany which Pompey took, rather than that ancient mule-path which



Jesus often trod. Here you have full in view the grand Mosque of Omar, towering over the entire scene, a fairy-like building, that lies to the west. On the south is the high pile of the Armenian Convent and the dome over David's Tomb. At the south-west corner stands Herod's Tower, a stately relic, simple and grand: next to this are seen the two domes over the Holy Sepulchre, and the long mass of the Latin Convent stretching to the north-west.

The "Dome of the Rock," which marks Jerusalem as that of the Capitol marks Washington, has no rival for beauty, hardly for sanctity. Believers in three great religions revere the spot where Solomon's Temple once stood: the Mohammedan, who only exalts Mecca a little higher; the Jew, who has had no other actual sanctuary, and who expects to meet a reconciled Jehovah at that accepted shrine; and the Christian, who held it a while through the Crusaders' valor, and is quietly coming into possession of it again. The blue-and-white Temple seems as a cloud resting for a moment over the altar of so many thousand years' sacrifice, by and by to melt away in the serene heavens. No structure that ever stood there could have been more graceful, none more sublime. It is strange that so charming a model has never been followed. Far inferior patterns have been servilely copied, but none has been attempted of this, whose perfection is said to have cost the artist his head, the sultan being determined the experiment should not be repeated. The recent explorations of English engineers, besides mapping out the whole area belonging to the ancient Court of the Gentiles—an area of one thousand by fifteen hundred feet—have proved all that was conjectured about the antiquity of the beveled stones forming the outer wall. They certainly go back to Solomon, and are remarkable stone-work for that early day, though far inferior to the Egyptian masterpieces, where thousands of artisans spent their lives in decorating a single tomb.

It is not necessary to tell a thrice-

told tale in describing "El Kuds." Recent investigations have opened the ancient quarries running under the city which supplied Solomon and Herod with stone; the actual shape of the old Jerusalem houses has been verified; the foundation of the bridge leading from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion has been dug open; Solomon's aqueducts have been traced, one of which still furnishes water to the Omar mosque and the governor's house. Miss Burdett Coutts, learning the falsity of the common story about the abundance of water in the Holy City, offered to introduce a supply at her own cost; but, though the chief dependence of the city is now upon ancient, moss-grown, filthy, odorous cisterns, fed from roofs that have not been cleansed for centuries, and sometimes tainted by the sewers, the Turkish rulers have rejected the noble charity, and decreed the death of hundreds of children during the sickly months, rather than have the Jew quarter enjoy as many privileges as the Moslem. Outside the walls is Siloa's fount, but its distance would cut off the feeble from this un-failing supply. Such dog-in-the-manger policy is characteristic of Turkey, and will continue to be its emblem so long as its dying candle finds no extinguisher.

The explanation of the compact condition of Jerusalem, shut in by battlemented walls, is that exposure to Bedouin assault which keeps all Palestine on perpetual guard, suffers no man to plough his field unarmed, and forbids entirely that straggling life which marks our peaceful villages in America. Except the cave-dwellers in Siloam, who are too poor to be robbed and too filthy to be visited, nobody sleeps outside of the city: the gates are guarded all day and locked at sundown. The present walls were erected by Selim, the conqueror of Egypt, and, though no defence against modern artillery, defy any Arab assault.

A very sad sight is daily witnessed just as you enter the Jaffa gate. On either side stands a row of the most wretched beggars in existence, who used to cry *Unclean! unclean!* as a warning for people to keep their dis-

tance; who were in the time of Moses, as now, believed to be smitten of God; who were then, as now, outcasts from society, and condemned, as everybody believed, to drop piecemeal into the grave. Just as in old time, these forlorn creatures resort to no means of cure, are not even cleanly, herd together in poor huts, marry and are given in marriage, and of course perpetuate the scrofulous disease, which fortunately burns itself out in fifteen years. A terrible curse, but by no means ineradicable could they be made hopeful and be kept washed; but this idea of its being a judgment from Heaven settles the matter. It is their doom: they will make no effort to throw it off.

A still sadder sight is the Jews' Wailing-place, where every Friday at noon a group of old men, women and children gather to repeat the penitential psalms, mourn over the lost estate of Israel, cry, *O God, how long?* and beat their heads against those dumb stones which it was foretold should not remain one upon another. The little people, I thought, were children, after all, but the graybeards had something majestic in their despair, and some of the women wept profusely. I did not need to ask if they were sincere when I knew that every contract among them for the letting of a room stipulates, "or until the coming of Messias"—when I remember, too, that this expectation of a national Redeemer has preserved their national unity without a country, without a home, without a leader, without a temple.

In Jerusalem, as in Rome and elsewhere, the Jews are shut up in a separate quarter, and *that* the meanest, darkest, filthiest. One twilight I came unexpectedly into their settlement. It was a mud lane, lined with hovels, through which a funeral procession was slowly moving, the body borne on men's shoulders in the dress of life, a perfect tatterdemalion crew wailing as they followed. Coming to the Land of Promise to die, many of them are robbed on the way, and all are preyed upon after they arrive; so

that, I apprehend, nothing is more real about them than their wretchedness. They have no consuls to interfere when a tax is exacted the second time in the same year. If injured, they must suffer in silence: if plundered by Arabs, they can have no hope of recovery. Only conversion would make them outwardly comfortable, and that they hate as perdition. Generous help is constantly sent them from abroad, but none too much, though the amusing story is told of Sir Moses Montefiore having spent all his money in alms at Jerusalem, and being obliged to borrow at usurious interest from one of the beggars he had relieved, that he might get back to London.

Among the places of touching memory is the Pool of Bethesda. Robinson prefers to call it the Ditch of Antonia, the fortress that looked down upon the Temple area, in which the Romans maintained a guard to suppress any popular outbreak. It is a reservoir of three hundred and sixty feet by one hundred and thirty, cemented on the sides so as to hold water, crossed over by some lofty arches which sustain a street, and seventy feet below the level on which you stand. But anciently it could not have been more than half that depth, because Captain Warren's excavations show that at least thirty-five feet of rubbish have accumulated over the remains of ancient Jerusalem. The pool has had no water for centuries: a few wild trees flourish in its damp soil, and, like everything else in the city, it has a terribly desolate look. As the city walls have not been changed for many centuries, the chief contrast between Jerusalem that was and Jerusalem that is must be the utter dilapidation belonging to every province of such an effete despotism as Turkey. Even in Constantinople ruins abound, and as one journeys from the heart to the extremities of the empire, they multiply, until, as everybody knows, you come at last to deserted towns and abandoned districts. And nothing but a change of dynasty can lift this millstone from off the neck of Judea. Our Yankee "idea" is, that

every tub should stand on its own bottom; but if ever there was any sense in foreign intervention, some powerful nation ought to have drawn back the hand of Turkey from crushing out a people's life.

The troublesome question about the local traditions forces itself upon every traveler in Palestine, and torments him, sometimes, more than one would imagine. Except Jacob's Well, Rachel's Tomb and a few more, accepted by three great religions without question, as much can be said against any Mount of Transfiguration that has been selected as in behalf of Tabor, for instance. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a specimen of this difficulty, as, besides the Saviour's Tomb, it contains the graves of Adam, Melchizedek, John the Baptist and Nicodemus! I asked a Franciscan friar what he made of such a mass of traditions clustering around this single spot—if he believed that here was the undoubted spot where the Virgin fainted, where the Saviour fell, where the earthquake split the rock, where the true cross was discovered, etc.? He replied, very ingeniously, that, having been there only a few months, he had not given any time to investigation. But it is of no use to strip a place you have come six thousand miles to visit of all hallowing associations—to sink into a grim pile of graceless masonry what may have been the last resting-place of the Redeemer. And I cannot help feeling that this spot was likely to be remembered, if no other—that the holiest tomb earth ever had might be shown by mother to daughter from one generation to another until the final designation of this spot by the Empress Helena: if they could not fix which of several rock-hewn caves belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, at least the neighboring Golgotha would be remembered by unquestionable tradition. But an entirely new argument of great weight is the discovery, under the western gallery, of an ancient Jewish sepulchre in the live rock, which seems to prove that the present church was outside the city, and therefore might have been the

burial-place. And this certainly was the only spot claiming any such reverence in the fourth century. Shame that it should be the scene of the most shameless imposture practiced anywhere upon earth—of the production of miraculous fire every Easter from the Angel Chapel in the centre! Shame, too, that around the probable resting-place of the Prince of Peace the strife among his followers has often risen to bloodshed, no brotherhood being even pretended among the different sects worshipping here at nineteen altars, no one creed loaning even its lamps for a festival service to another, the bloody Crimean war springing out of the dispute about the right of French or Russian to repair the grand dome and keep the out-door key of St. Sepulchre! This caricature of a gospel of love would almost call for another revelation to vindicate itself from such gross contradiction. Certainly, the Turk (who has to keep armed watch whenever the church is open, to prevent these Christian brethren from mutual slaughter) must look down with scorn upon the bitterness of such sectarianism.

But from these disputed places it is a perfect relief to go forth upon the Mount of Olives, and feel that "those hallowed feet, nailed for our instruction to the bitter cross," undoubtedly passed over the same path, that the same glowing heavens witnessed to Him the Father's glory, the same gay flowers whispered the Father's love, the same Siloa brook murmured the Father's mercy.

F. W. HOLLAND.

#### STEPS TO A COLOSSAL FORTUNE.

VERY few business men, in a long course of experience, adhere to the rules which, at the outset, they resolved should govern all their transactions. Probably most of the failures of apparently well-established men can be traced to this one fact. Good rules are the deductions of reason, principle and experience, and are formed in the upper region of deliberation, away from the biasing influence of passing temptation and temporary expedients.

Lay down sound rules for your guidance, and if your exceptions do not occur so often as to undermine and annul them, you will succeed in the long run. Rules show their mettle only in the long heats, and doubtless for a short run are often distanced by a temporary dodge or expedient. But a reflecting man will lay his plans not for the day or single year, but for his score or two score of years; for to any sane man it is far better to begin by striking one and leave off by striking twelve, than it is to begin by striking twelve and leave off by striking one or nothing.

Probably the most striking instance of adherence to a few rigid rules is afforded by the man who is conceded to lead the mercantile world of this continent. Men envy his success who might have stood even with him in the race had they but inflexibly held to similar rules.

First and foremost in the stand which Mr. Stewart took was the rule to permit no misrepresentation of goods. Purchasers were not slow to find out that in his establishment there need be no fear of imposition. Whether they were perfectly acquainted with the nature of the goods which they wished to purchase, or were entirely ignorant on the point, they were sure of having the truth told. Mr. Stewart had it thoroughly understood by all his clerks that they *must* tell the truth; and he had the injunction so conspicuously placed that his employes were perpetually reminded of the great rule of the establishment. If a clerk was discovered in an overstatement or a falsehood, he was instantly dismissed. The natural consequence of this course was the rigid self-advertising power of his business. When men and women say, "Go or send there, for you are sure to get just what the article is represented to be," then friends and neighbors are not slow in availing themselves of such an advantage.

The rigid observance of the "one-price system" was a rule necessarily co-operative with the first. Dealers confess that it is exceedingly difficult to

maintain this rule, and where a large proportion of business is transacted on credit it is wellnigh impossible; but when the rule is "Pay on delivery," it can be maintained.

Comfort is brought to the household of every customer when he feels confident that he can send a child or a servant to make a purchase, and he will be sure of not only getting the article he wants, but obtaining it on exactly the same terms as if he were to go himself. It is a great thing for a merchant to discover that the money of the poor man is as good as the money of the rich—the cash of the stranger as good as the cash of the acquaintance.

In Mr. Stewart's vast establishment the clerks have no option whatever in the regulation of prices: this, they know, can never be taken out of the hands of the employer.

Nine-tenths of the terrors of shopping take their flight in view of these rules, and husbands can pluck up courage to go with their wives when they understand there is to be no badgering and jewing.

There is still another rule with Mr. Stewart, which has immediate relation to the comfort and advantage of the customer, and that is his emphatic prohibition of any importunity to purchasers. Who is there, having had any experience of shopping in a city, that does not feel a kind of terror of a certain class of stores? He retains a vivid impression of his helpless bewilderment amidst a babel of recommendations and solicitations, until, at last, in sheer confusion or from the desire to escape, he purchased an article he did not want, and went out of the shop with an inward resolution never to enter it again. But here you may gaze upon millions of dollars' worth of goods and no man will interrupt either your meditations or admiration. Among the highest productions of the cunning skill of man you may make your choice without fear of the least intermeddling importunity.

These three rules were evidently framed in the interest of the customer.

We have now to notice those which, as we are informed, Mr. Stewart has adopted and rigidly maintained for the direct government of his own course in the management of his business. Obviously, in the long run, the interest of the seller and the interest of the buyer are one, but still there are rules which bear more directly upon one party than upon the other.

Mr. Stewart gives a personal supervision to the whole of his business. All the wires run up into one office, terminate at one desk and are manipulated by one hand. This is possible only because of thorough system and organization, which enables him to trace and enforce accountability in each department. With unfailing regularity his orbit can be traced through the various departments of his business. He keeps an eagle eye upon the markets of the world, and never allows them to lead him, or permits himself to drop back into the second-rate attitude of a follower, unless it be when prices are tending upward.

The attentive observer may see him walking round, stopping near the heads of departments, and giving orders which are regular and systematic to the entire establishment. His will is supreme and the only ultimate appeal.

Another rule which Mr. Stewart has observed most firmly, and one which has generally been overlooked in attempts to draw lessons from his course, is to steer clear of all outside speculations, and to keep his investments under his own eye. In this particular he has proved an eminent exception to the great majority even of successful men. No possible offers or demonstrations of seeming certainty could ever tempt him from his course in this regard.

So resolute has he been in adhering to this rule that on a certain occasion, when an old acquaintance offered to put government securities in his hand and to guarantee him thirty per cent., he remained entirely unmoved, and declared that he would not do it for the absolute certainty even of a greater gain.

He knew very well the temptation which lurks under outside speculations—that the greatest successes in the first experiments were really the greatest dangers, proving ultimate ruin to many men, who have thus been led into operations disconnected with their regular business.

If it be said that Mr. Stewart does now engage largely in outside operations, it may be replied that he did not do it until his capital was beyond a contingency; that his operations have been in real estate, under his own immediate oversight, all in or near New York; and that they have all been in the form of investments. So his rules have not on any occasion been violated.

Mr. Stewart's immense capital enables him to couple more rigidly and successfully than most of his competitors the two rules of low purchases and low sales. It must, however, be remembered that every dollar of his colossal possessions he made himself, and that there was a time when the habit was carefully established of making judicious purchases.

These, under the guidance of the strictest principles of integrity, have been the steps to a colossal fortune, which is said to be the largest possessed by any one man in the world who has made all his own money. How it is used, many munificent benefactions sufficiently indicate. A. M. W.

#### NOTES.

THE terrible conflagration at Chicago, now that its immediate effects in arousing the grief and sympathy of the whole country have somewhat passed, suggests certain considerations of the means taken in our modern social organization for guarding against such disasters or for lessening their effects, and, among these, to our system of insurance as one of the chief. The strain which this disaster has placed upon the insurance companies, while it has broken down many of them, will probably cripple many more, and will have the effect of shaking public confidence in our insurance system for some time. To talk



now of the necessity of raising the rates is somewhat like the conduct of the famous farmer who resolved to carefully lock his barn door after his horse was stolen. The rates have heretofore been either high enough or too low. If they were high enough, why should they be raised? If they have been too low, then the security the companies have heretofore offered has been delusive, and they have in fact been gathering the people's money under false pretences. The very foundation of insurance is its security. The company which fails when the emergency arises, so far from being a benefit, is a positive injury. Instead of lessening the loss, it doubles it. The insurer has not only lost his property, but has lost also that which he trusted in to support him when the crisis came.

It is nothing to say that so great a catastrophe could not be foreseen. The theory of insurance is, that it provides security against catastrophes which are just of this description. Could the insurers foresee them, they would guard themselves against them without asking the assistance of the insurance companies to this end. That our system of insurance by individual corporations is incompetent in the present condition of things, when the railroad and the telegraph have brought Maine and Oregon nearer together than were New York and Boston seventy years ago, is evident. By a process of development analogous to that which has replaced the credit of private joint-stock banks as the basis of security for our currency by the credit of the government, founded upon the collective wealth of the entire country, our system of insurance must become national instead of individual, collective instead of partial, since thus alone the absolute security required by the present condition of our commercial organization can be attained. A year or two ago a plan of this kind was proposed in the British Parliament by Mr. Lowe, but it met with too little sympathy to be carried into practical operation. By the light of this fearful conflagration in Chicago

we can now see that the organization of some such system is a necessity, and that to propose it is neither unwise nor premature.

THE abolition of the University tests in England is one of the latest and most significant signs of the rising tide of opinion in that home of conservatism which threatens to finally submerge even the most firmly rooted and highest reaching strongholds of things as they were. All over the world a new spirit of liberality seems to be throwing open the gates of the temples of learning, and requiring no password from those who would seek to enter. Even in China, Japan and India the traditional confidence in things as they have always been seems shaken. The Celestial Kingdom has established schools in which the students shall be taught European science, and as a test of the worth of such learning in comparison with that obtained from an exclusive study of Chinese literature, the two sets of pupils will contend to show which can construct the most effective railroad engine, steamboat or telegraph. From Japan, the recent home of isolation, numerous promising young men have been recently sent to this country for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the political and industrial methods of civilization. Singularly enough, too, the opening of this empire to Europeans has given us an opportunity of seeing a system of feudalism in the actual process of disintegration and decay, and thus a practical exemplification of a phase of our own course of civilization has been, as it were, discovered for our inspection in the East.

In the United States, also, the same spirit is abroad. Harvard College has felt its influence, and has begun to recognize that a university is not necessarily intended to be a drag upon the car of progress, but should seek to lead and direct the march of knowledge. From the more enterprising civilization of the West this was to be expected, and the University of Michigan has displayed it in advance of any of its

more aged compeers. Even Yale itself seems to have become dimly conscious that there is some unaccustomed spirit in the educational atmosphere, and commences blindly to bestir itself. Its new president's inaugural suggests that something should be done, and that right quickly, but what it is cannot be so readily determined from that address. Meanwhile, the public seems to be well aware of what it wants. It has somehow or other formed the ridiculous idea that education should be worth what it costs. It wants to carry its practical test of "Will it pay?" to the temple of the Muses, and it looks as though it would succeed in doing so.

THE government of Russia has been not unaptly defined as a despotism tempered by assassination. In fact, the same definition would not be amiss for all monarchical governments during a certain phase of their development toward the modern system of constitutional monarchy. In our own country the recent developments in certain circles of municipal politics would suggest that a republican government is a ring despotism tempered by a vigilance committee. And this definition most probably, like the other, will be found to characterize a phase of republican government as a transitional step toward—what?

This is the important question, not only for the city of New York, but for every other city in the country, as well as for our State organizations, and perchance the National government itself. Is the system of rings, which seems to arise so inevitably, merely a transitional phase in the evolution of republicanism, or is it to be the unavoidable grave of political liberty in this country? Are men incapable of self-government? or is corruption the result of the conditions which prevail, the effect simply of an inadequate political organization?

Opinions concerning the solution of this question will of course differ. Those who have no method for the study of the social questions which appear, at this time, to be pressing for solution

with a vehemence and persistence that have no parallel in history, will be apt to talk wisely of the inherent tendency of men to degeneracy, and the necessity for a strong government which shall coerce them into maintaining at least an outward show of virtue. On the other hand, those—and they are as yet but few—who comprehend the value of a method, and can apply it in the study of such questions, will see in the recent developments no sufficient cause for absolute despair concerning the future of republican institutions.

Granting, even, that the amounts of the public funds which have been "conveyed" into private purses are not overstated, yet the exhibit will compare favorably with that furnished by the model imperial government, that of Paris under the late emperor, or that of the civil service of England, at least until quite recently. The most cheering feature, however, is the public discontent, and the growing conviction that public like private virtue is not absolute, but relative; that men are the results of the conditions surrounding them; that the social organization which shall the best express the morality of any period is a matter which society is competent to create; and that this is the most important duty which it has on hand. Meanwhile, therefore, the proceedings of the Committee of Seventy are full of lessons for us all. They are preparing the first chapter of the new evangel of municipal reform—a Septuagint translation, let us hope, from private corruption to public honesty.

As a successful modern novelist, Mr. Charles Reade, if we may take his statement for it, has hardly an equal. He is a veritable Jack the Giant-killer, wandering among the abuses of the modern world, and quickly cutting their heads off as they present themselves before him. Of such a man the world might well be proud; and so in fact it will be if it relies only upon Mr. Reade's ingenuity and diligence in proclaiming his prowess.

And why should he not do so? There is a stupid conservatism in medicine

which forbids a genuine member of the profession from giving information to the afflicted, by means of any public advertisement, of the infallible cure for their ailment which he has discovered by patient research. Nor will it any the more permit him to publish the testimonials he has by scores from the dead brought back to life, the maimed made to dance, the attenuated restored to robust health. The same professional prejudice forbids lawyers from advertising their own keen knowledge of the law, and clergymen from thus calling public attention to the efficacy of their spiritual dispensations.

But all such things are the trivial absurdities of a bygone age. Do not actors see to it carefully that their names appear in sufficiently large letters upon the public posters? Do not bankers advertise the profitable character of the stocks they have to sell? Are there not philanthropic physicians who, scorning the confining bounds of professional eti-

quette, boldly proclaim to the world their skill? Nor are there wanting lawyers and ministers who take the same course for gaining a certain notoriety, and such pecuniary reward as may come with it.

Is not Mr. Reade, then, amply justified in advertising a reward for the discovery of the critic of a flippant weekly who dared to notice with acerbity one of his novels? Or has he not a right to commence law-suits for libel, or write letters of any kind he chooses, or take any other means which seem to him proper to call the attention of the public to his works? The hypercritical might of course suggest that a better way would be to write better books, but this is mere nonsense when the matter in question concerns Mr. Reade. He could do it if he wanted to, but he prefers his own way, which is more in consonance with his knowledge of what the world requires. And who shall say that he is wrong?

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Les derniers Stuarts à Saint-Germain-en-Laye. Documents inédits et authentiques, puisés aux archives publiques et privées, par la Marquise Campana de Cavelli. Paris, Londres et Edimbourg. 2 vols.

Like all human enterprises, the fate of an historical publication depends not a little on the timeliness or untimeliness of the period in which it sees the light. If the situation favors the object of the literary undertaking from the start, if the public mind is prepared and predisposed for its reception, then success is pretty well ensured; but if the contrary happens to be the case, then even the most distinguished merit may not suffice to overcome the existing disadvantages, and works which would under different circumstances have commanded admiration often hardly secure a hearing. We almost fear that such may be the undeserved fate of the above excellent work on the last Stuarts. It

was issued at Paris at a most untimely period, during the brief interlude between the taking of Paris by the German forces and the siege of the French capital by the armies of the Versailles government.

To appear before the public at such a moment with a grave historical work on a topic so far removed from the interests of the day was most assuredly a bold step, and it was all the more surprising because its author is a woman. *Les derniers Stuarts à Saint-Germain-en-Laye* is a really magnificent work, and we are indebted for it to the Marquise Campana de Cavelli's sympathies, rare perseverance and indefatigable research in behalf of the exiled English dynasty. In addition to a short sketch of the lives of James II., his wife, Maria Beatrice d'Este, their children and grandchildren, connected with the king's residence at Saint-Germain, the work contains nearly eight hundred hith-

erto unpublished, and mostly unknown, letters, despatches and other documents, emanating from, or relating to, members of the Stuart family, and affording valuable information in relation to their fortunes and lives. Finely-executed likenesses acquaint us with the features of the personages which are brought, as it were, living before the mind's eye. In this way a portion of that sympathy which induced the Marquise Campana to engage in this laborious undertaking is communicated to her readers. And if the deductions which she draws are not always approved by the stern judgment of historical objectivity, her evident interest in the fate of the unfortunate dynasty is one of those sentiments which men honor, and she thus influences in a measure even those whose opinion on the merits or demerits, the guilt or innocence, of the Stuarts may differ widely from her own.

The documents communicated to the public by the Marquise Campana deserve attention. England, France, Italy, Spain and Germany have contributed the largest part of them. In England, the "Stuart Papers" (of which the Windsor collection alone contains over one hundred thousand), the inexhaustible treasures of the British Museum and the "State Paper Office," have been the main sources. Valuable documents have also been discovered in Ireland and Scotland. At Rome, the usually so jealously-guarded archives of the Vatican, and at Florence, those of the Medici, which the erudite Bonaini so admirably superintends, were opened to the author. A rich and especially welcome harvest was offered at Modena, where the papers of the D'Este family furnished the most important information. The same may be said of the correspondence of Don Pedro Ronquillo, ambassador at the court of James II., discovered in Spain.

Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, herausgegeben von Carl Elze. Sechster Jahrgang. Berlin.

During the first days of last June the German Shakespeare Society held its sixth general meeting at Weimar, on which occasion the sixth volume of its Annual was issued. None would infer from the contents of the volume that it was born amidst the storms of one of the greatest wars which the world has ever witnessed. In spite of the difficul-

ties under which it was produced, it is in no respect inferior to any of its predecessors, and brings us more than one paper of enduring merit. Indeed, it is a great pity that these Annuals should not yet have found the large circle of appreciative readers which they deserve.

The sixth volume opens with a very attractive essay from Ulrici on the "Humor of Shakespeare." In opposition to wit—in its narrower sense the mere product of the intellect—humor is defined as the spontaneous offspring of the heart and the mind, and Shakespeare is regarded as the father of all English and German humorists. R. Gericke furnishes a lengthy and carefully-elaborated paper on hints and contributions to "A New Stage Representation of *Macbeth*." The author seeks to solve the question why it is that the stage effect should always impress us so much less grandly than the reading of *Macbeth* in the closet. C. C. Heuse discusses the same subject still further in a masterly essay on the "German Poets in their Relations to Shakespeare," which forms the conclusion of an article begun in a previous volume. Charles Elze, the editor, contributes a study no less thorough and able on the *Merchant of Venice*, in which, among other things, he shows more clearly than any previous commentator the influence of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* on Shakespeare's Shylock and Jessica. In a very exhaustive manner, W. Herzberg treats of the sources of the Troilus story in its connection with *Troilus and Cressida*. M. Delius shows, in a comparative examination of Lodge's *Rosalynde* and Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, the method which the great poet observes in the use of novelistic materials for his dramatic purposes. Baron von Friesen furnishes, under the title "How shall Shakespeare be Played?" a continuation of an essay commenced in the preceding volume, which contains some very admirable hints on the art of genuine representation and delivery. "The Fundamental Features of the *Hamlet* Tragedy," by William Koenig, is the least original and interesting article in the book, consisting largely of quotations from English writers. "Shakespeare the Actor," by Hermann Kurz, is an excellent paper, and worthy of the author of *Zu Shakespeare's Leben und Schaffen*, one of the best contributions to modern Shakespearean literature.

Besides the longer essays quoted above,

the Annual of 1871 contains a number of notices and reviews of new literary publications; among which we may mention Oechelhauser's meritorious adaptation of Shakespeare's dramas for the German stage, and Carrière's important work, *Art in Connection with the Development of Culture and the Human Ideals*, of which the lately-issued fourth volume, *Renaissance and Reformation in Culture, Art and Literature*, occupies itself extensively with the Bard of Avon. The volume ends with Albert Cohn's admirable "Shakespeare's Bibliography."

*Principles of Philosophy* (Romuz ül Hükm). By Abdurrahman Sami Pasha. Constantinople, 1287 (1871).

The author of this short treatise has led a very eventful and stirring life. Descended from a highly-respected family in the Morea, he was forced to leave his native city, Tripolizza, after its evacuation by the Egyptian garrison, and to settle in Egypt, where he soon entered the service of Mehemet Ali. In 1846 the latter sent him on a special mission to Paris and London. There he learned, at the age of fifty, the French language, which he reads, writes and speaks with great fluency. Unlike most of his compatriots and co-religionists, he conceived a strong dislike for everything French, and a corresponding liking for all that is English and German. Under the despotic rule of Abbas Pasha he left Egypt and removed with his family to Constantinople, where his talents and connections speedily secured him official station. He was appointed governor of Widdin, and became thus an eye-witness of the Kalofat affair in the Russo-Turkish war of 1854. Subsequently made minister of education, when the troubles commenced in Crete the government sent him to the island as its special commissioner, and there his conciliatory manners, high sense of justice and the circumstance that he was a Greek rendered him extremely popular. In 1867, when the Cretan insurrection broke out, the government wished him to go there again, but his age and feeble health would not admit of it. Sami Pasha is now a minister without a portfolio, and has retired from active service, to prepare himself, as he says, for his long journey to the other shore. The fruits of these preparations are the above treatise, in which he states his views on religion and ethics, God, the soul, revelation, prophecy, etc.

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The author is a Deist and a Mohammedan, but his views produce a pleasing impression on the reader, being free from fanaticism and pharisaical arrogance, and displaying a sincere piety and a warm love for humanity. [Since this notice was written Sami Pasha has closed his useful and honorable life.]

Das Vaticanische Concilium, dessen äussere Bedeutung und innere Verlauf. Vienna.

In view of the present movement within the pale of the Catholic Church, it is somewhat significant that Dr. Joseph Fessler, bishop of St. Pölten and secretary-general of the Vatican Council, should have written this history for the purpose of correcting the "intentional and unintentional" errors spread in relation to it. According to the author, the statement of the bishop of Mayence, in reply to Lord Acton, that our knowledge of the Council was very imperfect, is not true: on the contrary, he maintains that it is most complete and accurate. He also alleges that nothing which could prejudice the Council, or justify the false impressions circulated in regard to it, had been kept under the seal of papal secrecy. Even he, the secretary-general, asserts that he knows no more than what all the world knows and has known long ago. The work is in perfect keeping with these professions: it does not add an iota to our existing historical material, while we notice some essential omissions and wrong interpretations of fact. The latter may be mainly unintentional, for the author, as every scholar in Europe knows from his previous writings, lacks a real scientific training. He is a stranger to the canons of philosophic criticism and hermeneutics, and has no method whatever.

But while we cannot bestow any praise upon the author, we still welcome his production. It is the report of a general who vainly seeks after a lost battle to prove that his military honor has been saved and the object of his manœuvres attained.

Das Gedicht von Hiob. Hebräischer Text, kritisch bearbeitet und übersetzt, nebst sachlicher und kritischer Einleitung. Von Adalbert Merx. Jena.

The verbal inspiration of the Bible is a theory now generally abandoned by theologians of every school. The only way to solve the otherwise unsolvable contradictions of the Sacred Text is to consider the Bible not from



a narrow, dogmatic stand-point, but from a critically historical one. It is from such a stand-point that the Tübingen professor, himself an orthodox Catholic, deals with the book of Job in the work before us, and he has made real progress in explaining that portion of the Old Testament. The story of Job is a poem: it is neither an actual occurrence nor a myth, but the genuine product of a contemplative and poetical brain. Spinoza had already foreshadowed this opinion. "The matter and style of Job," he remarks, "do not come from an afflicted mind in ashes, but from one that reflects leisurely in the library." The author fully demonstrates this supposition in proving that by it alone can every part of Job be clearly and intelligently explained.

"The entrance to the sanctuary (the understanding of the poem)," says Dr. Merx, "was to me, as it has been to all others, blocked up with pitfalls and stumbling-blocks of every kind; and however often I attempted to surmount the obstructions in the same way in which many had passed them before me without difficulty, I stumbled too frequently to continue on that road. I struck therefore into another path, which cost me much pain and inward trouble, because I had to free myself from old habits, and knew that I should thereby incur the censure of many and gain no friends. For the present I refer to the result: let the older translations of Job be compared with mine, and time will decide the rest."

In so far as the translation is concerned, it is not only the first really intelligible one, but it offers a purely æsthetic enjoyment to those who, indifferent to all critical considerations, desire to know, understand and value this grand poetical creation.

*The Life of Robespierre. Part I. A Contribution to the History of the First French Revolution. By Dr. Hermann. Berlin.*

The events of which Paris was last spring the scene must for many reasons vividly recall the days of the First French Revolution. However much the influences which led to the establishment of the Commune, and which enabled it to obtain for a short period undisputed control over the French capital, may have been assisted by other and especially the Socialistic elements, however much its main tendency, aiming at federative purposes and communal self-control, may dis-

tinguish the rising of 1871 from the thoroughly centralizing and leveling tendencies of the First Revolution, on the other side it was plainly the design to make the Commune appear as only a continuation of that grand revulsion of the eighteenth century, and to copy it as closely as possible—an effort which found suitable expression about the middle of May in the restoration of the old Republican calendar. When an attempt is thus made to revive the institutions of the First French Revolution, and when several of the leaders of the Commune seek to model their conduct after that of the heroes of 1789 and 1792, a retrospective analysis of the chief characters of the First Revolution assumes more of a practical than an historical interest, because it is notorious that the victory of the national government has not entirely and for ever extinguished Communism, but that it still glimmers under the ashes, and menaces society and the state with a new and more destructive irruption.

Under the circumstances a new biography of Robespierre, which Dr. Hermann, a Berlin historian, has commenced, and the first volume of which is just out, merits special notice. Though the work, so far as completed, treats only of the earlier part of Robespierre's life, his youth and doings in Arras, until his election to the États Généraux, yet the portion before us already sufficiently exhibits the great merits of the performance; and all the more so because, as the author pertinently observes, the first half of the life and acts of this popular leader are little known, though they are not less important to a correct estimate of the individual than his later career. Many will be surprised to learn that Robespierre at twenty-odd was very conservative in his views. In a speech delivered in the year 1783 he speaks of the king as of a "tête si chère et si sacrée," as of a "prince qui fait les délices et la gloire de la France." No less characteristic is it when the bishop of Arras appointed him who became afterward the most relentless enemy of the clergy, a counselor of the episcopal court for his "prud'homie, capacité et expérience." And in his private life the advocate of Arras presented quite as glaring a contrast to the subsequent dictator of the convent. In his native city existed the Society of the Rosatis, a union of merry, genial, poetic minds of all classes, who met on certain days for social diversion in a rose-garden on the banks of

the Scarpe. Robespierre, like Carnot, belonged to this circle, and there are still extant some poems in which "the gloomy, suspicious, stern tyrant" sings in anacreontic verses the joys of wine and love.

L'Amérique actuelle, par Émile Jouveaux, précédé d'une introduction par Édouard Laboulaye. Paris.

This work, published in 1869, is preceded by an introduction from the pen of Édouard Laboulaye, who remarks that three elements constitute the new spirit which animates American democracy—viz., liberty, education and religion; and that these three elements have been brought by M. Jouveaux into the fullest light. "All three," he adds, "are wanting in our old continent."

In the first chapter we have an account of Chicago, which may be read now with a mournful interest. The sight of the Western city rising as if by enchantment from the soil, with its churches, its universities, its trade and its political life, struck M. Jouveaux as a spectacle of the *Thousand and One Nights*. "One feels a sort of stupefaction when one thinks of the grandiose perspective opened before the States of the West: one begins to comprehend the American fever, that audacity of enterprise which nothing arrests, and which seems to the inhabitants of old Europe to be something like delirium." The embellishments of Chicago, presented in the midst of her immense business activity, might, the author thought, render even the Paris of M. Haussmann jealous, especially as the progress of luxury in the City of the Lakes represented not an increase of debt or intolerable taxes, but the development of genuine prosperity. In spite of all that had been said of the wickedness of Chicago, he regarded its one hundred and fifty churches as indicating an amount of virtue that would save it from destruction. Its multitudinous schools were also, in his opinion, sure to act as electric conductors for carrying off the lightnings of wrath; whilst the fabulous proportions of its trade in books showed that the lessons of youth were bearing beneficial fruit for maturer years. The press of Chicago comes in for its share of eulogy. "It is directed with the energy and ability which might be expected in such a city." What matter of pride, he exclaims, for the Americans, that this rapid prosperity not only of Chicago, but more or less of all

the towns of the West, is the work not of a prince or a minister, but of themselves! "A man of genius disappears, the people remain: upon them, upon the development of their virile virtues, must the future of nations be founded."

The second chapter talks about the prairies, "those vast and silent plains, resembling cultivated fields, although untouched by the hand of man, which might nourish half the population of the globe, while they oppose no obstacle to the efforts of the pioneer—neither chains of mountains, nor burning sands, nor pestilential marshes." The inequality of the climate and the dryness of the soil are the only two drawbacks; but the latter will soon be removed, while the former is by no means irremediable. Trees will be planted, which, by diminishing the forces of evaporation, of the wind and of the sun, will temper the atmosphere: cultivation itself will attract beneficent showers. Artesian wells, reservoirs, canals, etc., will also soon produce sufficient irrigation. The advantages, moreover, offered by the Federal government are such as to compensate immigrants for all their sufferings and fatigues.

Our author is not alarmed by a circumstance that has frightened many emblazoners of the progress of the West—viz., the amount of skepticism which is observable among the immigrants, particularly the Germans. These people, says Mr. Charles Dilke in his *Greater Britain*, have the fibre of materialism, and seem to understand nothing about the interests of the soul. But the withering doctrines of skepticism, says M. Jouveaux, will be overcome by the Christian sentiment which constitutes the basis of the national character. The Catholic Church, he thinks, from the number of Irish, will be the principal bulwark in those regions against infidelity. Even those who do not belong to her communion assist her efforts, from pure patriotism, to keep up the religious spirit. At Golden City, near Denver, an American Protestant made the Catholics a present of a large lot in the centre of the town, on the sole condition of their building a church and school in the course of a year. In 1855, when a mission was first founded in Kansas, the bishop residing at Leavenworth had a cabin for residence and a log chapel for cathedral, with a congregation of some eight or nine souls. Now the diocese counts fifteen thousand Catholics, has twenty-eight

churches, fifteen schools and one college. In other Territories the labors of evangelical workmen have met with a similar reward.

The poor Indians come in for a large share of our author's sympathies. "What they now defend is their last resource, the lives of their wives and children." His notions, however, seem rather to be drawn from Fenimore Cooper than from matter-of-fact authorities, particularly when he informs us that no Indians would ever stoop to falsehood, and that their patience is invincible, whilst their religious sentiment is much purer than might be expected among savages. It is almost time that the works of our great novelist should be put into an Index Expurgatorius, or we shall be handed down to posterity as assassins of the noblest type of humanity, both physical and moral. Our excuse will have to be that they were creatures altogether too great and good for the daily food of human nature, that they wanted sufficient alloy to make the metal work, and that their disappearance was the unavoidable result of their superiority to all other "mortal mixtures of earth's mould."

M. Jouveaux quotes with something like approval Mr. Dixon's notion that the influence of the aborigines was practically felt in the transformation operated in the New World upon American character, because everywhere victors have in some way been transformed by the vanquished, as the Romans were by the Greeks, the barbarians by the Romans, the Normans by the English, etc., etc. There might be some plausibility in the idea if the Indians had become amalgamated with the whites, as the Greeks and Romans were with their conquerors; but the reverse being the case, it can hardly be shown in what way we have been Indianized, although Mr. Dixon has the courage to intimate that our fathers constructed the Union in imitation of the league of the Five Nations.

As to the Chinese, our author looks favorably upon their advent to our shores. "Every kind of work is sought by the sons of the Celestial Empire; they welcome it as a benefit, provided they can make a few dollars; and the intelligence with which they perform their tasks proves that favorable circumstances might rejuvenate that ancient people. Already eighty thousand of them have crossed the Pacific, the immigration continues, and soon there will be hundreds of thousands upon the American territory: railroads will

furnish them easy access to the heart of the Union, and they will be encountered in New York and all the great cities of the North and South. Voltaire said that the true Chinese wall, the barrier which defended China against European invasion, was the American continent; but it would seem, on the contrary, that the United States is the land where the races of Europe will come in contact with the long sedentary population of the extreme East." San Francisco, says M. Jouveaux, will take the same rank upon the Pacific as Liverpool holds in England and New York in the old States, its port offering equal advantages, and its commercial and geographical position being not less important. As all the railways of the Union will end there, it must be the centre of an immense import and export trade, distributing in the New World the products of Japan and China and India, and even sending them to Europe, the actual communication of that continent with the East being costly and slow, and spices, silks and tea suffering from protracted detention at sea. A good many years will pass before a railroad will connect England with the Pacific.

In reference to the Southern question M. Jouveaux has three chapters. His general views on the subject are given in a passage which we extract: "The profound differences of race and nationality which exist among the emigrants that arrive every year from Europe are of a nature to create serious embarrassment to the American Union. What force is not requisite to impress on a country composed of so many heterogeneous elements the unity of thought and purpose and action which alone gives an agglomeration of men the right to be called a people? The United States, however, have accomplished this work in the West with brilliant success. A more difficult problem is to be dealt with in the South. There the question is not to construct—with badly-prepared materials, it is true, but at all events upon a virgin soil—a political edifice full of harmony and grandeur, but to establish on the smoking ruins of a social order scarcely destroyed a state of things in direct opposition with the past. Here are all the impediments of passions, enmities, hates of a vanquished party, coupled with the imbrutement of a race degraded by long oppression. A more formidable trial could not be undergone by the institutions of free America. Slavery, as

all know, was only the pretext of the war which has just deluged the United States with blood. Doubtless, the misery and degradation of the negroes had excited a generous indignation in the North, but too many prejudices against them still existed, even in Boston and New York, to have allowed their cause to be taken up singly with so much zeal and defended with so much vigor. The right invoked by the South to protect its own interests, to make its own laws and administer its own affairs as it pleased—a right still claimed—touches the question more nearly, but does not constitute its real *fond*. The struggle was going on, latently, silently, long before the war, and the Federal triumph did not end it. Two forms of social life wholly incompatible, two rival principles, are confronted: they cannot exist together among the same people: one must necessarily stifle the other. The American Constitution establishes a very equitable distinction between the common interests of the country and the particular rights of each State. The first are regulated by Congress, the organ of the national will, which all are bound to obey. The second are the privilege of the different provinces which compose this vast republic, and they cannot be deprived of them without arbitrary violence. But where is independence to end? where is submission to begin? The American compact, a sort of compromise between populations of different tendencies, was not sufficiently explicit in that respect. Accordingly, the North and the South, loosely connected by this uncertain tie, were not long in choosing diametrically opposite paths. In the North, the descendants of the Puritans took democracy for the basis and rule of the society which they founded. Among them were to be seen neither masters nor slaves, but only merchants, shopkeepers, artisans, who all alike, with hearts replete with faith in the future and minds full of fruitful ideas, proclaimed the holiness of work and raised aloft the standard of equality. Meanwhile, the South organized a strong and brilliant aristocracy. Its chiefs, sons of the old Cavaliers, had sprung from illustrious families of England. Birth, fortune, education—they combined all sorts of nobility. But a deep-seated evil was exhausting this generous sap—a worm was eating the root of the tree. Possessors of vast estates, the planters had a whole population of negroes, who seemed to be indispensable in certain districts on ac-

count of the climate. But slavery is a two-edged sword, which is always eventually fatal to him who employs it. It was supposed that a profitable iniquity had been committed by enslaving the blacks: it was discovered that a germ of disorganization and death had been introduced. The degradation of one race entails the corruption of the other; and in degrading the laborer, labor itself, that sacred source of the prosperity of nations, was degraded. . . . The Separatist doctrines have been vanquished; no one for the future will flaunt a hostile flag against that of the Union; the Southerners accept their defeat and acknowledge the unity of the nation. Nevertheless, many germs of discord still subsist; the force of arms cannot change ideas; the victories of the North have not inoculated the planters of Florida with the liberal spirit of Boston and New York; they have not given political intelligence to the negro; they have destroyed a deplorable past, swept away a system which rested upon slavery, but they have cumbered the ground with ruins. . . . But the state of affairs, though full of difficulties, is far from being hopeless. The Southern States are undergoing a terrible crisis: they will emerge from it regenerated and stronger than ever, for they have got rid of an institution which was both a social shame and an obstacle to development; whilst their disastrous defeat has introduced among them the grand principles which are the soul of modern life."

With our public schools M. Jouveaux is greatly enamored. They must produce, he thinks, a very different state of society from the European, so little like are they to the common schools of the Old World, which are frequented only by the poor, and confine their programme to elementary studies.

Our author is inclined also to approve the experiment of mixed classes of boys and girls, and draws a pleasant picture of the success thereof at Oberlin, Ohio. "*Chose remarquable!*" he exclaims: "these youths are mingled at lessons with charming maidens of eighteen years, have for teacher a damsel of about the same age, and never is order for an instant troubled, never is an improper word heard."

In regard to religious instruction in the public schools, M. Jouveaux is at no loss to perceive that the absence of it is not owing to any want of appreciation of religious sen-

timent and duty, but to the fear of sectarian efforts and difficulties. He is not quite clear, however, that the deficiency is supplied by the lessons of the family circle and of the Sunday-schools, admirable as they may be. It cannot be denied, he says, that the ardent faith of the old Puritans has undergone a sad change among their descendants—that it has become a vague sentiment blown about by every wind of doctrine, which, in spite of its endeavor to attach itself to the common bond of love of Christ and truth, loses daily something of its beneficent sway upon the soul. This result, he thinks, must be in great part attributed to the absence of religious instruction in the public schools, for the scholars,

brought up in the fear of sectarianism, are frightened by every positive dogma. "Habituated, however, to love and respect the Christian religion, they pretend to preserve its spirit, whence arises the success of Unitarianism, the last rampart which protects a weakened but still living faith against philosophic negation; but by the side of this vast current another one, quite contrary, is forming: threatened convictions seek a refuge in orthodoxy; the need is felt of a precise symbol in which intelligence, fatigued with contradictions, may find repose, and from which the heart may derive strength as well as love."

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

For those of us to whom the study of the development of our American literature is a subject of interest, or who are aware that there is such a subject of study, and that it is one of importance, a book like the *Life of Kennedy* comes with a certain claim to consideration. Mr. Tuckerman in his treatment of the subject has adopted a good method. He has allowed Mr. Kennedy, as a rule, to tell the story of his life himself. By selections from his letters, his diaries and other autobiographical memoranda a fair account of the salient points of his life, and a considerable amount of data for arriving at an adequate conception of his social and domestic character and surroundings, are afforded in this volume. Fortunately, Mr. Tuckerman has not so interposed his own personality between the subject of his book and its readers as entirely to intercept their view of his hero. Yet with advantage he might have spared even a portion of what he has done in this way. The introduction might with profit have been wholly omitted, or its place supplied with a succinct statement of the few facts it contains concerning the reason of the book's existence and the material from which it has been made. As it is, we have some

twenty pages of somewhat thin reflections, the general force of which, together with the curious infelicity of the style in which they are couched, may be gathered from the following extract: "And is not the bane of modern civilization, as regards the individual, that vocation limits and dwarfs his nature by partial development? Elevated and beautiful as are the culture and the creations born of art and letters, how often character suffers while talent triumphs!"

Although the present generation of novel-readers are almost as utterly unacquainted with *Horse-Shoe Robinson*, or with its author's reputation, as they are with the literature of early Rome, Mr. Kennedy's writings cannot be passed over in any intelligent historical record of the growth of American literature. The time in which he lived was singularly unpropitious for the pursuit of a reputation in the branch of literature in which he won his early renown. Born in 1795 and dying in 1870, he belonged to the generation in whose day the telegraph and the railroad inaugurated a new era, and there is little doubt that his fame will be more permanent for the assistance he lent to their introduction than as a pioneer in the literary history of American manners, a co-worker with Cooper and Irving. This record of his life derives a still greater interest from the intel-



ligent and sympathetic interest which he took in the political and social movement of his times. As a consistent and industrious Unionist in a Border State during the recent civil war, he never faltered a moment in his clear comprehension of the stupendous folly of the Southern movement, and did the cause of our nationality good service at home and abroad with his pen and his voice, both in a public and private capacity. Mr. Tuckerman's account of this portion of his career is hardly so full as it should have been. It is from the lives of men who were of sufficient prominence to deserve biographies, and sufficiently active to have left the materials for their construction, that the data must be gathered for an historical comprehension of this period, from which the real era of our nationality will in the future be dated. Such records, therefore, should not be meagre, even where there is danger in completing them of hurting some one's feelings.

On the whole, the impression produced by the autobiographical portions of this life of Mr. Kennedy is that of a genial, sympathetic man; by no means of a broadly philosophic mind, or in any sense a great character; but endowed with talents which he carefully improved, and earnest in the best truth which he comprehended. The biography of such a man could not be devoid of value, and, avoiding a too captious spirit, we may be content to receive it, as here given us, with the requisite thankfulness.

E. H.

Chapters of Erie, and other Essays. By Charles F. Adams, Jr., and Henry Adams. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The generation which had already grown to manhood at the period of the introduction of railways is passing rapidly away, and a new one is coming forward to take its place. With those for whom the railway replaced the tedious and slow methods of intercommunication furnished by the stage-coach it was most natural that the superior accommodations and facilities which it offered, combined with its greater cheapness, should prove an endless theme for self-congratulation, and we cannot wonder that they should have been somewhat blind to its threatening domination of the very industrial advance it made possible. The generation which witnessed the establishment of the feudal system unquestionably hailed it for the blessings it brought of greater security and stability of

social organization, without perceiving those features which were to render it an instrument of oppression and an object of odium.

But with those who enter upon mature life, having enjoyed from their childhood the advantages of the railway, the case is different. The railway is not to them an improvement, but a necessary condition of existence. The commerce, the industry, the travel of to-day are all based upon the assumption of the existence of the railway, and with the natural desire for improving our condition we have begun to question its authority and privileges, as the generations succeeding the establishment of feudalism questioned the seigniorial rights which their ancestors had cheerfully accorded as the cheap price of a greater security and ease in living.

It is thus that from generation to generation the social, the political and the industrial questions change with the very improvements resulting from the labors of the past. The new conditions which are an advantage to-day become an obstruction to-morrow, and a new generation must work out for itself the organization which shall best secure its social, political and industrial freedom. By this means only can it retain that activity of life which made its predecessors great. Without thus working out its own salvation, a generation which enters upon the conditions prepared for it degenerates into slavery, even with the same conditions which were freedom for its predecessors. There is no Eden prepared for the world at this period of its evolutionary growth: we must create one would we enjoy it during our own lifetime. And in this modern world it is only by eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge that we can either construct our Eden or guard it from depredations. Without this wise prevision we find that the garden prepared for us has become a slave-pen.

In the work which is pressing for the attention of this generation the settlement of certain material questions is perhaps the duty most plainly before us, and among these the railway and the financial systems stand as the most prominent. To the literature upon these subjects this volume of essays, which are chiefly reprinted from the *North American Review*, is a most timely contribution. The authors have a kind of hereditary calling to foresee the dangers that belong to a transitional period of increasing consolidation and organization, and to rouse public

sentiment to action upon these subjects. The practice of taxation without representation, which culminated in the Stamp Act of 1765, found in John Adams one of its most persistent and unwavering opponents; and the similar dangers to our liberty of development which lurk for us now in the immediate future are wisely and carefully pointed out in this volume by his descendants. The evident care which has presided over the preparation of these essays, the accuracy with which the facts have been gathered from involved and confused statements, together with the incisive spirit and life with which they are written, make the volume one of the most entertaining, as it is one of the most valuable, contributions to the history of our social politics which have appeared up to this time, and it needs only to have the wide circulation it deserves to do a good work in producing the effects upon popular opinion which every intelligent well-wisher of our future must desire. E. H.

#### *Books Received.*

- The Eye in Health and Disease: being a Series of Articles on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Eye, and its Surgical and Medical Treatment. By B. Joy Jeffries, A. M., M. D., Lecturer on Optical Phenomena and the Eye at Harvard University, etc. Illustrated. Boston: Alexander Moore. 8vo, pp. 119.
- Reindeer, Dogs and Snow-shoes: A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations made in the Years 1865, 1866 and 1867. By Richard J. Bush, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo, pp. 529.
- Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia, 1782. Printed and Published for the Benefit of the Lee Memorial Association of Richmond, by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. 8vo, pp. 56.
- Light. By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Franconia Stories," etc. Illustrated. Being Vol. II. of "Science for the Young." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 313.
- The Day after To-morrow; and, Singed by the Fire. Illustrated. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo, pp. 397.
- The Higher Christian Life. By Rev. W. E. Boardman. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 12mo, pp. 320.
- The Island Neighbors: A Novel of American Life. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 140.
- How dem Frenchmen Tek dat Berlin Vuntz; A Heesdorikel Rumenz. By Johann Schlemeel. New York: American News Co. Pamphlet. 16mo, pp. 24.
- Little Sunshine's Holiday: A Picture from Life. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 210.
- The Iron Mask. Fourth Series of "The Guardsmen." By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 420.
- An Essay on the Spiritual Nature of Force. By Thos. Freeman Moses, A. M., M. D., etc. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 47.
- Little Men: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 376.
- Won—not Wooded: A Novel. By the author of "Bred in the Bone," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 131.
- The Two Little Bruces. By the author of "Hungering and Thirsting," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo, pp. 282.
- Thoughts for the Young Men and for the Young Women of America. By L. U. Reaves. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 12mo.
- The Life that Now Is: Sermons by Robert Collyer, author of "Nature and Life." Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 12mo, pp. 351.
- Married for Both Worlds. By Mrs. A. E. Porter, author of "Captain John." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo, pp. 281.
- Arthur O'Leary: A Novel. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 221.
- The Last Aldini: A Love Story. By George Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 95.
- Ralph the Heir: A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 282.
- Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Vol. II. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Crown 8vo.
- The Happiness of Heaven. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 16mo, pp. 372.

